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TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

Circulation Last Week,
100,000.

VOLUME LV. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, APRIL 21, 1887. NUMBER 17.

Poetry.

LET THE BAIRNIES PLAY.

MARY INGLIS.

Oh! let the bairnies play themsel's,
I like to hear their din,
I like to hear each restless foot
Come trippin' oot and in,
I like to see each face sae bright,
And each wee heart sae gay;
They mind me o' my ain young days—
Oh! let the bairnies play.

Oh! dinna check their sinless mirth,
Or mak' them dull and wae
Wi' gloomy looks or cankered words,
But let the bairnies play.
Auld douce wise folks should ne'er forget
They ance were young as they,
As fu' o' fun and mischief, too—
Then let the bairnies play.

And never try to set a heid,
Wi' auld age grim and gray,
Upon a wee saft snawy neck—
No! let the bairnies play,
For, oh! there's mony a weary nicht
And mony a waefu' day
Before them, if God spare their lives—
Sae let the bairnies play.

"I LOVE YOU."

SARAH K. BOLTON.

He has said the sweetest of human words,
Sweeter than any song of birds—
"I love you."

Better than wealth, or jewels rare,
Fairer than any flower is fair,
Gladding the heart like the morning sun,
Are these words from lips of a precious one—
"I love you."

The eyes may speak it, the fingers tell
The beautiful story we love so well,
But best of all is the whisper low
From a soul as white as the falling snow—
"I love you."

In the saddest hour or the darkest night
There comes again to my longing sight
The tender look of the soft brown eyes,
And I listen anew with glad surprise,
"I love you."

Comes into my heart with mystic power,
I ask no more than that sacred hour
To cherish and hold till eyes grow dim,
And the life to come is a life with him—
"I love you."

Our Story Teller.

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

I was a young fledgling physician, fresh from the schools. I had studied in Edinburg, Dublin, Paris and Vienna. I was well equipped with medals and parchments, and, having been officially told so by half a dozen learned bodies, I had no doubt that I was a remarkably clever young man, destined to be one of the darlings of fortune and an ornament to the profession. Meanwhile I was poor, and fortune in her coy way was holding back. My mother and sister lived in a quiet, genteel way, in a pretty little cottage in the country. My mother had almost beggared herself to educate me in the style my father had mapped out before he died. I was not at all inclined to limit the claims she had upon me, for it was entirely due to her affection and self-sacrifice that I was bred nobly to a noble profession, instead of being meanly taught to a mean trade. When the time came for fortune to open her reticule and make me a present of a good practice, I must say she did not show to advantage. The jade threw in my way nothing more tempting than a position as assistant to a metropolitan doctor, whose practice was large but not very remunerative, as it lay mainly in poor quarters of the city. Still, money apart, the position had certain advantages in the matter of experience, and more especially that, owing to parchments and medals, I was enabled to obtain an appointment on the visiting medical staff at Bellevue hospital. This brought me into contact with most of the leading surgeons and physicians, on to which waters I hopefully cast every crumb of bread I could raise, in view of the promise so well-known to all needy waiters on the banks of the river of chance.

One day I went into the fever ward to see a patient in whom I was interested. The poor fellow was an Englishman, was dilerious, and crying piteously to his mother, as he imagined the nurse to be, to forgive him for running away and leaving her to go into the workhouse, somewhere in Shropshire. The nurse was evidently touched, and did her best to soothe him. As I drew near she drew back. Having made my examination, I turned to leave, and then for the first time did I behold the nurse with the eyes of a man instead of with the somewhat supercilious eyes of a visiting physician. Tall, with black hair and eyes, a face pale but curiously refined and full of infinite attraction, she stood gracefully, with her hands clasped in front of her; and in her plain well-fitting dress of gray stuff, with white linen collar and cuffs, she made, I thought, a marvelously striking picture. I bowed to her, but I did not pass on. On the contrary, I engaged her in conversation about my patient. She was quite self possessed, answered my questions intelligently, and in some of her remarks suggested a knowledge that it is not often found in a hospital nurse. Her voice was singularly pure and sweet, and there was certain something in her manner that hinted of high breeding.

"I have not seen you before, I think?" I said at last.

"No, sir; I think not."

"Have you been here long?"

"Six weeks only; but I am not very regular. I miss a day or a night now and then."

"Do you enjoy being here?"

She smiled slightly, as she answered, "It is hardly a place of enjoyment. Still, it interests me greatly."

"May I inquire your name, please?"

"Van Meter—Ethel Van Meter."

"Thank you very much. I think the delirium will leave him before to-morrow. Good morning, Miss Van Meter," I said, offering my hand.

Doctors do not, as a rule, shake hands with nurses. I knew it, and she also knew it. For a moment she hesitated, then, giving me a quick glance, she touched my hand, while a faint color crept into her face. Some hours later I saw my patient again, but the nurse had gone off duty. The case in question was an ordinary case of typhoid fever, but of a sudden its features must have changed, I think, for I found it advisable to note its character three times a day for several successive days. And yet Miss Van Meter was never on duty. Considered as a symptom of the case in hand, I found that her absence was much to be regretted. At last I resorted to the matron, and from her I learned that Miss Van Meter had, at her own request, been transferred to the consumptive ward.

"Is she a New Yorker?" I asked.

"I do not know, sir. She is not a paid nurse; she gives her services for the sake of the experience."

"Will you let me have her town address, please?"

"Certainly, Dr. Martin, with pleasure," answered the matron, turning and bending over her desk to hide her look of amusement.

I took the address, thanked her, and went and made sure that Miss Van Meter was on duty; then I went out to explore her address. I had a notion that I should find her home to be more in accord with her person than with her assumed station in life. She was questionless a lady of wealth, and could afford not only to have, but to indulge, her whim. I hailed a hack, gave the address, and, full of curious fancies that gradually shaped themselves into a coherent day-dream, I lost consciousness of the outside world. When the hack stopped I jumped out and looked around me. There was nothing aristocratic to be seen. It was a short street, open only at one end, and made up of cheap houses, small and pretentiously painted. It struck me as a region inhabited by thrifty mechanics. I was half inclined to re-enter the hack and drive back, but I think I lacked the moral courage. I was standing right opposite the door of the house I was seeking. The house was like all the rest—new, small, cheap and pretentious. I rang the bell in desperation. A woman wearing a purple velvet dress and a kitchen apron answered the door. Now, I submit that a purple velvet dress is hardly in keeping with the best room of such a house, and in the evening; but in the morning, when all the housework is being done, and under an apron—well, I fear my manner was a trifle brusque.

"Does Miss Van Meter live here?"

"Yes, sir; she does."

"Can I see her?"

"No; she ain't in. She's at the hospital."

"Oh, you are not her mother, I think?"

"Oh, no, sir, that I ain't. She only boards and lodges here. I guess she ain't gotten a father or mother."

"Indeed! I did not know that. Has she been with you long?"

"Nigh on three months. She comes from Massachusetts way, from all I learn. But she ain't very talkative, sir."

I asked one or two more questions, withheld my name, which I was invited to leave, and wished the royally-arrayed daughter of the people good-morning. I did not return to the hospital that day; and as I sat smoking in my den at night I affected the part of a sadder but wiser man. I congratulated myself on the neat way in which I had at the start pricked my little painted bladder of romance. I rated myself soundly for my idiotic susceptibility; I took a vow of callousness in the future; I called upon my stars to write me down an ass if ever I looked at a girl again until I had made sure she was an heiress at least. Thus did I put on a giant's armor, forgetting that my natural stature was not heroic. For two days I was brave—that is to say, I kept out of the fight; I avoided the hospital altogether. On the third day I wanted to see the senior house surgeon on an important matter. I went into his office, and there I found Miss Van Meter. She was looking out of the window, and as I entered she turned and bowed. I went up to her and shook hands.

"I want to see Dr. Hoare; is he within?" I asked, looking towards a door that led into a large consultation room.

"Yes; he has been engaged for some time now. I don't think he will be long. I am waiting to see him also, but I am not in a great hurry. You may see him first if you wish, sir," she said, and her voice sounded like music.

"Thank you very much, but you know the doctor is a great stickler for the rule, first come first served. He would never forgive me if he knew that I had broken it, especially to a nurse. He looks upon a nurse, you know, as half angel and half pet."

"Yes, he is eccentric in some things, but entirely good, I am sure. Is he not also very clever in his profession?"

"Clever, Miss Van Meter, is no word for it. I think sometimes that he is inspired. He has performed operations that have never been attempted by any one else. And what is better, he has succeeded in them. He deserves to be immortal, and if he had only had the President to work upon, instead of an Irish navvy, he would have been," I was young then, and enthusiastic, but age and experience and technical knowledge have done little to modify my estimation of that wonderful man.

"Ha! what a grand thing it is to be a man when one is clever!" exclaimed Miss Van Meter, enthusiastically.

"Cleverness is a very common commodity in these days. The desirable thing is genius. But I hope you are never tempted to wish you were a man?"

"Oh, dear, no; I think we women are much better off than you men. And we owe our position to the men. I, for one, am not ungrateful," she said, smiling sweetly.

"You are evidently happy in your work. Many ladies are not, I fear."

"Yes, I think I am happy."

"But you are not sure, eh?"

"I am not sure—what mortal is?"

"I can ask questions better than I can answer them. Yet I think I may say for once that I am perfectly happy."

"Really? How long has it lasted, Doctor?" she asked in a light mocking tone, and with a flash of her dark eyes and a little toss of the head that made her look more attractive than ever.

"Oh, it has lasted quite—seven or eight minutes," I answered gravely, and my eyes met hers as she gave me one of her quick, searching glances.

"I knew you were jesting, doctor," she said, moving toward the door, I thought, in order to hide the mutinous color in her cheeks.

"Are you going? I was not jesting—at least if I was it was with truth. Have I offended you? Forgive me, Miss Van Meter."

With her hand on the door she turned, and with a look that would have made any man her slave, murmured, "It was very pretty of you, doctor, and kindly meant; but I am only a nurse. Good day, sir." Then she opened the door and was gone.

Unquestionably my whole deportment toward her had been unprofessional. Not in words so much as in tone and sentiment and manner, I had treated her as I should have done a lady in society who was matrimonially eligible. As things went, this was scarcely the correct thing to do, especially after the laborious exercise of putting on my giant's armor. I felt that she had done right, supremely right, and done it gracefully; while I had acted after my kind, neither rightly nor gracefully. She had, indeed, said it was pretty of me and kindly meant; but that was her gracious tact. The memory of her words, apart from her voice and look, grew at times satirical and disquieting. This, I think, was one of the subtle workings of conscience. After some further waiting, the senior surgeon put in an appearance, and in the course of conversation I managed to get on the subject of Miss Van Meter. I asked him what he knew of her.

"Not much," he answered, "but all in her favor. She is well-mannered, self-possessed, skillful, attentive, and has an unusual knowledge of medicine. Her nerves are good; she helped me the other day in a very painful operation, and stood it like a man. She is one of the best nurses I ever came across."

"Who is she?"

"Hang it, man, how do I know?"

I confessed I did not know, except on the general principle that he was supposed to know everything, and there the subject dropped. After this I saw Miss Van Meter pretty often. I contrived every means of meeting her and talking with her, and the more I saw of her the better I liked her. Things had gone on this way for a month or six weeks, when one night at my chambers I had another longer conference with myself. I put the question, "Are you in love with her?" It was a serious question, and involved some important consequences; yet in an instant these words came into my mind and filled it with a sound like the humming of bees on a summer's day:

Have you seen but a bright lily grow,
Before rude hands have touched it?
Have you marked but the fall of the snow,
Before the soil has smutched it?
Have you felt the wool of the beaver?
Or swan's down ever?
Or have smelt o' the bud of the brier?
Or the nard in the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
Oh, so white! oh, so soft! oh, so sweet is she.

And by the same token I knew that I was in love with her.

"But you are poor and can not afford to keep a wife. She is poor, and you have called upon your stars to write you down an ass if you ever look at a girl that can not lift you from the slough of poverty. Think of your mother and sister. Think how domestic cares will hinder you in your profession, weigh you down, eat out your heart."

But to every objection there was the one delicious and irrefragable answer: "Oh, so white! oh, so soft! oh, so sweet is she!" After which I went to bed with a delightful project in my head and slept soundly till morning. When I rose I felt curiously nervous; I was almost afraid to shave lest I should cut myself, as my hand trembled so. I dressed myself with more than usual care, and took nothing for my breakfast except a couple of strong cups of coffee. Then I made my way to the hospital, went in search of Miss Van Meter, found her in one of the wards, and said to her, "Are you very busy just now?"

She looked a little surprised as she replied, "No; I am at liberty for some time."

"I want to speak with you; let us go lower down the room," I said, nervously.

It was a large room, and at the lower end the beds were all empty. In front of one of the many windows was a large screen that cut us off from the view of the inmates at the further end. We were liable to be interrupted at any moment by any moment by some one entering, but that did not trouble me. She stood motionless, with her hands clasped in front of her and her face unusually pale. I think her woman's instinct was alert.

"I hardly know," I said, "where to begin my tale to make it most effective. I think I had better begin at the end. I want to tell you that I love you. I want to ask you to be my wife."

In a moment the pallor fled and the bloom came mounting to her face, but she did not speak, only dropped her eyelids.

"Darling, I love you with all my heart and soul. I cannot live without you. I will live only for you—live to make you happy. Oh, don't say no, Ethel. I have nothing to offer you except my love and good name, but with you to work for I will get on and make money. I can do anything with you by my side."

I pleaded with a passion that is the keynote of eloquence.

"But I am only a nurse."

"Nay, you are a sweet woman, the sweetest living."

"I am poor; you should not marry a poor girl, dear Andre."

Dear Andre! How divine my name sounded on her lips.

"Poor! Your dowry is your sweet womanhood; it is better than money. Are you afraid of poverty, Ethel?"

"I don't know. I am afraid it is not a desirable thing."

"But I shall get on; my prospects are good. I will work day and night for your sake."

"Then you would soon die and leave me. Do you know we are almost as strangers to each other?"

"Then we shall have the longer time to be friends. Say you love me, say you care for me a bit, darling. My happiness is in your keeping," I said, taking her hands in mine.

"Yes, I could say that with truth. But I am not sure yet that I am the girl for you," she answered in a low voice.

"I am, though," I said, and bending down, I kissed her. For a moment or two she was pliable, then she gently pushed me from her, saying:

"No, not yet; I am not sure that it is right. Won't you leave me now, please?"

"Yes; but you are mine now; God bless you!" And raising her hand to my lips, I kissed it, and left her.

That same day I wrote my mother, telling her the news. In as short a time as the mail arrangements allowed, I received her answer. It was not encouraging. It was crammed with solid common sense and shrewd worldly wisdom, but it made no concession to to my affection. Full of sagacity, it was empty of sympathy. I burned it with a sore heart. It was about three weeks after this, when Miss Van Meter said to me, just outside Bellevue:

"I am going home to-morrow for a few days. Could you run down for a few days? I should like to exhibit you, you know, to the 'old folks.'"

She spoke laughingly, and with an affected freedom that contrasted charmingly with her ordinary reserve.

"I shall be delighted. I thought your parents were not living, Ethel?"

She looked up quickly, then smiled as she said:

"Indeed! What made you think that?"

It was not convenient for me to tell her that her landlady it was that had made the blunder.

"Well, perhaps because you had not spoken of them. You will give me your address? You must not stay too long. When am I to come?"

"To-day is Wednesday; suppose you come on Saturday? I posted you a note this morning containing the address. You will find it when you get home."

I promised to visit her on Saturday, and a little later we parted. On reading the note which awaited me on my return home I was not a little surprised to find that Miss Van Meter's home was some few miles west of the famous City of Notions, otherwise known as the Hub of the Universe. I had not anticipated a journey of over 200 miles. However, there was nothing for it but to go; so I went to Boston on the Friday, and took an early train out to Eastbyeastborough on Saturday. The train pulled up in an open square in the middle of Main street. I got out, wondering why they had not run us into the Town Hall while they were about it, and have introduced us to the Selectmen. The train seemed as much at home in the center of the street as the horses and buggies and bucolic-looking natives.

"Where does Mr. Van Meter live?" I inquired of an independent and dilapidated hackman.

"Don't know such a man," he answered, eyeing me from top to bottom; then he called to a gentlemen who looked remarkably like a tramp, and who was examining me critically from a distance, saying, "Hi, Bill! this man wants to know where a party by the name of Van Meter lives; darned if I know."

Bill, thus invited, advanced cautiously, as though I had been an ugly dog or a vicious mule.

"I guess you're a stranger in these here parts?" he remarked, thrusting a chew of tobacco into his mouth.

"Yes, I am."

"I would say you ain't a Massachusetts man, neither?"

"Right again."

"I guess you're a drummer, ain't you?"

It was the first time had ever been taken for a commercial traveler, whose make up I do not, as a rule, admire. I tilted my silk hat rakishly on one side, opened my legs wide, thrust my hands into my trousers pockets, and fixing my gaze serenely upon Bill, said:

"Now, listen; my name is Joe Walker, orphan, bachelor, pork butcher, worth $100,000, got a fast trotter, you bet; hail from Buffalo, New York; come down on the quiet to buy land and pigs; gave $100 for this here suit of clothes I've got on. Now, say, do you know where Mr. Van Meter lives, yes or no?"

The hackman grinned, but Bill was not so nimble in his mind as he appeared; he looked a trifle sheepish as he said:

"Is it Van Meter as used to live at the Hall?"

"Is he the only Van Meter you know of?"

"I guess he is."

"Then he is the man. Where is his place, please?"

I found it was a couple of miles or more from Eastbyeastborough, so I drove a bargain with his highness, the hackman, to take me out for a dollar, stipulating with Bill as a witness, that the money should be refunded if the emaciated horse fell dead by the way. The Van Meter cottage was a wee toy of a place, built like a Swiss chalet and painted in dark-green and red. It stood a little from the road, on high ground, with plenty of shade trees in front. It look very snug and dainty, albeit it was not much larger than a dovecot. I was on the point of raising the old-fashioned brass knocker, when an elderly man of about 60, with white hair, came round the corner. He wore knee breeches and a dark blue coat with brass buttons and swallow-tails. He looked like a gentleman of the old style, and brought up the memory of my grandfather on the only occasion I ever saw him.

"Does Mr. Van Meter live here?" I inquired.

"My name is Van Meter, sir. Are you Dr. Martin?"

"Yes."

"Then I am glad to see you, sir. I have heard all about you. We were expecting you. Come in, sir."

I followed him into a tiny parlor, exquisitely clean, and quaint as its owner. The old gentleman went to summon his wife, and in a very shirt time she appeared. She was a little sweet-faced woman with short white curls, and a black silk dress figured with blue flowers. In neatness, quaintness and good nature, she was the counterpart of her husband. She made me a pretty old-time courtesy as she entered, and said, as she shook my hand heartily, "I am most happy to make your acquaintance, sir. Miss Van Meter is out just now, but she will be back soon, sir."

I noticed that they spoke of their daughter with a certain formality and delicate change of tone, which I attributed in part to my being a stranger, and in part to the respect to which a country family feels toward the member that lives in the city. I made myself as agreeable as I knew how to be, and spent a very pleasant half hour chatting. Mrs. Van Meter then left the room, a little abruptly, I thought, and in less than thirty seconds Mr. Van Meter followed her. I was feeling amused when the door opened and in walked Miss Van Meter. It was the middle of June, and she was dressed in white, with yellow ribbons, and a broad-rimmed hat tied tightly down on each side. She was 23, but did not look a day older than 20, and I was just turned 30. I thought her the loveliest living picture I had ever seen. I told her so as I kissed her. At dinner it was curious to see how nervous the old folk were, how proud of their daughter, how deferential; they evidently worshipped the ground she trod on. I had to leave by the 4 o'clock train to catch the New York express at Boston, and Miss Van Meter proposed showing me another way to Eastbyeastborough—longer, but quieter and prettier. While she was putting on her hat and gloves I bade good-bye to her parents.

"I hope I have your consent if I can win her?" I said, addressing them both.

The old gentleman laughed, whereat his wife frowned and said:

"James, you would laugh at a funeral, I do think." Then to me: "Yes, sir, we both wish you success. We think there is nobody like her on earth, sir."

"Therein you think right. Thank you very, very much; good-bye once more," I said, as my beloved came on the scene.

We soon left the highway and turned up a lane that ran through a small plantation and on to high ground. The view from from there was glorious; miles and miles of rolling country, very richly wooded. Near to us was a large, handsome stone house, with a tall clock tower and beautiful grounds. I admired the place and the situation hugely.

"Who lives there, do you know?" I asked my companion.

"An eccentric maiden lady, I believe," she answered, indifferently, calling my attention to a remarkable bowlder stone some distance ahead.

"A maiden lady, eh? Is she too old to marry?"

She laughed in her sweet way and said, "Oh, no; she isn't 50 yet."

"What is her name?"

"Miss Jewett. Look, yonder is Wachusett!" she cried, as that mountain came suddenly in view. I admired the mountain, I admired the bowlder stone, I admired some Baltimore orioles that rested for an instant on a bush in front of us.

"What else shall I admire?" I asked her.

"I don't know, unless—well, did you admire my—my parents?" she said, almost timidly.

"Yes, indeed I did. I hope you may like my mother and sister as well."

She seemed pleased.

"Do you think I am like either of them?"

"No; I do not think you are. Yet you have your father's eyes."

She laughed. Then with a quick gravity she said: "You see, they are poor; with all their virtues, and they are many, they are poor. Would you care to have them for your parents, when you could do so infinitely better?"

"My darling, all I want is you. May I hope? Do you care for me a bit? Tell me, Ethel, will you love me and be my wife?"

My arm encircled her waist, and I drew her to me till her head was on my breast. I felt her tremble. "Speak, my love, speak!"

She raised her head and with her love-lit eyes drinking mine she murmured passionately: "Yes, dearest, I love you, and I will be your wife."

A month later we were married very quietly in New York, Mr. and Mrs. Van Meter and my mother being the only persons present to witness the ceremony. Agreeably to my wife's wish, I resigned my position in the city and sought a country practice. I was not long in finding one, and as it was in Massachusetts, it gave great pleasure to my wife. It was in the village of Elstow, high up among the hills. The present incumbent, Dr. Kinnicutt, had been there for thirty years, and had a large practice that took in four or five outlying villages. I had known his son in Vienna; and as the doctor was giving up practice and going South for his health, he offered me the place, and I gladly took it. We leased his house, ready furnished, and moved in at once. We were pleasantly situated, my wife proved an excellent housekeeper, and for three months our prospects were bright and our happiness supreme. Then the clouds began to gather. First, a rival practitioner came to Elstow and hung out his shingle. He styled himself an "Eclectic," which perhaps accounted for his impudence. He knew very little about medicine, and a great deal about human nature. The leading church in the place, to which unfortunately I did not belong, was a close communion hardshell Baptist. Of course the Eclectic at once announced that he was a zealous hardshell Baptist. This meant the loss of my best patients, for without troubling to discover any direct relation between their theological tenets and the state of their health, it was notable fact that most of the chronic cases which I treated might have been found any Sunday morning in the Baptist church. These at once deserted me for the Eclectic.

"Never mind, Andre; let them go. Those that are alive in twelve months will only be too glad to come back again," my wife would say, with fine disdain. So I put on a proud lip, did my level best and waited for the return of the first hardshell Baptist who should come to himself. But I never saw him. My circuit took in the village of Highlow, and one day in October as I rode into the place my eyes were suddenly afflicted with the sight of a large new signboard bearing this legend: Doctor De White, Homeopathic Physician. I was told that he had come and meant to stay, and stay he did. Had his system of medical ethics been the same as mine, the knowledge that I considered him an interloper, a sort of moral poacher, would doubtless have troubled his conscience. But as it was I believe he only laughed, nicknamed me Pope Martin, and said I must have a devilish lot of humor in me. But the worst of all was that he was a clever, well-educated fellow, who understood his business and did good work. His bread pills, sugar-coatings and infinite distiliations, worked wonders in several instances. His fame was bruited about and grew with what it fed upon. Certain well known though hardly commendable characteristics of average humanity were thus afforded a clear field for their display, and they were thus displayed, with the result that I became aware that I was not holding my own against homeopath and eclectic combined. They made inroads into my practice that were fatal in a region that was so circumscribed. Still I struggled on, not so much bravely as fiercely and desperately, but in vain. At first the difficulty was to make two ends meet, and do what we would, there came times when they would not meet. I tried to sublet the house, intending to go into a small cottage, but no one wanted it. One day I missed our single servant.

"My darling, are you still happy in my love?" was the irrelevant question that met my inquiry as to where Bridget was. I took my wife in my arms and kissed her, saying, "Yes, love; your love is everything to me."

"Then, dearest husband—you will not be angry—I am going to do my own housework. I am tired of servants; they eat up more than they are worth."

I could not speak. A great lump was in my throat. I feel like choking. I feel it now; I always feel it when I remember that time. Let it pass. How we got through the winter I do not know. I was my own groom, and my wife was maid-of-all-work. When spring came we began to talk about leaving and going back to New York. I had written my old employer, asking if he knew of any one who wanted an assistant. He replied, after a month's dreary delay, that he should only be too happy to re-engage me himself. It looked very dreary going back, and I thought my wife shrank from the prospect. Another thing troubled me: In the course of a couple of months my darling was expecting to become a mother. It was arranged that she should go home to Eastbyeastborough for the event, but it looked at present as if it should not be able to be with her, being expected in New York. This troubled me not a little.

At last the day came for us to leave Elstow. We drove across the country, about thirty miles, to Eastbyeastborough, where we were warmly welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Van Meter. I intended staying with my wife three or four days, and then leave her and proceed to New York. Two or three days went by, and I was to leave on the morrow. It was a bright, warm day in the beginning of June. My wife had gone, I understood, to the village to do some shopping, and I sat under the trees in front of the house smoking. The birds were singing, the buds were opening, and all nature was pulsing with new and beautiful life. A stray butterfly went sailing to and fro. My heart grew heavy as I thought of leaving my wife, and going back to the foul streets of the metropolis. I was aroused from my dismal thoughts by the appearing of a footman in livery.

"If you please, sir, are you Dr. Martin?" inquired the man.

"I am."

"If you please, sir, mistress wants to see you at once."

"Who is your mistress?"

"Miss Jewett, of the Hall."

"Oh, yes, I remember; the place with a clock tower?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I don't know how she knew I was here. Is she sick?"

"I don't know, sir; her maid brought me her order. She has been away from home for some time."

"Very well. I will follow you directly."

The man left and I went in, freshened myself up a bit, and started for the Hall. I tried to recollect what my wife had told me of her, but could not recall that she was a maiden lady and eccentric. When I reached the Hall I was shown into the drawing-room, a long room, very lofty, with great, pointed arch windows, and luxuriously furnished. I had not time to take in more of the details before a maid servant entered and said:

"If you please, sir, mistress will see you in her boudoir, if you will please to follow me."

I followed her across the spacious hall, up a great, wide, massive staircase of cedar, along a corridor, and into the boudoir, where she left me. It was a wonderful room, upholstered in yellow satin, and magnificently frescoed. Curious and costly bric-a-brac abounded, and I noticed some exquisite specimens of Mexican landscape feather work. There were two doors in the room—one leading into the corridor, the other, I judged, into Miss Jewett's apartments. A portfolio of engravings lay upon a table; I picked it up, and seating myself near a window, amused myself with its contents. In a few minutes the door leading into the private apartments opened, and a lady, superbly attired and flashing with diamonds, entered the boudoir. It was my wife. I bounded to my feet, exclaiming: "Wife, what does this mean?"

For a moment or two she played the part of the great lady, and said, with sweet condescension, "Dr. Martin, I presume." Then with a cry of joy she rushed to me, and throwing her arms about my neck, sobbed, "My husband, you shan't leave me—you shan't go to New York. It is all mine, my darling, and what is mine is yours!"

Well, of course, I took her in my arms and kissed her, she looked so supremely beautiful. Then with a sense of being in a dream, I said, "Tell me what it all means, Ethel."

"Tell me, first, that you will forgive me, and not be angry with me," she murmured, offering her mouth for a kiss—a sweet bribe.

I promised her her, and then she said: "Dearest, I am Miss Jewett, the eccentric lady, but no longer a maiden. My full name is Ethel Van Meter Jewett. I am all alone in the world, my parents being both dead. Mr. and Mrs. Van Meter, whom you know, are very dear to me, but they are only very distant relations by marriage, not by blood. I made them promise to be my parents for a day; they would do anything to please me—anything, the dear souls, if I told them it was right."

"But, Ethel, what in the world brought you to Bellevue?"

She laughed.

"No, I am not mad. I had a reason, dearest. I do not know whether you will think it a very sane reason, but I hope you will."

"I will try."

"Thank you, husband mine. It was this: I am rich, just awfully rich; I believe I am worth a million and a half of dollars. Dear papa, who died three years ago, left me everything. Darling, you have no idea what a lot of gentlemen wanted to marry me. I did not care for one of them, and I could not help thinking that they wanted me less than my money. They gave me no peace, and I became very unhappy. I made up my mind that I would marry no man who could not give me a sure proof he loved me for my own sake. I very quickly saw that in my real position I had small chance of either the man or the proof. Then it was that the idea suggested itself to me of concealing my identity and becoming a nurse. I did not foresee how that was going to help me find a husband. I did not think of it exactly in that light. I thought more of getting rid of unwelcome suitors and standing on my own merits if I had any. It was very rash of me, I see and know now; but, husband mine, I am so glad I did it, for I found you and I tried you, and you are gold. We have tasted poverty together and were happy, and our love did not wane. Now we are rich together and God grant our love may still be the true measure of our wealth."

"Amen, my wife," I answered, as I kissed the tears from her eyes.

UNIQUE PRISON GOVERNMENT.

How Discipline is Maintained in a California Prison on a Stomachical Basis.

To those who are unacquainted with the methods of prison discipline, a visit to the branch prison at Folsom is full of interest. To see the 600 prisoners at work in and around those quarries, one wonders by what means men who are convicted of all crimes known to our laws behave so excellently and work with a degree of industry that would be creditable to any walk of life. Six hundred men unmanacled, unchained, outside of the prison walls, with nothing to indicate that they were prisoners except their striped felons' suits, working away with a will, performing an honest day's labor and apparently proud of the result of their toil, is a sight to the visitor totally unexpected. Men who never in a free state did an honest day's work—forgers, burglars, highwaymen, murderers—vie with each other to see who can do the most, and strive to and do accomplish as good work as that turned out by free skilled labor. These men are of all ages, from a youth of sixteen to men bowed down by three score years and ten—men whose sentences range from one to fifty-five years, while others have been sentenced for life. What is still more remarkable, the "lifetimers," as they are called, are said to be the most contented and best workers, and those who in a free state are lazy, indolent and averse to labor of any kind are the most reliable and industrious. The secret of all this is the fact that the quality and service of their food and the limited privileges they enjoy are dependent upon their behavior and the amount and quality of the labor they perform. The eating department of the prison is divided into three grades, and is designated by the prisoners as the "bean table," "bull beef" and "mutton chop." The dining room for the "bean table" is fitted up with tables consisting of a single board about ten inches wide, upon which, about every three feet, is securely nailed a tin dish containing pepper and salt. The beans and other rough food are served on tin plates, and knives and forks are not provided. The food is wholesome, but it must be eaten in the most primitive style, and the prisoners are not allowed to speak to one another during meal time. All new prisoners are placed at the "bean table," and it is not until their excellent conduct and industry commends them to the management that they are promoted to the "bull-beef table." Here the fare is more varied, the prisoners are seated at tables, furnished with wholesome beef, vegetables, etc. This is quite a step in advance of the "bean table," and many prisoners never get beyond it. The "mutton-chop table" is the height of the prisoner's ambition. Here he is seated at a regular dining-room table; he has a full complement of dishes, though all are of tin; he has a knife and fork; the table is furnished with casters; he has a mutton stew, stewed beef, meats in variety, vegetables in season, and is allowed to converse freely with his fellows. It is a distinction he is proud of, one that he has worked hard to obtain, and one that he will maintain no matter how hard the struggle. The prisoners are treated kindly; the "mutton-chop" men are shown great consideration by the officers, and from this class little or no trouble is ever experienced, for an infraction of the rules sends them to the "bean-table," from which they find it difficult to again obtain what they have lost.—*Sacramento Record.*

Contents of a Confederate Musket.

Charles Folsom, of Boscawen, traded recently with J. Edwin Gage, the gunsmith of this city, for two old army muskets, which were called in the trade worth about $1 each. Folsom took the muskets home and offered to give one of them to a neighbor for a day's work. The night before he was to get rid of it he set about fixing it up a little, in the course of which he detected a rattle about the stock. In seeking for the cause of the noise he removed the lock, then the barrel, and finally the strip of iron on the butt of the stock. This disclosed the secret. The butt had been neatly hollowed out, making a good-sized treasure box. In it were six 50 cent silver coins, three 25-cent ones, two $20 bills of Confederate money, a musket ball, and a letter. The latter was written by the wife of a Confederate soldier to her husband, and described a visit by the Yankees a short time before, and the capture by them of her father. Its sentiments were evidently those of the women of the Confederacy. It spoke of returning the money he had sent her, as she could do nothing with it, and this was doubtless the money found with the letter. The musket was purchased with a lot of others, and had evidently been captured after its bearer had fallen in battle.—*Concord (N. H.) Monitor.*

About the Size of Boston.

A laughable story is told at the expense of a Boston gentleman who came with a party of excursionists to the coast. When the Bostonian had been duly dusted and all traces of travel carefully removed from his immaculate broadcloth and shining beaver, he turned to the affable porter with a benign smile and vouchsafed: "Well, I suppose you want something for your trouble," and drawing out his portly wallet he took therefrom two bright new pennies, and, with the air of a man who was doing rather more than was expected of him or the occasion demanded, presented them to the porter. A look of puzzled astonishment overspread the features of the African, as nothing smaller than the five-cent nickel circulates here; but as soon as he regained speech he passed them back with the remark: "We has no use for them here, sah!" "Oh," replied the frugal New Englander, "keep them, keep them; you may go East some time."—*San Francisco Letter.*

Humor.

GLADSTONE DINES WITH VICTORIA.

A Veracious Account of the Gorgeous Entertainment.

We have seen no detailed account of the dinner which Queen Victoria gave to Mr. Gladstone recently. Perhaps the daily press did not deem the circumstance worthy of extended notice, or had not the data on which to base a circumstantial account. As *Texas Siftings* is in possession of the facts, they are here given:

The company was small and select, there being present beside the ex-premier only the Prince of Wales and the Princess Beatrice, and the Archbishop of Canterbury to say grace.

The ceremony having been performed in the archbishop's best style, her majesty turned to Mr. Gladstone and said: "I forget which you take, black or green."

"Green, your majesty," replied the grand old man.

"You should have known that, ma," interrupted Beatrice, "when Mr. Gladstone is so interested in the people of Ireland."

"Trixy," replied her royal ma, severely, "I want no references to the Hirish. Hin fact at this dinner I want no political hallusions at hall. It is merely a social haffair. Indeed, Mr. Gladstone," turning to that gentleman, who was industriously putting three lumps of sugar into his cup of green tea, "indeed hit's sick and tired I ham of 'earing of politics." Then, addressing the Archbishop of Canterbury, she remarked:

"Your Grace takes black tea, I know."

His Grace could not find an opportunity to insert a word in reply; so he contented himself with a deferential bow, while Victoria proceeded:

"Trixy, you can't 'ave tea to night. You've been drinking too much for your nerves. Alexandra, I'll give you 'alf a cup, but you needn't hask for henny more. How's the missis, Mr. Gladstone? Why didn't you bring her with you? Poorly, is she? I'm so sorry. I wanted her to try these biscuits. I made them myself, you see. You think they are good? Yes, I think so, too, though I say it as shouldn't. I'll do up some in a paper for you to take 'ome, though I'm really hafraid they won't be good cold. Laws-a-massy, yes, I know 'ow to make biscuit if I don't know henny-think else. My dear departed 'usband used to say that heven 'is mother wasn't a circumstance to me in the biscuit line. That's 'igh praise, you know, from one's 'usband. Gracious! I do believe that lazy girl, Bridget, has let this beef burn. Trixy, have the goodness to ring that bell."

Trixy, who was cross because Victoria wouldn't let her have any tea, struck the bell with sufficient force to make the dishes rattle. This stopped the flow of Victoria's remarks for a moment, when she continued:

"Heverything goes wrong unless I keeps right in the kitchen all the time, and no self-respecting queen can—(Enter Bridget). Bridget, 'ow in the name of common sense did you let this beef burn, just when I have company, too? It's just like your stupidity."

"Plaze, mum," began Bridget, "the foier—"

"There's no 'plaze mum' about it, and if you let this occur again I'll give you a month's notice. Now, remember that."

Bridget left the room, and the archbishop of Canterbury, in a benevolent effort to change an unpleasant subject, asked:

"Your Majesty, is His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, well?"

"Yes, Edward's well, I think, but ask his wife there."

Alexandra, being thus appealed to, replied:

"O, yes, he must be well, for he isn't at home. He always comes home when he gets sick."

As the archbishop did not happen to strike a particularly pleasant theme for discussion, he tried again:

"And Prince Henry, of Battenberg—"

"O, there's nothing the matter with 'im," interrupted Victoria, "hexcept that he's sulking now. He went to a minstrel show last night without permission, and I ordered him to be locked up in his—"

"O please, mamma, don't!" exclaimed Beatrice.

"But I will, Trixy. That young man must be made to know his place, and if he doesn't behave himself I shan't 'esitate to hexpose him. And I won't 'ave you standing hup for 'im either. I'm 'ead of this 'ousehold, as well as monarch of this realm, I want you to understand. Archbishop, won't you try these preserved pears? I put them hup myself."

"They are delicious, Your Maj—"

"Yes, I'm a good 'and at preserving, though I do say it that shouldn't. My dear departed 'usband never told me that his mother put hup better preserves than I did, and he was a good judge, was Albert. What kind of pie will you take, Mr. Gladstone? Mince? Well, I can't recommend this mince-pie, has I didn't make it myself, but I hexpect it's fair to middling. Bridget is a pretty good 'and at pies. You'll take happle, will you, Archbishop? Well, I believe happle's more wholesome. I'm afraid to let you girls 'ave any pie tonight. It might set 'ard on your stomachs and give you bad dreams. I see you heat cheese with your pie, Mr. Gladstone. That's an Hamerican custom, I 'ear; but I don't care for it myself. I'd rather heat my cheese toasted. Now, Archbishop, you can return thanks."

"For what we have received make us truly thankful," intoned His Grace.

"Now, Trixy, tell Bridget to clear off the table. Then you an Alexandra can go to bed after you see that a jug of 'alf-and-'alf 'as been sent up to my room. I want to ask Mr. Gladstone's opinion on investing some money in Hamerican real hestate before I retire myself."

Half an hour later the G. O. M. and the Archbishop departed, and the lights in the castle were extinguished.—*Texas Siftings.*

A Fair Start.

When Mr. and Mrs. Callboard returned from their wedding journey, they settled right down to house-keeping. Happier doves never nestled in a flat, and Mrs. Callboard determined to make home happy for Charley from the start. No future misunderstandings should arise in their domestic arrangements, if her wisdom and tact could prevent. When they sat down to their first meal, Nellie helped him to an opaque slab of something about an inch thick, that fell on the table with a dull, sickening thud. "There is some homemade bread like your mother used to make, Charley, dear," she said sweetly. "I learned how to make that solid circle of roller composition around the middle of the loaf when we were stopping at her house last week; if you should ever want a change I can make bread whiter than snow and lighter than sea foam, but this is the kind your mother makes, and I thought you might like it the first day to keep you from getting homesick. That nice cake," she added, seeing him thoughtfully endeavoring to indent with his fork a dark brown pyramid of elastic concrete, "is a cake such as your aunt Ellen used to make. I got the prescription from her. I don't eat it myself, but it is said to be harmless if not taken to excess. These irregular fragments of leather belting are doughnuts, like those your grandmother makes; she taught me how to make them, and I had a coroner's permit to make these. Those ghastly remains on the platter are all that is left of the holocaust; that is a chicken roasted after the favorite prescription of your sister Jane. And this, Charley dear," she continued, pouring out a coal black liquid, not quite so thick as the Missouri river, but far more odorous, "this is coffee like you used to get at home. I make all these things somewhat different for myself, and will use my own recipes, as a rule after this, but any time you want things as you used to have them at home, dear, I can fill every prescription in the pharmacopœia, and don't you forget it." And he didn't. That was 23 years ago, and not one of the young Callboards can remember ever to have heard their father so much as refer to the doughnuts his grandmother used to make when he was a boy.—*Burdette.*

Patriotism Tested by Snags.

Host—"I can't understand why a man as sensible as you always seemed to be should have opposed the river and harbor bill."

Visiting Congressman—"Patriotism, my dear sir, patriotism."

"What patriotism can there be in leaving our rivers and harbors in their present semi-navigable condition?"

"Can't you see? A foreign man-of-war can't get into them now without striking a snag."

She Ought to Know.

Husband—impatiently to his wife—I told you I only wanted half a cup of tea, and as usual you have filled it up to the top. Don't you know what half full is? Mother-in-law—grimly—She ought to know by this time.

THEY DIDN'T MOVE.

The Giant Growth of a Grain of Gossip.

Mrs. A. (to Mrs. B.)—"I saw dear Mrs. X. in Washington square to-day. Can she be intending to take a house there?"

Mrs. B. (to Mrs. C.)—"I hear Mrs. X. is going to take a house in Washington square. Mrs. A. saw her looking for one yesterday."

Mrs. C. (to Mrs. D.)—"So the X.'s are going to settle in Washington square. Mrs. B. tells me they have taken a house there, and will move in at once."

Mrs. D. (to Mrs. E.)—"I suppose the X.'s will entertain handsomely now that they are settled in Washington square. They can hardly afford to do otherwise, considering the style they put on."

Mrs. E. (to Mrs. F.)—"Have you had a card for the opening reception of the X.'s new house in Washington square? No? What a pity. Mrs. D. tells me it will be simply gorgeous. The Vanderbilt ball will be nothing in comparison."

Mrs. F. (to Mrs. G.)—"It seems to me the X.'s have quite outgrown their shoes lately. Now that they have moved to Washington square they seem to have forgotten all their old friends. But that is always the way with these *parvenus*."

Mrs. G. (to Mrs. H.)—"What dreadful shoddy the X.'s are, to be sure. They used to be quite decent souls, until old X. made a million or so in some stock gambling game. Now they have taken a place in Washington square, and don't recognize their old friends in the street for fear they will have to invite them to the house warming. Ridiculous, isn't it?"

Mrs. H. (to Mrs. I.)—"You have heard about the X.'s, of course? They have moved to Washington square, and they are going to give a grand ball. But they are so stuck up that they have made a new visiting list, and they have boldly invited every one they don't know that they can think of. No one worth less than a million has been asked, and I hear that Mrs. X. is so crazed with vanity that the servants have orders to call her my lady and your ladyship, under pain of discharge."

And so on through the alphabet. Meanwhile the following paragraph has been received at this office:

"There is absolutely no truth in the report that Mr. Z. Y. X., of 998 Fifth avenue, has taken a house in Washington square. Owing to Mrs. X.'s delicate health they will spend the summer abroad and the winter in California. Their hospitable mansion will be closed to society for at least a year."
—*Town Topics.*

Col. Wintersmith's Strategy.

Col. Dick Wintersmith was trying to write a letter in a room where Dan Voorhees, Beverly Tucker and two or three others were sitting. These three gentlemen formed a conspiracy to worry him and prevent his writing. Every time he would put pen to paper one or the other would ask him a question. At last old Judge Key came in, and the colonel greeted him very cordially.

"Judge," said the colonel, "I wish you would sit down and tell us about your trip to Europe."

"Did I never tell you about my life in Europe?" said the judge with some surprise.

"No, never. The gentlemen want to hear it."

The judge turned to hang up his coat and hat and the Voorhees party made for the door. When he was ready to take his seat no one was present but Col. Wintersmith.

"Where are those gentlemen?" asked the Judge.

"They are gone, sir," said Col. Dick; "they wanted to insult you by leaving. It is an outrage. I would seek satisfaction."

The Judge, being of a fiery nature, put on his overcoat at once and started in hot chase after the offenders. As soon as he got out of the door Col. Wintersmith quietly locked it and wrote his letter.—*Boston Advertiser.*

A Sad Case of Absent-Mindedness.

"The worst case of absent-mindedness I ever knew of," said a hotel-keeper out at Elgin, "occurred in my house a few weeks ago. The perpetrator was my night porter. I was at the desk one night when a man came in so drunk he couldn't sign his name. He was a traveling man whom I knew, and of course I decided to take good care of him. 'John,' says I to the porter, 'take this man up-stairs and put him to bed, and put his valise away in the check-room.' Just then I was called away by the sickness of a member of my family, and I thought no more of my guest nor of the porter, whom I saw attending to his usual duties an hour or so later. But next morning a strange discovery was made. The chambermaid on the second floor reported that in the bed of room 16 she had found a valise, and that there was no sign of any person having occupied the room during the night. It flashed over me in a second that that porter of mine, who was a queer sort of a fellow, had made some blunder, and I went upstairs to investigate. There was the valise, sure enough, but no sign of the traveler. I hunted all over the house for him without success, and had about given up in despair, when I happened to go into the check-room for something, and there lay my traveling man, asleep on the floor, with valise check No. 63 carefully tied around his neck."—*Chicago Herald.*

A Wife's Retort.

Old Joe was a quiet old man, but somewhat too fond of the bottle. When in his cups, his ideas tended toward theological matters, which he studiously avoided in his sober moments. It was Saturday afternoon and his good wife wanted some wood for the oven as she had bread to bake.

"Joe, I do wish you would go and split some wood; here it is nearly 2 o'clock, and the fire isn't made."

Joe went out to execute his commission, and fearing his physical condition was weak, marched to the neighboring tavern to fortify himself thereat. He returned home utterly oblivious to all things save his pet theories. Seating himself on the chair, he said:

"I say (hic), Jane, do you (hic)think (hic) the Lord (hic) means to burn us all up in fire?"

His venerable spouse, being exceedingly irate, did not answer. Again he repeated the question. Still an ominous silence.

"Wife, do you think the Lord means to burn us all up in fire or (hic) fire?"

"No!" said the now thoroughly aroused housewife; "no, you fool, not if he waits for you to split the wood."—*Texas Siftings.*

How Marriage Changed His Ideas of Duty.

Young Wife—I know very well, mother, that my husband no longer loves me.

Mother—How do you know it, my daughter?

"You know he belongs to the fire company?"

"Yes."

"Well, before we were married, when we were courting and the fire-bell rang, he never went to the fire. He said he would rather pay the fine."

"Well, what does he do now?"

"Why, now, at the very first sound of the bell he says duty calls him, and he is off and away in three shakes of a sheep's tail."—*Texas Siftings.*

Composition on the Cow.

Here is a little girl's composition on the cow: A cow is an animal with four legs on the under side. The tail is longer than the legs, but it's not used to stand on. The cow kills flies with her tail. A cow has big ears that wiggle on hinges; so does the tail. A cow is bigger than a calf but not as big as an elephant. She is made small so she can go into the barn when nobody is looking. Some cows are black, and some hook. A dog was hooked once. She tossed the dog that worried the cat that killed the rat. Black cows give white milk; so do other cows. Milkmen sell milk to buy their little girls dresses, which they put water in and chalk. Cows chew cuds, and each cow finds its own chew. That is all there is about cows.—*Hartford Times.*

A Plausible Explanation.

"Daniel."

"Yes, sire."

"The newspapers report large discoveries of gold in Arkansas."

"Yes, sire."

"I wish you'd ask Garland if the reports are correct. He ought to know, as he comes from that state."

"I did, sire, but he said he took no stock in it."

"Took no stock, eh? Then there has been none offered to him."—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

A Real Friend to the Poor.

Wife—You are such a nice man.

Husband—What do you want now?

Wife—I want a new dress.

Husband—But you should take the hard times into consideration.

Wife—So I do. I want to give the poor seamstress something to do.—*Texas Siftings.*

Miscellany.

A QUEER ADVENTURE.

In a Hole With a Colony of Root Diggers.

While dashing furiously along I suddenly felt myself sink into the earth up to my armpits. At the same instant I heard down in the ground the shrieks of human beings—women and children. I felt hands clutch at my legs and naked human bodies pressing against them. I uttered no sound—I was too much frightened. I held my breath and shrank within myself. Every instant I expected to feel a knife or a spear thrust into my body. My feet were on the ground, and without knowing what I was doing, I gave a strong push with my breast. Finding that something was giving way, I plunged forward and up a steep slope of two or three feet, when I found myself bounding like a deer across the level meadow with a great contrivance of basketwork suspended from my hips and extending a yard or more on all sides. I looked for all the world as if I had donned a huge hooped skirt. While making a momentary halt in order to disengage myself from the singular machine hanging upon me, I cast my eyes backward and saw an old woman and three or four naked children scrambling out of the hole from which I had just made my escape. Yelling at the top of their voices, they dashed away as fast as their legs would carry them, making for the nearest hills. By the time I had pushed my basket skirt down to my heels and stepped out of it, I saw a dozen or more black heads emerging from the earth in my immediate neighborhood. Seeing the shaggy heads popping up all about me, I darted away at a pace that must surely have astonished the natives. I think I must have left the village at least five miles behind before I halted. I then threw myself upon the ground too much exhausted to even load my gun.

"Was it one of their houses that you had jumped into, uncle?" here asked a small boy, who had been listening with "all his ears."

"Yes, boy, the roof of one of their huts. You see these miserable root digging, frog eating devils live in holes dug in the ground, just like so many wood-chucks. They make a kind of basket work dome of willow, which they place over the hole and cover with grass and earth by way of roof, and in hot weather they sometimes strew this roof with green leaves as an additional protection from the heat of the sun. The one into which I plunged was so covered, and the framework being old and rotten I popped through it easily enough."—*Salt Lake Tribune.*

A FATAL "PERSONAL."

A Lady Who Wishes Too Late That She Hadn't.

A few days ago a personal appeared in a New York paper asking for the address of a lady who would accompany him to theaters, balls, picnics, etc., and also take in Coney Island, and all the ice cream gardens during the heated term. The advertiser also requested his fair companion to send her photograph with the answer. This grand offer to have a good time and also to fill up on frozen milk attracted the attention of a lady in this city, who at once concluded to answer the advertisement and have her new friend call on her on a certain evening, when she knew her "better half" would be away from home on business; so she hastily penned an answer, inclosing her picture, and addressed it to "Confidence," to the office of the paper in which the personal appeared, but she forgot to add "New York city." The letter found its way to a newspaper office of the same name in New Jersey, where it was opened and read by the editor of the concern, who knew the lady well. He simply wrote: "Opened by mistake by ——," signing his name in full, and returned it by the next mail; but, unfortunately for her, the head of the house received the mail that morning, and it would be putting it mild to say the thermometer registered 90° in the shade. The old man postponed his business trip indefinitely and started to consult Judge Penn, and the chances are that the young man who takes charge of the cash of a certain newspaper will be called to tell the public what he knows about reading letters.—*Elizabeth, N. J., Herald.*

Gen. Sheridan's Ambulance.

"If Phil Sheridan purchases a summer residence on the South Shore," said a military friend of the general, as he looked over his paper, "I suppose he will bring his ambulance along with him and drive up and down the beach in his old superb style. I suppose you know that Sheridan, if he can help it, never rides in any other carriage than an army ambulance. Before his marriage when his headquarters were at Chicago, his ambulance, neatly painted and varnished and comfortably upholstered, was drawn by four of the handsomest and sprightliest mules in the United States, groomed until they shone, and driven by a soldier in uniform, was one of the most familiar objects on the streets. Everybody knew and admired it. When he married Gen. Rucker's daughter he had to get a coupe, of course, and people all pitied him when they saw him in it, he looked so completely lost. But he kept the ambulance and rattled over the pavement in it whenever Mrs. Sheridan did not care to go out. It went to Washington with him, and the South Shore will be just the place to exploit it. I assure you there is nothing in the way of an equipage down that way that will create anything like the sensation that Phil Sheridan's favorite carriage will make."

The Boy's Answer.

There is usually a reason to be found for doing what we really desire. On the other hand, there are plenty of arguments to prove that the same line of action may be injurious to other people. One day a teacher told her pupils that it was wrong to chew tobacco; when a small boy, with quite an important air, replied that he had seen a fellow chew because his teeth ached, and stoutly averred that it was not wrong for any one to chew tobacco if his teeth ached. This seemed to please the scholars very much, and the teacher was at first sorely puzzled to know how to answer this stunning argument. At last she said to the boy, "Horace, if a great big boy like you should get toothache and want to chew tobacco, what would he do?" Horace scratched his head, and then said resolutely, "He ought to have his teeth pulled." Thus our pet vices become our remedies, [illegible] the dentist round the corner.—*Youth's Companion.*

Coin Collecting.

The present youthful "fad" is that of coin collecting. It rages wildly in certain parts of the city and has left stamp collecting and seal collecting far behind. A [illegible] of the devotion of some coin collectors may show how strong is the rage with those who take pride in their collection to have the best collection. A little boy was in the habit of having six cents to put in the church contribution box every Sunday. His mother was much bewildered last Sunday when she handed him the customary six cents to see him inspect the money with much interest and sort out three pennies, which he put into the box, and the other three, which he relegated to his pocket. When service was over, the mother questioned him and received an answer as to this peculiar arrangement. "Oh! mamma," exclaimed the enthusiast, "I couldn't give those other cents; they are rare and worth money to me, and they're the only ones I have. I'll put in three nice new ones next Sunday and that will make it all right." What was there to say to such a well devised amendment as this?—*Boston Post.*

Men and Women at the Table.

Everything you can eat with a small spoon was invented for women. It was a delicate flattery to the sex to thus infer the dainty size of the female mouth. There is not so much difference in quantity of consumption between the two, man, being naturally a coarser animal, thinks he has to eat most, and he uses a big spoon. But the little spoon goes oftener to the lips. The fact is that woman's great joke on man is the way she allows him to think things and never undeceives him. A man takes up the bill of fare and smacks his lips and makes a great show of appetite and enjoyment. A woman never makes any demonstration, but the simple, innocent way in which she does it is delightful. A man [illegible] says she is hungry; she just waits till the man bawls, and under the cover of his enormous appetite and fierce demonstration, she has a good square meal, and he [illegible].—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Recent Literature.

In "The Story of the Nations," from G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, comes "Ancient Egypt," by George Rawlinson, M. A., with the collaboration of Arthur Gilman. The book reads like a romance, so interesting is the portrayal of that people who dwelt in Egypt in the long ago. The maps and illustrations are good and it forms an attractive number of this most excellent series.

"The Turning of the Wheel," by Mary Dwinell Chellis, is a story published by the National Temperance and Publication House, showing what temperance united to industry, energy and perseverance will do to help a family forward in the way of prosperity. It is an entertaining story and also conveys a lesson which cannot fail to sink deep into the heart. Such books do a world of good.

"Correspondence between Goethe and Carlyle," is made up of a series of letters that passed between these two eminent men more than 30 years ago. Those of Goethe were packed away by Carlyle in a box containing papers exclusively connected with Cromwell, and were never found until the contents of the box were sorted after his death. Carlyle's letters are taken from the originals now preserved in the Goethe Archives at Weimar. These letters have been edited by Charles Eliot Norton and published by Macmillan & Co., New York. That they will be read with interest goes without saying.

"The Feud of Oakfield Creek" is a novel of California life, by Josiah Royce, and published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. It is a story, the plot of which hinges upon the disputed title to some land. There is a tragedy in the beginning which is thrilling with the pathos of its causes and consequences. The style of the book is heavy, but the interest of the reader is held throughout, though the reader can not help wishing that some light might have been permitted to fall occasionally upon some of the characters.

"Some Chinese Ghosts," by Lofcadio Hearn, is published by Roberts Brothers, Boston. It is made up of Chinese legends which show the character of this people and their literature in no inconsiderable degree. Some of the legends are named as follows: "The Soul of the Great Bell;" "The Story of Ming-Y;" "The Tradition of the Tea-Plant;" "The Tale of the Porcelain-God," etc. It will be found a curious and entertaining book.

A book which just at the present time will find many readers is named "The Inter-State Commerce Act" by John R. Dos Passos, a lawyer in New York, already known by his works in like matters. Considering the act as of the utmost importance because it is the first attempt of the National government to regulate a private commercial business, the author has here given a history of the law, an analysis of its different provisions, and other matters connected with the subject. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, in their series of "Questions of the Day."

Another of the same series is entitled, "American State Constitutions: A Study of Their Growth," by Henry Hitchcock. It is really an address delivered before the New York State Bar association at its tenth annual meeting, at Albany, in January 18, 1887, and gives the history of the formation, etc., of the constitutions of the various states.

From William S. Gottsberger, New York, comes in two paper bound volumes a translation of one of Ebers' romances from the German, by Clara Belle. It is entitled, "The Bride of the Nile." The story is of the time far back, opening in 643 A. D., with the arrival of a caravan from the North, at Memphis. The peculiarities of those times are well set forth, while the story is told in a way to absorb the reader's interest. It is a skillful translation.

The new book entitled "Selected Gems and Modern Themes," will be of great interest to those who play the organ. The music in the book is suitable for either pipe or reed organ, and while being of a high grade, it is not difficult. The selections consist of preludes, voluntaries, a collection of miscellaneous pieces, wedding and festival music, and all the organist needs. Many of the great masters are represented, such as Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Weber, and many modern famous writers. There are no songs or hymns in the collection. Sent to any address on receipt of the price, $1.50, by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, Mass.

From Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, come three paper-covered volumes belonging to their "Globe Library." They are all stories by Fortuni du Boisgobey, who is well-known as a French writer whose stories are sensational but popular. The titles are "The Steel Necklace;" "The Detective's Eye;" and "Cecil's Fortune." Price 25 cents. The books in this series are issued weekly.

In the Lippincott series of select novels are two entitled "Moloch: A Story of Sacrifice," by Mrs. Campbell Praed, and "Worth Winning," by Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron. Both are interesting and even absorbing. Price 25 cents. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.

"Cookery for Invalids," by Thomas J. Murray, is a little book of 32 pages, giving simply, and with all possible brevity, the leading formulas recommended by physicians. The authof has produced four or five other books on sound, artistic cookery. He offers some advice in his latest on what may be eaten at a late hour by those who are awake most of the night. White, Stokes & Allen, New York.

"In One Town" is a novel by Edward Downey, issued in paper covers by D. Appleton & Co., New York. It is an English story, and extremely readable. Price, 25 cents.

"Roger Camerden" is the name of a wild, wierd story, the authorship of which is not given. It has the fascination that the uncanny and mysterious always have, but its perusal gives little satisfaction. Published in paper by George J. Coombes, New York. Price 50 cents.

Mrs. Hephæstus and Other Short Stories," is the title of a little volume by George A. Baker, and published by White, Stokes & Allen, New York. Some of the stories were written for the *Century Magazine* but have not yet appeared in that periodical. "West Point," a comedy in three acts, is also included in the volume.

Literary Notes.

Lord Tennyson has written morning and evening hymns for the boys in the Gordon Home, near Portsmouth.

Mrs. Alexander has written a new story, "A Life Interest," and it is to be published serially in *London Society*.

It is reported that Prince Napoleon will before long bring out a book in reply to M. Taine's recent work on Napoleon I.

Mr. E. P. Roe, who has been spending the winter in Southern California, is writing a new story, the scene of which is laid in that charming country.

Baker & Taylor announce that they have now ready the fiftieth thousand of Rev. Dr. Josiah Strong's "Our Country, its possible future and its present crisis."

The May *Popular Science Monthly* will have a timely article on "The Influence of Snow Masses on Climate," from the pen of the eminent Russian meteorologist, Woeikoff.

Roberts Brothers will shortly republish the collected works of Dante, by Gabriel Rossetti, in two volumes, and an edition of the same poet's complete poetical works in one volume.

Macmillan & Co. have in preparation a small collection of songs peculiar to the Gypsies in Spain, and of those current among Italian peasants, rendered into English by Alma Strettell.

Wide Awake prints next month a full-length portrait of Mrs. Carlyle and the pet dog, Nero, that figures so in the Carlyle correspondence. The photograph comes from Mrs. Alexander Carlyle.

A valuable work on the Soudan expedition, "The Campaign of the Cataracts," by Sir W. F. Butler, to be fully illustrated from drawings by Lady Butler, is announced for early publication.

Mr. Albert Vaudam is preparing for the press a work on French life and manners, to be called "Paris With the Roof Off," dealing principally with Parisian domestic life, and describing several typical households.

"Mr. Rider Haggard, it is stated," says the London *Literary World*, "has gone to Cairo to study mummies and other antiquities, as these will enter largely into the local color of a new work of fiction he has commenced."

Sampson Low & Co. will publish shortly a work entitled "The Rothschilds, the Financial Rulers of Nations," by John Reeves, in which will be given portraits of the chief members of the family and a view of the original house of the founder of Frankfort.

Mr. Henry J. Philpott, under the title of "Social Sustenance," will present in the May *Popular Science Monthly* an interesting and very intelligent discussion of the way in which other persons may affect our ability to make a living—either by hindering or by helping us in the process.

George W. Cable, the novelist, is the originator of the home culture clubs, a new method of stimulating literary and scientific study among his neighbors at Northampton, Mass., which has proven a great success there, and the example might be followed with profit in other places.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says it is the intention of some of the English friends of Walt Whitman to procure from a number of English authors and critics some short signed articles upon his work and its literary significance, and to collect them into a volume, the proceeds of the sale of which will be given to the poet.

"I WISH WAS A MAN."

A Frequent Feminine Exclamation Which May Be True."

She said she was very busy, and had no time to enjoy herself, and she wished she were a man. I wonder what she was busy about. I wonder what she had to do. She is wealthy, she is unmarried, she has everything that anybody can want. She buys everything she needs. She knows how to make a great many useless things. She can embroider a handkerchief for a man. She can make a crazy quilt for somebody else, who can buy a handsomer one at the store. She can play a piano. She can ride on horseback. But she doesn't know a mutton chop in its conglomerate shape or a piece of beef for roasting when she sees it. She reads books, and she goes to the theater. There's no earthly thing to do that is useful that the world can't get along without, and yet she is busy. She does not enjoy herself; she finds life flat, stale and unprofitable. She has nothing to do but amuse herself, and yet she wants to be a man because she thinks that's precisely what a man does. Look here; did you ever see a man enjoying himself? It is the most pitiable thing in life in the way of amusement. I don't mean those amusements which are equally open to the female sex—music and books, and walks and dancing and conversation. A man having fun that is not given to ladies to have is only amusing because it raises the fellow who is looking on sober so much higher is his own esteem.

When a man gets very full and takes you aside and tells you that he likes you, and when he likes anybody as he likes them, and begins to confide in you all sorts of incoherent secrets that are not of the faintest consequence, he is funny. When a man tells you he has had a good time, a lovely time, ask him what he did, and you'll find he has forgotten everything that happened, and only thinks he must have had a good time because he's got a head on him too big for any hat in the town. Now an enormous proportion of the fun a man has is of that kind. All the other pleasure he knows in life he enjoys in the society of his lady friends, and it will upset all the calculations of the philosophy the best authorities have printed on human nature, if the ladies want to change places when a man's trying to get them to fall in love with him.

WOMAN'S VANITY EXCEEDED.

The Experience of an Observing Reporter in a Fashionable Barber-Shop.

A reporter reposed in a chair in a barbershop Saturday afternoon awaiting the artist's last touches to a clean shave. The bay rum had been rubbed upon his cheek, when there was a lengthy pause in the operations. Opening his eyes he saw the barber holding a long piece of glistening steel over a gas jet. He held it there for a moment, and then approached with the instrument. The reporter shrank back into the chair as he asked in a tremulous voice: "What's that?"

"O, it's only the latest wrinkle," replied the barber, soothingly, as he caught hold of one end of the reportorial mustache with the dangerous looking instrument. He pulled the mustache tenderly for an instant. The steel pressed gently against the stiff upper lip and its warmth made a decidedly agreeable feeling. The barber let go after a few seconds, and heating the steel again performed a similar service to the other side of the mustache.

When he had finished he told the reporter to look in the glass. He did so, and could scarcely recognize himself. For the first time in his life he felt that he really looked pretty. Two curls were screwed up from the ends of his mouth and tickled the end of his nose. He tried to look grateful as he asked the barber, "What kind of a machine do you call that, anyway?"

"O, it's only a new-fashioned curling machine, just like what the ladies use, but on a smaller scale."

"Do you have much use for it?"

"Yes; lots. Some men don't like that dudish twist to their mustaches, but they soon learn that it is a more comfortable feeling not to have the ends everlastingly hanging into their mouths."

"How long will the ends remain this way?"

"About two days."

"Well, I had no idea men could be so vain as to require scuh an instrument."

"My dear boy, that's just the thing that suggested the invention. Talk about women being vain. You don't know what injustice you do them. Stop in here some day for a few hours and if you don't see more male vanity than would shame an army of women you may call me a prevaricator and a talkative man."—*N. Y. Sun.*

A KNOCK-DOWN ARGUMENT.

Gen. George A. Sheridan Makes Answer to Col. Bob Ingersoll.

Gen. George A. Sheridan, of Louisiana, has taken the platform in defense of the Bible against the sophistry of Ingersoll. Several years ago, when the people of Ohio were crazy on the inflation idea, I went with Sheridan to make a speech at Canton. He had an immense audience, and among other citizens of distinction was a venerable man who had been the Greenback candidate for the United States Senate when Judge Thurman was elected the last time. Sheridan was explaining the differance between real money and the fiat variety, and by way of illustration had a Pompilian coin. He held it up and said:

"This, ladies and gentlemen, is money—real money. It always has been money, and it always will be money; you can pass it through the fire and it will not burn; you can bury it in the ground and it will not rot. The government that issued it has been buried under a pile of lava for 3,000 years, and yet this coin is worth as much as when it was originally issued. Nothing can detract from its value. And this," he continued, holding up a $1 greenback, "is not money. It is simply a promise to pay, and if our government should fail it would be worthless. It is only not money, but it cannot be made money, and even if the government of the United States should print all over its front side and its back side 'This is a dollar,' it would not be a dollar."

At this point the old gentleman who had run for the Senate against Judge Thurman got up and begged leave to ask a question.

"Do I understand you to say, Col. Sheridan, that if the government of the United States printed the words 'This is a dollar' on that note that it would not be a dollar?"

"If the legislature of Ohio should print on your trousers 'This is Allen G. Thurman,' would you be a Senator of the United States?" replied Sheridan, instantly.

The old gentleman never smiled again.

"Oh, It Was Pitiful!"

Of course it was! He tried one remedy after another, and finally gave up and died, when his life might have been saved by taking Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery"—the great "Consumption Cure"—which, if promptly employed, will soon subdue all threatening symptoms, such as coughs, labored breathing, night-sweats, spitting of blood, etc., and restoring waning strength and hope, effectually stop the poor consumptive's rapid progress graveward. Is it not worth trying! All druggists.

Lots of Difference Between the Two Acts.

The precocious small boy finds a rival in the small girl who figures in the primary department of the Canajoharie academy. A teacher asked a small girl who had "skipped school:" "Where have you been and what have you been doing all the morning?" Small girl (working the heel of her shoe into a crack in the floor)—"Part of the time riding down hill." Teacher (with an encouraging smile as a recognition of veracity)—"And what were you doing the rest of the time?" Small girl (naively)—"Walking up!"

To Weak Men

Suffering from Nervous Debility, Early Decay, Loss of Vitality, Weakness of Body and Mind, etc., I will send you a valuable treatise containing full particulars for certain restoration to health and manhood free of charge. A reliable home cure. Address Prof. F. C. Fowler, Moodus, Conn.

PROF. DAVID SWING ON "NATURAL GAS."

Chicago's Noted Minister Propounds a Startling Theory.

Chicago Journal.

One little knows whether to be glad or sorry over the tremendous discovery of natural gas. It is all very well for the furnaces of a thousand mills and cooking-stoves of a million families to be heated by simply tapping the earth with a sharp stick. Pittsburg, Findlay and Toledo may feel quite happy over the fact that the average wife can run the cooking-range and furnace for $5 a year. Marriages should increase under this new cheapness of warmth in the parlor and under the pot, but while this broad grin of complacency is occupying all these numberless faces, what does the good Mother Earth think of all this business of meddling with her internal affairs? Does not the story of the goose and the golden egg come in here as a warning? The fellow in that fable bored into his valuable goose and got his egg long in advance of the almanac, but on the next day the producer herself was dead. The Earth, for all we know, may be like the goose, and may be bored for gas and bored to death at the same time. The boys on the street are philosophic enough to say:

"All that goes up must come down,
Each look out for his own crown,"

or words to that effect; but we older heads have by some foolishness of logic reached the conclusion that if billions and billions of cubic feet of gas spurt up, nothing need come down except the price of gas. What infamous nonsense! The coming-down of the price is no part of the equation. Such talk is what is called in logic "the undistributed middle"—the act of falling being affirmed of a different quantity from that of which the going-up was affirmed. The boys were right, and a going-up of material must be attended by a coming-down of material.

At Findlay, Ohio, fifty millions of cubic feet of gas pass daily out into the upper air. At Pittsburg, at Erie, at Toledo, at Portland, Ind., and at hundreds of other points, millions upon millions of such cubic feet are passing from the interior to the exterior of the planet. Now, nature does not like a vacuum any more in our day than she liked one in the times of Torricelli and Pascal; nor, as Pascal showed, does she like one any more at the foot of a mountain than she does on the mountain's top. We may, therefore, feel well assured that as rapidly as man bores the stuff out of the globe, its large guardian, nature, will be compelled to put stuff into the globe.

To such an equalization of things we could not object, could any Chicago citizen dictate the manner of the filling. We should be glad to let Mother Earth take a billion cubic yards of mud and garbage from our principal streets, and give us in exchange the same quantity of natural gas; and, should Nature wish that dirt handled in some subterranean quarters, Chicago would be glad to lease to her for a half-century a good company of able bodied boodlers, for which filling also the city would take natural gas in exchange; but the difficulty lies in the fact that Earth follows her own whim and generally fills up a vacuum by settling down proportionally. At New Madrid, in 1811, a district of land a hundred miles long, settled down in order to fill up some vacancy made by some old or new "bore," and some parts of the Texan coast have sunk now within a few years for the purpose of filling in what quantity somebody or something drew out. What must we expect now, when every man in Indiana and Ohio is going about with a drill with the full intent of letting out some more of the gas that fills our big balloon?

It is perfectly absurd to say that "the gas need not come out unless it wants to; nobody forces it out; it comes out because it is too much crowded." It is crowded by the land which lies on it, and its anxiety to rise up comes from the anxiety of the land to go down.

It is not the design of these words to convert anybody. Not a single drill will be arrested by such warnings. But that fact does not affect the general question whether man is not capable of turning his globe inside out and of making his atmosphere deeper above him, and the ground shallower under him. If a comet is a gaseous world can not this be made also a gaseous ball? It so appears. The earth will now rapidly shrink. If it should do so uniformly, no harm would be done, for Earth diminished by five miles in diameter would be none the worse for that; but we are sorry to remark that our ball has the bad habit of going down in some one place at one time. If Indiana and this general region should sink just a little, the lakes would rush into the homes of all these jolly gas-borers; the St. Lawrence would pass toward the Gulf of Mexico over the places were Toledo and Findlay are now dancing in such high glee.

Of course this outcome of natural gas may not come this summer nor the summer after. For particulars we must wait until the matter shall have been investigated by experts in these things, which are at once tremendous and alarming. There seems no course left us but to express the hope that Brother Talmage will use this "boring for gas" as a "sign" or a "token" of something or something else, and that all common folks will follow the advice of the poet who bids us to

"Learn to labor" at the gas-well,
"And to wait" for the final result.

A PRACTICAL JOKE.

But the Brakeman is Looking For Him With a Stuffed Club.

"Can't allow that, my dear sir," said a brakeman on one of the Wabash lines the other day, rather sharply, to a passenger who was trying to crack a pecan on the end of a car seat.

The offender, a small man of quiet demeanor, looked up and remarked that he was not hurting the seat, he was hammering on cast iron.

"I can't help that, sir," faid the brakeman. "Suppose we let everybody crack nuts on the car seats; don't you see it would deface them? I tell you it won't do. You'll have to stop it."

"I'll pay for all the damage I do," said the little man, bringing his knife-handle down on the nut again.

"You'll get out of the car if you don't quit. That's what you'll do," quoth the exasperated brakeman.

"O, no, I think not," said the little man; "I'll try to put up with the injury to the car. I can stand it," and he handed the brakeman a card inscribed thus: "Jay Gould, New York."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Gould," exclaimed the employe humbly, lifting his cap and turning red and pale by turns.

"That is all right, my good man. You were only doing your duty. No need to ask my pardon. I have no better right to abuse the property of the road than any other passenger would have. Always do your duty, regardless of persons. I'll keep an eye out for you."

An hour later the great railway magnate left the train.

"Do you see that little fellow?" said the brakeman to an acquaintance. "That's Jay Gould. I'm solid with him and my fortune's made."

"That Jay Gould?" was the reply. "Not much. That's Smith Henry, of Bushnell, Ill. He looks like Jay Gould, and whenever he travels he carries a pocketful of cards with Gould's name on them. Been giving you one, has he? Oho! Aha!"

A wild eyed brakeman on one of the Wabash lines travels back and forth on his run, performing his allotted duties in a mechanical way, possessed of one absorbing, consuming desire. He wants to meet Mr. Smith Henry, of Bushnell, once more before he dies.

A Polite Rejection.

A celebrated man not long since received a just rebuke. A lecturer stated that the aforesaid celebrated man—not Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, by the way—knew how to make a most excellent cup of coffee. A respectable minister wrote to him asking for the receipt. His request was granted, but at the bottom of the letter was the following manifestation of stupendous conceit: "I hope that this is a genuine request and not a surreptitious mode of securing my autograph;" to which the minister replied: "Accept my thanks for the receipt for making coffee; I wrote in good faith, and in order to convince you of that fact allow me to return what you obviously infinitely prize, but which is of no value to me, your autograph."

For 6 Cents.

A sample copy of the St. Louis Magazine sent for 6 cents. Its various departments in point of brightness, diversity and timeliness, are far superior to any other American magazine, and we send IT and the WEEKLY BLADE one year for $1.75. For club of both send money to either BLADE or Magazine. For sample copy of St. Louis Magazine, send to Alex DeMenil, 213 N Eighth street, St. Louis, Mo.

Afraid of an Explosion.

Blobson found his little boy crying the other day, and upon asking him what was the matter, the precocious infant sobbed: "Oh, pa! I'm afraid there's going to be a smash-up. Ma said she was going to spank me, and she's just been rubbing nitro-glycerine on her hands!"—*Burlington Free Press.*

—40 years positive test. How to prevent old age, revitalize and add to longevity. No failure. Send stamp for particulars. Address Dr. De Argo, Box 226, Buffalo, N.Y.

THE ST. AUGUSTINE FIRE.

Some Interesting Facts About the Oldest City in the United States.

Quaint old St Augustine, known far and wide as the "Ancient City," is by long odds the oldest European settlement of any description whatever in the United States, and it is said to learn that by the conflagration of April 11, a goodly section of this very venerable town has been swept out of existence and completely obliterated.

It was founded by the Spaniards, under the command of Pedro Menendez de Avila, on September 8, 1565.

Just 17 years before the settlement of Santa Fe, N. M.

Forty-two years previous to tee founding of Jamestown, Va.

And fifty-five years before the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock.

The place was named St. Augustine by the Spaniards, in honor of the learned saint of that name, because it was on the day dedicated to his memory that they landed, with much pomp and ceremony, upon that spot.

Ponce de Leon, in his wild romantic search for the fabulous "Fountain of Youth," had been in Florida a long while ahead of these hardy adventurers, namely, in 1512, but his mission being an erratic one, he founded no city, but went roaming around at his own sweet will, looking for the waters which he firmly believed would restore youth to old age and eliminate all the marks of time.

Although St. Augustine has passed through many vicissitudes, such as numerous Indian sieges in its early days, and a furious, but futile, bombardment by the British, under Gen. Oglethorpe, in 1740, it never, strange to say, experienced a first-class conflagration until yesterday.

SITUATION AND ATTRACTIONS.

The city is situated on a neck of the mainland formed by the North and Matanzas rivers on the east, and on the south and west by the St. Sebastian River, Anastatia Island, containing the famous coquina quarries, separating the city from the Atlantic Ocean.

Like all Spanish cities, its streets are very narrow, varying from seven to twenty-one feet in width, including sidewalks and roadways. The buildings, for the most part, are constructed of wood—are low and squatty—and are built closely together, with overhanging balconies from the second stories, and in some of the narrower streets persons standing in opposite balconies can almost shake hands with each other. There are, however, many spacious and pretentious private residences, with magnificent grounds surrounding the houses, and the town is well supplied with first-class hotels.

In summer time the permanent population numbers but little over 4,000, but in the winter time, when the invalids and tourists from the North seek a more salubrious climate, the population of the place suddenly jumps up from 4,000 to about 9,000. A new hotel, the Ponce de Leon, now in course of construction, will, when completed, accommodate 1,100 people.

St Augustine boasts of a good harbor, having 44¾ feet of water up to the city.

THE OLD SPANISH CATHEDRAL.

Of all the places destroyed by the fire this was possibly the most interesting. It was not very attractive in appearance, but was rich in historical associations, and as an old relic of the Spanish conquest in America its loss will be deeply felt. It stood on the north side of the Plaza and was built of coquina, and cost at the time of its completion in 1793, $16,650. The Moorish belfry contained a chime of four bells, and was surmounted by a cross and weather vane. One of the bells in this belfry is the oldest in this country, and on it could be found the following inscription immediately below a cross:

Sancte Joseph, ora pro nobis. D, 1689. [Anglice—Holy Joseph, pray for us. Dedicatio, 1689.]

This bell is said to have been removed from the ruins of an earlier church located on St. George street. On the left of the vestibule of the church was a crucifix from the Chapel Ara Sra. de la Leche, which was located on the present site of the Catholic cemetery.

Other objects of interest in the church were the main altar, the silver lamp kept burning constantly near it, the Virgin's altar and St. Joseph's altar, a pipe organ and the painting upon the eastern wall bearing the following inscription:—

First mass in St Augustine, Florida, Sept. 8, 1565, at the landing of the Spaniards under Pedro Menendez.
With religion came to our shores civilization, arts, sciences and industry.

THE SLAVE MARKET.

This is also reported as being destroyed. It was a one story building with a peaked roof resting on a series of square pillars and devoid of side and walls; simply the roof resting on stone columns, with a stone flooring and a drinking fountain in the center of the structure. Here for hundreds of years were the poor black slaves driven, like sheep to the shambles, and sold to the highest bidder. Upon the occasion of a sale the announcement was made by ringing a bell in the cupola and by the "town crier."

Sanitarium and Water Cure.

Largest medicinal spring in America. Four story building, lighted by gas and heated by steam. Baths, Massage and Electricity a specialty. Send for circulars.
JOHN S. MARSHALL, M. D., Supt.,
Green Spring, Ohio.

NEATLY DONE.

A Union Woman's Trick Played on Rebe Soldiers.

During the retreat of Lee's army from the field of Gettysburg to the Potomac, says a writer in the Detroit *Free Press*, a great effort was made by the officers to prevent straggling, but it would have required an officer to a man to have carried out the programme successfully. We had been beaten, and felt discouraged and reckless. We were on short rations, the weather was dismal, and the rank and file were in no mood to be nagged by strict discipline.

The command to which I belonged left Gettysburg about 10 o'clock at night, and for the first three or four hours the men were kept well in hand under the impression that we were only changing positions to secure an advantage over the federals. As daylight broke and we realized that we were on the way home, squads and individuals broke away at every opportunity to forage for a breakfast. In company with two private soldiers belonging in my company I slipped away from the column about sunrise, and, while a black-looking thunder storm seemed close at hand, we bolted into a piece of woods by the roadside, and then struck for a highway running at right angles, and on which we could make out three or four farm houses. We selected the first, or nearest, and as we entered the gate a woman opened the door and stood waiting for us to approach. She knew we were confederates, and asked many questions concerning the battle, and did not attempt to conceal the fact that she was a thorough unionist and an ardent hater of Jeff Davis.

"Nevertheless," she added, as she turned to go in, "you men are not altogether to blame, and you shall have a bite to eat as soon as I can get it."

We went around to the back door, laid aside our guns and accoutrements, and had a wash up in the rain barrel. Then we sat down on the grass to wait for breakfast, the odor of which came out to us. But for the suggestion of one of my comrades, everything would have gone well. Not far from us was a stone smoke-house, and through the partly open door we could see pieces of meat hanging from the rafters. He suggested that we further investigate, with a view of "gobbling" some of the meat as we left, and we got up and went straight to the house and entered it. There were two hams and two side pieces hanging up, and at the back end of the building, which was about 12 12, was a barrel filled with old rag carpet, on top of which was a setting hen. As we came near she began to exhibit the usual characteristics, and we were having considerable fun at her expense, when the door was shut with a bang and we heard the rattle of a chain and padlock. It was a close, dark place, and it was a minute or two before we reached the door and understood the situation. We began to kick and shout, and presently the woman's voice replied:

"It's no use trying to get out! You are my prisoners and kicking won't do any good!"

How nice and soft we talked to her, but it was no go. Then we swore and blustered, but she only laughed at us. After awhile she passed us some bread and butter through one of the ventilators, followed by a cupful of water, and there we remained all day, all night and up to 8 o'clock next morning, when we were turned over to the union cavalry.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary, the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

THERE were two things which the ancient Aztecs taught their children that might be profitably introduced into the education of the young people of to-day. They were absolute truth—and a deep reverence for their parents. "If the little ones were detected in a lie," says Biart, a recent writer, "their tongues were pricked with agave thorns." This sort of treatment would be likely to induce a wholesome fear of lying, and the habit of truth-telling formed in early life, its opposite was not likely to take its place. Social lies were evidently not popular. If an Aztec lady were indisposed to see a caller, she probably said so, nor did she pet her enemies or wound her friends. Modern civilization might learn something of its ancient predecessor in some respects.

THE extreme respect in which parents were held by their children seems almost ludicrous compared to the "governor," "old man" way of the present day. It was so profound that the young Aztec scarcely dared speak in their presence, even for a long time after his own marriage. One of the exhortations addressed to youth and often quoted, besides that referring to the honoring of the father and mother was the following: "Never mock at old men, my son, nor at deformed people." The sentiment was evidently distinctly opposed to the scornful laying upon the shelf of those who have descended the hill of life as if, because the day of their strength had passsed, there was no longer need of their living.

A CONTEMPTUOUS way of speaking of the old upon the part of those yet in the prime of life, always calls up a wonderment about what seems an utter lack of the realization that, so surely as the day follows the night and the night the day, so surely as the seasons wax and wane, the trees bud, blossom and bear their fruitage, just so surely will every man, woman and child who lives to the allotted time, go down the same declivity to an old age when the physical powers will be weakened, and the consciousness come that others are taking their places upon life's stage of action. In view of this universal lot, it is strange indeed that any one can treat the old with aught save a tender reverence, and the respect due to a lifetime of work and experience.

SOME writer recently, in speaking of social entertainments, calls attention to a truth of which, as a people, we are painfully conscious, that the art of conversation as one of the factors of social enjoyment is almost entirely neglected. People are read to, played to, or sung to; or when they want a less intellectual way of spending the time they are "euchred" or "danced" into the small hours, but conversation, which is so full of ideal possibilities, is almost entirely ignored, even by those whose culture and gifts qualify them to shine in this direction. We read of the *salons* in Paris of years ago, where brilliant men and women made the hours fly on wings of wind by the exercise of this lost art.

THE writer before mentioned says a good thing in the following words: "The hostess who invites a few friends with a sense of selection and grouping as fine as that which blends the colors in a bouquet, and gives them the opportunity for a quiet evening of conversational exchange, offers an entertainment whose charm and delight can never be fully translated. It is a question if the hurried manner in which life is too frequently lived does not unfit one for thoughtful views and for the finer receptivity. We need the margin of repose, and no life is truly lived which does not consider this. The tendency of the spectacular and the gregarious is fatal to the better possibilities of intellectual life." No doubt one of the reasons for the lack of conversational art is the hurry in which we live, and yet the time has certainly come when enough people could take the leisure to think and talk for the benefit and entertainment of their social world.

IF all of the ingenuity which is expended in deceiving the custom house officers could be turned in the direction of some great invention, the world would be overwhelmed with surprise. The smuggling of diamonds, because they are the most valuable, as well as among the smallest of commodities, occupies, perhaps, the most attention. Think of wearing them across the ocean under a porous plaster upon the back, as one individual did a while since. The fact is that the two motives which are the most powerful factors in causing people to take such risks are love of gain and vanity, and they are the mainspring of pretty much all of the evil in the world, in one way and another. The two are oftentimes very closely connected, but the love of gain is the stronger and quite as common. In the case mentioned above, the carrier finally came to grief, for he was watched, and when he took off the plaster, there was some one ready to seize the diamonds.

A NEW SCHEDULE.

What May Be Expected of the Newspapers.

The interstate commerce bill compels us to adopt a schedule of railroad advertising rates which we beg to announce as follows:

1. For the setting forth of the virtues (actual or alleged) of presidents, general managers, or directors, $2 per line for first insertion and $1 for each subsequent insertion.

2. For puffs expressed in choice English, with occasional French phrases or poetical extracts (the whole with a palpable motive of honest enthusiasm), $2.50 per line; 50 per cent reduction on each subsequent insertion.

3. General passenger agents and division superintendents will be accorded half-rates on the terms offered in rule No. 1. But in all cases where the title of colonel is used regular first-class rates will be demanded.

4. Thousand-mile tickets on the basis of two cents per mile will be received in exchange for advertising done at our card rates, but these tickets must hold good on passenger as well as on freight trains.

5. No deviation from the card rates can be made in favor of parties handing us five-cent cigars with the puffs they desire published.

6. For complimentary notices of the wives and children of railroad officials we demand $1.50 per line. We have on hand, ready for immediate use, a splendid assortment of this literature.

7. Poetry will be made to order at $3 per inch, agate measure. We are prepared to supply a fine line of heptameter puffs, also a limited number of sonnets and triolets, in exchange for 1,000-mile tickets. Epic poems containing descriptions of scenery, dining-cars, etc., will be published at special rates.

8. General superintendents sending requests for the suppression of news must accompany their requests with $10 bills—not necessarily for publication, but as a guaranty of good faith.—*Chicago News.*

Cure for the Deaf.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums perfectly restore the hearing and perform the work of the natural Drum. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Illustrated book of testimonials free. Address F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Name paper.

Too Horrible to be Funny.

The New York *Sun* has a story about the five-year-old son of a well-known club man that furnishes what ought to be a very effective temperance lecture:

The club man and his wife gave a dinner-party, semi-informal in character, the other night, and before the dinner was over young Frederick appeared to say "good night." Despite quiet looks from mamma the youngster dallied for some time, going from one to another in a very sweet and childish fashion. Then he became more noisy, and at last became so uproarious that he was dismissed in disgrace; not, however, before some one had noticed that he was sipping from the wine-glasses by each plate he came to. It was thought to be play, until the mother, who had excused herself to attend to the uproar up stairs, returned completely "broken up." It seems that she went up stairs to find the young man in a state of wild and utter rebellion. He softened a little when the surprised face of his "dear mamma" appeared. "Frederick," she said, "what does this mean? Get into your crib this minute!" "Yes, mamma," said the puzzled-looking little Frederick, with an unmistakable hiccough, "I will—if you will just hold the crib."

Sufferers With Piles.

To get my Pile Remedy tested in all kinds of cases and by all classes of people, until June 1st I will send my 25 cent box for 10 cents as a trial box. Address H. C. Colman, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Hadn't Sense Enough for That.

Careful Mother—I don't think you ought to sit on the same sofa with Mr. DeLone when he calls to see you, dear.

Charming Daughter—Why, the sofas are great big things. What difference does it make?

"He might forget himself and suddenly reach over and kiss you."

"Humph! He hasn't sense enough."

Though pure and simple, and so mild,
It might be used by any child,
Yet SOZODONT is so swift and sure
That mouth and teeth with wondrous speed
From tartar and from taint are freed
Till they become sweet, white and pure.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

THE SOLDIERS MONUMENT.

ORLENA F. TRACY.

[Written at the time of the unveiling of the Soldiers Monument at Cambridge, Ills.]

We remember the dear ones,"
We think of the true,
Noble ones who life gave
For our "Red, White and Blue;"
And to-day we this token
In memory unveil,
Of hearts that in battle
For right, did not quail.

We may picture the grief,
And may talk of the tears
That were shed, through those
Weary, long, lonely, dark years.
But the tongue or the pen,
Or the brush cannot tell
Half the sorrow, that over
Our loved country fell.

Half how lonely are damp
Prison dens, dark and gloomy,
The while thinking of home,
Perishing, cold and hungry.
Half the horror of battle fields,
Where brave men gory,
Lie moaning and die,
For a loved Nations glory.

O! the sad lonely hearts,
That still ache and are sore,
For the loved ones torn from them,
By that dreadful war.
Proud monument stand;
For long centuries tell
Of the noble and brave,
Who for Freedom's sake fell.

In a few days we'll strew
O'er their graves the sweet flowers
That they loved in life's morning's
Bright, sunshiny hours,
Showing thus to the living
We honor our dead,
Who for Freedom and Union
On battle fields bled.

Opheim, Ill.

Gossip Among the Boys.

Jacob E. Kelley, of Bananza, Mo., Co. A, 64th Illinois, says: In answer to John Dixon, of Emerson, Neb., Oliver H. Payne was not the colonel of the 64th Illinois, but John Marral, of Ottawa, Ills., was.

One of the 8th Iowa Cav. wonders why his old comrades do not step up with their contributions. He would like to hear from Sime Sadler, Perry Parker, or some other of his comrades. He wonders if they remember the raid on the Sampter and the honey detail.

We are in receipt of several communications which are written on both sides of the paper. Life is too short to copy these, and consequently they go into the waste basket. Will our contributors please remember that their articles *must* be written on *one* side only of the manuscript in order to ensure publication?

Thomas Thrasher, of Roanoke, Ind., an old soldier who spent three years of his life in the war, wants the soldier readers of the BLADE, who live in the South, to write their views of the advantages, the climate, products, price of land, etc., of the South. He will be pleased to hear from any of the boys on this subject.

J. H. Ricks, Co. H, 59th Ind. V. V. Inf., writes:—I was a member of Co. H, 59th Ind. V. V. Inf., and was discharged at Raleigh, N. C., two days after Gen. Johnson surrendered. If any of the staff or line officers of the 59th or 48th Indiana regiments are alive, I would be glad to hear from them, or any member, and especially of Co. H, 59th Indiana, and did either regiment have a reunion last year or not; or will they have a reunion this year? If so, when and where? I would like to ask a few questions: Was Pres. Cleveland a drafted man? If so, did he send a substitute, and was the substitute killed, or did he die in the army? If so, does Pres. Cleveland draw a pension, or did he veto it? I think all good soldiers and true citizens will veto Pres. Cleveland in 1888. "Boys rally once again," to down our ennemy.

Honor Will Not Buy Bread.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—Bragg's denunciation of ex-Union soldiers, and more particularly those who served from December, 1864, to June, 1865, is a work that is vulnerable and may be replied to, as the argument is still on the side of the soldier. One winter in the field is enough to make a man old at 40 years of age. Bragg, Warner & Co. seem to forget that those who enlisted in 1864, at the beginning of the war, were (the great majority of them) little boys, and when the enlisted, very few of them were 18 years of age. What boy of that age can stand the exposures and hardships of one campaign, and not feel the effects of it twenty years afterward? If the President, Bragg, Warner, and the rest of them, were not the most abject servants of the Democratic party, they would not have vetoed, nor spoken or voted against the bill under discussion.

There are Democrats who want to do justice to the soldier. The real enemies of the soldiers are the representatives of those who thought the South was right, and they think so yet, and those who kindly staid at home and allowed the soldier the blessed privilege of going out and doing what he could to press rebellion back and keep it off Northern soil, and thus save from fire and pillage the homes of these very same gentlemen who now oppose an act of justice to him. Like R. H. Rose, Co. E, 185th N. Y. V., I went into the army when little over 16 years of age in 1863. I went just as soon as I could get there and staid till the corpse was laid out. I was there long enough to be a broken down man at the age of 40, and I don't know a soldier to-day who served with me who is able to do a half day's work, one day with another for a week. We did the work in the army, while others staid at home and made money or got a start in life. They have their money and we have the honor, but it won't buy bread and butter.—L. P., 129th O. V. I.

Heavy Marching.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—In an article in the BLADE of March 24, by a soldier of Clarks, O., there are some statements that do not exactly agree with my recollections of those troublesome times. I was a member of Co. H., 126th O. V. I., and our regiment was at Martinsburgh in the spring of 1863. From an old letter still in my possession, I find that we left Martinsburgh on Sabbath, April 26th, went to New Creek on the cars, left New Creek on th 27th for Greenland Gap, reached that place Tuesday noon, marched 15 miles the first day and started the second about 4 a. m. When we got to Greenland Gap, it commenced to rain and rained about all the time we were there. We then went up a mountain about four miles long to a place called Camp Storm and remained there until Sabbath morning. During this time, Co. G was sent some eight miles to guard a bridge. On the evening following, a detail of 100 men from the regiment was sent to the same place to blockade the road. We started at six in the evening and arrived at eleven at night. During this trip was when the occurrence at the cross roads took place. My recollection is, that the major said: "Who are you? Who are you? Speak! speak!" Boys don't you remember about chopping the tree to make it fall across the stream so that we might cross on it, and one of the boys lost his gun and got a ducking? Major Ebright was in command of the 100 and Lieut. Col. Harlan in command of the regiment. Fort Pemberton was on the other side of the river. We did not cross to it, the bridge being burned. We slept on the ground and our socks were frozen in the morning when we went to pull them on. We blockaded the road about eight miles and went back to camp. It stormed next evening, and on Sabbath morning we started for New Creek, and when we got within a few miles of it, were ordered back to Greenland Gap, marching 30 miles that day. We again left Greenland Gap on Thursday, for New Creek, and marched until nine at night. Some slept on rails and some in hay mows. As it was raining, some, I heard say the next morning, slept in mud holes. We arrived at New Creek about nine the next morning. It was on this trip we first made acquaintance with graybacks. We then went to Martinsburg and stayed until Lee drove Milroy from Winchester, when we retreated to Harper's Ferry.—D. C. TIDRICK, Mt. Aye, Ringgold county, Iowa.

Recalling an Incident.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I would ask J. M. Webb, 5th Iowa, if he remembers when the head of Hamilton's column took the advance on the afternoon of the 19th of September, 1862. If my memory serves me right, the 3d Michigan Cavalry led the advance and drove their pickets and skirmishers until we crossed a small branch of Crippled Deer Creek, a distance of five or six miles and not far from the battle ground. I distinctly remember our halting at this little stream and wheeling into line on the right of the road. While watering our horses their column passed by, and a couple of companies deployed in an old field just in front. I saw a good-looking officer mounted and was looking at him, when suddenly he wheeled his horse around and deliberately rode back on a walk. As he came nearer, I saw the crimson blood streaming from his breast. His countenance was firm, but death was plainly stamped upon it. I saw them take him from his horse and he expired. I always have had a desire to know who he was. Will J. M. Webb, or some comrade, inform me? Also, give us a good account of the battle from their view, and why the army from Corinth failed to reach Iuka until noon the 20th. It was said that they were within four or five miles of the battle-ground, and did not move until 10 o'clock the 20th. Did the 3d Mich. V. V. cavalry and 7th Kansas ever do any scouting or fighting, or did the 7th Ill. do it all?—SERGT. M. MCCURDY, Co. A, 3d Mich. V. V. Cav.

The Wickedest Shotgun in Arkansas.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—A remarkable incident occurred only a few miles from Fort Smith, during the latter part of the war, which is related by Capt. James B. Stephens, a prominent farmer of this place, an ex-member of the legislature; a veteran of two wars, having served through the entire Mexican war, as well as through the great civil war; and last, but not least, a reader of the Toledo BLADE, who takes especial delight in perusing the CAMP FIRE columns of your valuable paper.

A party of neighbors repaired to the residence of Daniel Chaplain to lend their friendly assistance in gathering his harvest, and according to the prevailing custom of those troublesome times, carried their guns with them.

One of the neighbors, John Morrow, noticed Mr. Chaplain's large double-barreled shotgun standing in the corner of the room, and as there were a number of children present, he deemed it prudent to remove the dangerous weapon beyond their reach. Accordingly, he lifted the gun to the loft, and in pushing it forward over the floor, caused one barrel to be discharged. The heavy charge of buckshot struck one of the hard post oak logs of the house, glanced downward through an aperture in the wall and rained a deadly shower of lead on the outside porch, where some of the guests had assembled.

Several of the fatal missiles struck a Mrs. Smith in the head, causing her death in the course of a few hours, while others took effect in the neck of a Mr. John Anderson, and in the arm of a little girl, inflicting very severe, but not fatal injuries. On being discharged, the over-loaded gun rebounded from the loft, struck two young ladies, now Mrs. James B. Stephens, and Mrs. James McBride, prostrated one of them on the floor, and knocked the other clear out of a door. The ladies thought they were shot, but were only badly stunned, bruised and frightened. To make the misery still more complete, the discharge set fire to a quantity of seed cotton in the loft. In the midst of the excitement this was unnoticed until the flames had gained such headway that the upper part of the building was destroyed before they could be subdued.

When the gun was picked up, strange to say the hammer of the loaded barrel was full cocked, and how it failed to go off and perpetrate additional havoc, in the fall from the loft, is one of the strangest features of the strange occurrence. All the parties who were wounded, and several other witnesses of the incident, reside near Ft. Smith, and will vouch for the truth of this statement. The gun has since been spoken of as the "wickedest shotgun in Arkansas," and had the other barrel also been discharged, and had it created as much havoc as its colleague, it would probably have received, and would certainly have deserved, the title of the "wickedest shotgun on this side of sheol."—A. W. STARCK, Osage Mills, Ark.

Soldiers' Daughters.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—We are the daughters of two Union soldiers, aged 14 and 13 years. We have been constant readers of the CAMP FIRE for about three years, and it makes the old soldiers so glad to hear from their comrades, and as they are so slow about writing, we will try and write for them.

Our fathers, who served in the war three years, were in the 114th regiment, Co. E. They often speak about the siege of Vicksburg, which seems to be one of the most severe battles that they fought. They would like very much to hear from any other soldier.—NORA AND SUSIE, Cotton Hill, Ill.

A Pelican Hunt.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—Here is a rail to keep the fire burning while I relate an incident that happened to me during my my four years' tramp through the South. We were stationed at Helena, Ark., and had driven all the "Johnnies" away from there, but they were in strong force across the river, and occasionally a body of stragglers attempted to cross over. To prevent this, a patrol boat ascended the river each morning to clear the stream. Her run was from Helena to the mouth of the St. Francis river. A small body of soldiers always accompanied her and, on the occasion which I am about to relate, twenty of us were on board. We arrived at the mouth of the St. Francis, and there on a sand bar was a sight that to us Northerners appeared very strange. The whole sand bar was covered with pelicans. Of course we wanted to examine them, but how? We had a small mortar on board and with this, sent a shell screaming among them. Contrary to our expectations, it exploded right in their midst and the way heads, wings and feet were scattered over that sand bar was a sight. We found an old canoe, and a comrade and myself paddled out to the place and secured two birds and started back to the boat. Our canoe began to leak, and we had a lively time in bailing the water out and getting back to the boat. But we finally triumphed and threw the birds on board, where they were inspected by the boys who thought them very queer, and we returned quite elated with our first pelican hunt.—H. R. BOARDMAN, 2nd. Wisconsin Cavalry, Centralia, Kan.

Six Brothers in the War.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—Perhaps there are some who would like to hear from this part of the line. I will just give a brief sketch; as I was one among the first in the breaking out of the rebellion to shoulder a musket and go to the front and don the blue. On Monday morning, as the sun began to show itself in the Eastern horizon, I left my home to join a regiment that had gone in camp in Richmond, Ind. I started alone and intended to foot it through, but as good luck would have it, I only walked about five miles when I fell in with a squad of boys on their way to the same place. We went to the nearest station, took a train, and that evening found us at the camp of the regiment, and the farthest from home I had ever been in my life, as I was nothing more than a school boy, 16 years old, and very small for my age. This was September 1, 1861. We remained at Richmond a short time, until the regiment was completed, then went to Indianapolis, Ind., and from there to Jeffersonville, Ind., thence to New Haven, Ky., thence to Camp Wykliffe, Ky., where we remained that winter. Our first engagement was at Shiloh, and our last at Atlanta, Ga. I was with the regiment all the time and in all engagements, from first to last in all, about 30. There were six of us brothers, and, out of that number, five went to the front and all lived to return home at the close of the war. We put in all about 12 years of service. I would like to hear from some of Gen. Nelson's old brigade. Come to the front, boys, and answer to roll-call.—J. H. THOMBURG, late of company B, 36th regiment Indiana volunteer infantry.

Webster Sees Himself on Canvas.

A lady of one of the old families living near Boston related an incident of Daniel Webster which has never been in print before. This lady happened to be one of a few friends who went with Mr. Webster to the hall where hung on exhibition, previous to its final location in Faneuil Hall Mr. Healy's now famous painting representing Webster making his reply to Hayne. "Mr. Webster," said the lady, "was very feeble and was led in by the artist. Ascending the platform which commanded a view of the picture, Webster looked at it for some minutes, making some pleasant observations to his friends respecting the different senators and the various points of interest on the canvas. This portrait and that were spoken of, and even the pages recognized. Finally, turning to go, Mr. Webster quietly remarked:

"'And as for that man, standing there in the center—well, I've seen better looking men in my day than he!"—*Boston Transcript.*

A Wonderful Machine and Offer.

To introduce them, we will give away 1,000 Self-operating Washing Machines. No labor or washboard. The best in the world. If you want one, write now to THE NATIONAL CO., 25 Dey St., N. Y.

Deliciously Frivolous.

Two rather pretty girls were snuggled into a corner of the horse car that I happened to take, and, as the only vacant strap dangled just above their heads, I had to hold on to it and overhear a conversation not intended for a third person. One remark made by the prettier of the two struck me with a particular force, it was so deliciously frivolous. "Well, to-morrow's Sunday," observed No. 1 in a tone of regret. "Yes," assented No. 2, "shall you go to church?" "No-o," hesitating. "I think—has such horrid ideas about heaven. Now, I like to think you have everything you want in heaven. To my mind, it ought to be a place of unlimited long kid gloves."

Asthma Can Be Cured.

As a proof, a free trial bottle sent to any one. Taft Bros., Rochester, N. Y.

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O. K.
PEARLINE
THE
BEST COMPOUND
EVER INVENTED FOR
WASHING AND CLEANING
IN HARD OR SOFT, HOT OR COLD WATER
Without Harm to FABRIC or HANDS.
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Illustrates all the tools and machinery used in the art of Well-sinking. 500 feet has been sunk in 10 hours. Diamond pointed Rock drills, Prospecting Machinery and all manner of appliances for pumping Artesian Wells. We are the largest manufacturers in this line. Book free, 25 cents for mailing.
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Beautify Your Grounds

With one of our Excelsior Yard Fences, made of Ohio white and burr oak, with tarred oak or Tennessee red cedar posts. The fence will last about as long, and is equally as neat as an iron fence at one-fourth the cost. We furnish our Gate with automatic hinge and latch to open both ways. Write us for descriptive circulars and price list.
AGENTS WANTED.
THE OTTAWA GATE M'F'G CO.,
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CHAS. M. EVANS
BEST ARTIFICIAL LIMBS. SATISFACTION IN ALL CASES. U. S. SOLDIERS FURNISHED FREE.

HE HAD A SET-BACK.

Mr. Bowser's Benevolent Plans for the Hired Girl Not Appreciated.

When we began housekeeping and got our first hired girl, Mr. Bowser called me into the library, shut the door and dropped his voice down to the confidential pitch and said:

"Mrs. Bowser, let's start out right. Let's respect the feelings of that poor girl in the kitchen."

"Certainly."

"She's just as good as we are, and we mustn't put on any airs over her. She shall eat at the table with us, and if she has any time from her work, you might teach her how to sing and play the piano."

"I can't quite agree with you," Mr. Bowser.

"Oh, you can't! Woman's mortal enemy is woman. Well, I'm going out and have a little talk with Eliza and tell her what I'm willing to do."

I listened at the kitchen door. Mr. Bowser is no man to beat about the bush. He went right at the business in hand by saying:

"Eliza, nobility does not consist in riches."

She slid away from him toward the sink.

"You are not to blame for being in your present position. How would you like to take singing lessons?"

She looked at him with an open mouth.

"And learn to play the piano?"

She opened her mouth still wider.

"And, perhaps, learn how to sketch and paint?"

She seized a pan of water in the sink and whirled on him with:

"You infernal cross-eyed old reprobate, to talk to an innocent girl in that fashion! Get out of my kitchen, or I'll drown you in a minute!"

When we sat down to supper I wondered why Eliza hadn't put on a plate for herself, and I asked Mr. Bowser when I should begin her piano lessons.

"Mrs. Bowser, have you lost the little sense you possessed two or three months ago?" he hotly exclaimed.

Eve Didn't Comb Her Hair.

It has been announced that the Female athletic society of Michigan university has engaged Mrs. A. J. Miller to explain to them, in a lecture, "why the women of the nineteenth century are less beautiful than Mother Eve." But are they? We doubt it very much. Mother Eve's beauty must have been more animal beauty, at its best, lacking the charms of intellectual sentiment and refined expression. And as she was exposed to the weather without any clothing for a long while, and but very scanty garments at the last we know of her, it is probable that her skin was rough and her hair was unkempt and her feet and hands were coarse and calloused.

No, all the probabilities favor the superior beauty of the women of the nineteenth century to that of Mother Eve. We suppose that Mrs. A. J. Miller really intends to lecture against tight lacing and high heeled boots. If so, she had better say so plainly, then give a mystical, mythical, misleading title to her discourse. The human species, both male and female, is steadily gaining in physical beauty. Every conquest of nature which relieves mankind of the curse of unremitting toil and gives it leisure, from the cultivation of the land, to cultivate the mind, elevates the type of human beauty which is to be obtained by averages. Supposing that it were possible to make a compound photograph of all the women of the nineteenth century, it would be more beautiful than one of the century before, and the possibilities of progress are infinite.

You don't wait till Burglars come before buying a revolver—Then don't Wait till Sickness comes before buying a bottle of PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER you may need it in the night for Diphtheria—Cold—Tooth-ache—Neuralgia or ACCIDENTS. Buy a bottle NOW. All Druggists sell it.

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.

3. Communications for this department MUST be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to DEMAND a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. No question will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with

The Indian Hunter.

Published by Request.

Let me go to my home, in the far distant west,
To the scenes of my childhood, that I like the best,
Where the tall cedars are and the bright flow of waters,
There my parents will greet me, to them let me go.

Let me go to the hills, and valleys so fair,
Where oft I have breathed my own mountain air,
And there through the forest with quiver, and bow,
I have chased the wild dear, oh there let me go.

And oh! let me go to my dark-eyed maid,
Who taught me to love beneath the willow shade,
Whose heart is like the fawn's and as pure as the snow,
She loved her dear Indian, to her let me go.

Oh! let me go to my fair forest home,
And never again will I wish to roam,
And there let my body in ashes be low,
To that scene in the forest, oh! white man let me go.

The Sandemanians.

S. C., Benzona, Mich.:

What is a Sandemanian? Give a short sketch of what they are and what they believe.

Sandemanians are a set of Christians who originally departed from the Presbyterian church of Scotland. Their actual founder was the Rev. John Glass, a native of Dundee, and they were at first known as Glassites; but subsequently they were called Sandemanians, from the Rev. Robert Sandeman, the son-in-law of Glass, who reduced his opinions to a system. Under his influence churches were gathered in the principal cities of Scotland, in Newcastle, London, and other English cities, and in several towns of Connecticut and Massachusetts. But few of these remain; the most important are at Dundee, Edinburgh and Danbury. The number of persons at present belonging to the sect is probably not less than 2,000. The peculiarities of the Sandemanians are their construction of the word "faith," which they interpret as simple assent to the teaching and divinity of Christ; rejection of all mystical or double sense from the scriptures; prohibition of all games of chance; weekly love feasts, being the dinner of all the church together on every Sunday; the kiss of brotherhood, which passes between all the members, male and female, at their solemn meetings; strict abstinence from all blood and "things" strangled according to the Jewish precept; plurality of elders, two at least being required for all acts of discipline and all administration of ritual; prohibition of college training; and the absence of prayer at their funerals. Their religious services are confined mostly to the reading and explanation of Scriptures; and where there is no special church, the meetings are held in the houses of the brethren. The custom of washing feet is now discontinued.

Petrifactions.

Abba, Odell, Ills.:

Petrifaction is a general term used to designate animal or vegetable substances which have been converted into stone. Petrifactions are found in the aqueous, or stratified rocks, and the appearance presented by organic remains or fossils is very various. In some cases, they are found in nearly as perfect a state as when first deposited; in others, the organic matter is more or less destroyed, and has been replaced by a stony matter; and when this has been completely effected, a genuine petrifaction is the result. In the consideration of fossil remains, or petrifactions, a great fact becomes apparent, namely, the existence of various epochs in the world's history, each of which possessed its own characteristic Fauna and Flora. In the Silurian and Old Red Sandstone rocks, for instance, the fossils form an organic system of a different order from those found in the coal-measures; while those again, form a perfectly distinct series when compared with those found in the tertiary formations. It has also been observed that the organic species of one system never reappears in another—that is, when once destroyed, it is never again created. In that period of the ancient world, which transpired just before the creation of man, we find fossil remains of the largest size and most perfect organism: and the farther we go back from this period, the petrifactions show the remains of beings less exalted in the scale of creation. In the Pliocene and the Pleistocene beds of the tertiary formation, for instance, there are found the bones of the huge mastodon, the elephant, the rhinoceros, the megatherium, and others. In the Volitic system, the principal type of existence is the reptile, displayed in the most gigantic forms, such as the ichthyosaurus and plesosaurus. In the Old Red Sandstone and Siberian groups, the remains of scarcely any higher order of the vertebra than fishes have been found. It is upon this last circumstance that the development theory has been attempted to be established.

Foreign Ministers—The Great Eastern.

F. M. B., Ada, Mich.:

1. I would like a short description of the battle of Balaklava? 2. Who are our American ministers to foreign countries? 3. Please give a short description of the Great Eastern steamship.

1. See answer to J. W. B., Maynardsville, Tenn., in the Question Bureau of March 24, last. 2. Austria, vacant; Brazil, Rio Janeiro, T. J. Jarvis, of North Carolina, salary $12,000; Central American states, Guatemala, Henry C. Hall, of New York, $10,000; Chili, Santiago, Wm. R. Roberts, of New York, $10,000; China, Pekin, Charles Denby, of Indiana, $12 000; France, Paris, Robert M. McLane, of Maryland, $17,500; Germany, Berlin, Geo. H. Pendleton, of Ohio, $17,500; Great Britain, London, Edward J. Phelps, of Vermont $17,500; Italy, Rome, John B. Stallo, of Ohio, $12,000; Japan, Tokei, (Yedo) Richard B. Hubbard, of Texas, $12,000; Peru, Lima, Charles W. Buck, of Kentucky, $10,000; Russia, St. Petersburg, Geo. V. N. Lathrop, Michigan, $17,500; Spain, Madrid, Jabez L. M. Currey, of Virginia, $12,000; U. S. of Columbia, Bogota, Dabney B. Maury, of Virginia, $7,500. 3. The Great Eastern was begun in 1854 and completed in 1859, built by J. Scott Russell on the Thames, London. She is 680 feet long, 83 feet wide, 58 feet deep, 28 feet draft, and of 24,000 tons measurement. There are four paddle and four screw engines, the former having steam cylinders 74 inches in diameter, with 14 feet stroke, the latter 84 inches in diameter and four feet stroke. The paddle wheels are 56 feet in diameter and four feet stroke. The steam boilers supplying the paddle engines have an area of 44,000 square feet (more than an acre) of heating surface, and the boilers of the screw engines are still larger. She was not a success as a freight and passenger steamer but was put to good use in laying the Atlantic cable. She entered the port of New York, June 28, 1860.

Gen. R. E. Lee.

J. B. D., ——

1. In what all is an applicant to West Point examined on? 2. About how severe is the examination in each branch? 3. Give a brief description of Gen. R. E. Lee?

1-2. To secure admission to West Point applicants must be well versed in arithmetic, reading and writing, including orthography, and must have a knowledge of the elements of English grammar, of descriptive geography, particularly of their own country and of the history of the United States. The examination is one that can readily be passed by pupils who have had a good high school education. 3. Gen. Robert E. Lee was born in Stafford, Westmoreland county, Virginia, Jan. 19, 1807. He was the son of Col. Henry Lee, known as "Light-horse Harry," of Revolutionary fame. He graduated from West Point in 1829, and was appointed chief engineer in Gen. Scott's army in Mexico, out of the war of which he came a brevet colonel. From 1852 to 1855 he was Superintendent of West Point Military Academy. In October, 1859, he commanded the forces that were sent to suppress John Brown at Harper's Ferry. When Virginia seceded from the Union on April 17, 1861, he resigned his commission in the regular army, and was appointed major general of the forces of the state, which joined the Confederacy in May. On June 3, 1862, the Confederate army of Northern Virginia was placed under the command of Gen. Lee, who was recognized as one of the greatest generals of the war. After the war Lee lived for a time in seclusion and comparative poverty, having lost his property in the struggle. In 1865 he became president of Washington college, Lexington, Va. He died October 12, 1870, from the effects of a stroke of paralysis. Gen. Lee was a man of great nobility of character, and superior intellectual powers. As a soldier he was brave, and possessed great ability. He was rivaled only by his conqueror in generalship. It is claimed that he was at one time offered the command of the Union armies, but this claim is not at all substantiated.

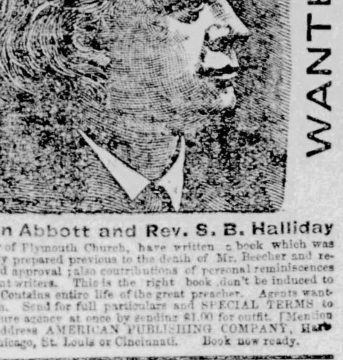
Purifying Crude Petroleum.

P. M., Comer, Ala.:

1. Please inform me what is meant by the printers' "em." 2. What is the difference between comedy and tragedy? 3. Please tell how coal oil is purified.

1. It is the standard of measure used in printing offices, and is as near as possible the size of the letter "m" in the English alphabet. 2. A comedy is a dramatic composition of a light and amusing character, illustrative of the foibles of individuals, the manners of society, or the ludicrous incidents of life, while tragedy is a dramatic poem representing some signal action performed by illustrious persons, and generally having a fatal issue. 3. Tank-shaped stills of a capacity of 500 to 2,500 barrels are filled with crude oil, and heat applied by furnaces beneath them, causing vapors to arise, which are carried forward through pipes immersed in water, and condensed into a liquid, which run out at the end of the pipe. The first product is gasoline, a very light hydrocarbon. The heat is then somewhat increased, and the next product obtained is called naptha. The heat being allowed to increase further, produces distillate, or crude burning oil. This passes over till about eight or ten per cent. of the original quantity in the still remains, which is called residium or tar, and may be redistilled for the purpose of obtaining parafine and lubricating oil. The distillate or crude oil is converted into ordinary kerosene or coal oil, as it is more commonly known, by a process of purification. For this purpose it is placed in a tank, where it is violently agitated by forcing air through it, and while thus agitated 1½ to 2 per cent. of sulphuric acid is added, after which the agitation is continued 15 to 30 minutes. The oil is then allowed to settle, when the acid and the impurities are drawn from the bottom. The oil is then washed, first with water, and then with caustic soda, by which means the remaining impurities are removed, and any acid remaining in the oil is neutralized. It is then taken to shallow bleaching tanks, where it is exposed to light and air, and allowed to settle; it is next heated by means of a coil of steam pipe running through it, to expel all gaseous vapors, which will ignite at a temperature below 110 deg. F. The oil is now called a fire test oil, and is ready to be barrelled and sent to market.

5000 Book Agents Wanted to Sell
THE LIFE OF BEECHER.
AGENTS WANTED.



Dr. Lyman Abbott and Rev. S. B. Halliday

Assistant pastor of Plymouth Church, have written a book which was begun and largely prepared previous to the death of Mr. Beecher and received his aid and approval; also contributions of personal reminiscences from 39 prominent writers. This is the right book, don't be induced to get any other. Contains entire life of the great preacher. Agents wanted in every town. Send for full particulars and SPECIAL TERMS to AGENTS, or secure agency at once by sending $1.00 for outfit. [Mention this paper.] Address AMERICAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, Hartford, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis or Cincinnati. Book now ready.

Chewing the Cud—Motion of the Moon.

Reader, Mason City, Ia.:

1. When a cow chews the cud, has she anything in her mouth? 2. What is the pronunciation of Delmonico? 3. Describe the movements of the moon.

1. Yes. Cows belong to the order of *ruminants*, the eighth of the order of *mammiferes*, indicating the singular faculty possessed by the animals belonging to it of masticating a second time their food, which they return into the mouth a second time after a previous degutlition—a power which is the result of the structure of their stomachs, of which they always have four. The first stomach is much the largest in the adult animal, but not so in the recently born calf. It is divided outwards into two bag-like appendages at its extremity, and it is slightly separated into four parts on the inside. It is very capacious and fitted to receive a large quantity of grass or other matter on which the animal feeds; but no gastric fluid or any other solvent fluid enters it, and thus it is simply a receptacle. From this stomach the herbage, rudely broken up by the first mastication, is transferred to the second stomach, or "kingshood," which is of a very peculiar construction. It is very muscular in its walls, and the interior of it consists of cells, which are larger or smaller, according to the size of the animal and the nature of the food upon which it habitually subsists. The walls of these cells have the faculty of standing erect at the same that there is a veriform or twisting motion of the entire organ. By means of these cells and this motion the food is compressed into small balls, which are one by one returned to the mouth for remastication. During this operation the animal remains in a state of repose, until all the herbage swallowed has undergone the action of the molar teeth a second time. The aliment thus remasticated is passed into the third stomach, or "manyfold," so-called because it consists of parallel luminæ, bearing resemblance to the leaves of a book, which lies lengthwise, and vary in breath, in regular alternate order, amounting to about a hundred. This is the stomach of the animal in which the drink mingles with its food. From the manyfold, the food and drink combined, and reduced to a pulp, upon which the real digestive process can be exercised, are conveyed to the fourth, or truly digestive stomach of the animal, which is the only one that secretes gastric juice, and is commonly known as "the red." It is next in size to the first stomach or paunch, of an elongated pyriform shape, and with an internal villous coat, similar to that of the human stomach, with large longitudinal wrinkles. 2. It is pronounced as though spelled Del-mony-co, with the accent on the *mon*. 3. The moon revolves around the earth from west to east, in an elliptic orbit, with the earth in a focus, the eccentricity of the eclipse being equal to more than three and a quarter times that of the earth's orbit. The plane of her orbit does not coincide with the ecliptic, but is inclined to it at an angle of 5 deg., 8 min., 49.9 sec., and intersects it in two opposite points, which are called the Nodes. The point at which the moon is nearest the earth is called her perigee, and that at which she is furtliest from it her apogee, and the line joining these two points is called the line of apsides. Were the moon's orbit a true ellipse, which, owing to various irregularities known as pertubations, it is not, the lunar theory would be exceedingly simple; but these perturbations, which, in the case of the planets, produce a sensible variation in their orbit only after many revolutions, cause, in the case of the moon, a distinct and well-marked deviation from her previous course in a single revolution. The retrogradation of her Nodes along the ecliptic causes a continual change in the plane of her orbit, so that if, during one revolution around the earth, she occults certain stars, at the next revolution she will pass to one side of them, and will remove further and further from them in each successive revolution. A little consideration will show that by this continued change of her orbit, the moon will, in course of time, pass over or occult every star situated within 5 deg. 24 min. 30 sec. of the ecliptic. The motion of the nodes is so rapid that they perform a complete circuit of the orbit in 6793.39 mean solar days, or 186 years. Another important change in the moon's orbit is the revolution of the line of apsides, by which the perigee and apogee are continually changing their position relative to the earth and sun. This revolution is more than twice as rapid as that of the nodes, being performed in 3232.57 mean solar days, or 885 solar years. As this motion is common to all heavenly bodies, its effect upon the moon is to produce a variation in her distance from the earth, independent of that produced by her elliptic motion.

The Geneva Award.

Mary Plumb, Constableville, N. J.:

1. Please explain meaning of "Geneva Award" and "Alabama Claims." 2. Was there any naval or military officer called "Old Ironsides," and if so who was it?"

The Alabama Claims commission, which had met according to the terms of the Treaty of Washington to settle the difficulties arising from the injuries inflicted by the privateer Alabama upon American commerce, rendered its decision September 14, 1872, awarding $15,500,000 in gold to the United States. The commission met at Geneva, (hence "Geneva award") in Switzerland, December 15, 1871, and was composed of five arbitrators, viz: Charles Francis Adams, appointed by the United States, Sir Alexander J. E. Cockburn by England, Marcos Antonio d'Aranjo, baron d'Itajuba by Brazil, Jacob Staempfli by Switzerland and Count Paolo Federigo Sclopis de Salerano by Italy. Caleb Cushing, William M. Evarts and Morrison R. Waite (now Chief Justice of the United States) acted as counsel for the United States. The award was based upon the judgment that the cruises of the Alabama, Florida and Shenandoah had violated English neutrality in the American civil war. The award was soon paid and the distribution of it to the multitude of claimants has been a source of great perplexity since. 2. On February 20, 1815, the U. S. frigate Constitution captured off Lisbon two British war-sloops named the Cyane and the Levant. It then sailed for Brazil, and her commander first heard of peace at Porto Rico. The Constitution has since been known as "Old Ironsides."

The Ku-Klux Klans.

Myra Webber, Meriden, Ill.:

What was the "Ku-Klux Klan?"

The Ku-Klux Klan was organized throughout the Southern States from January to May, 1868, and by the end of May numbered 500,000 men. The objects of the Ku-Klux was to oppose the enforcement of the Reconstruction acts, and the elevation and education of the colored people; to prevent the negro from exercising the right of suffrage; to maintain the dominion of the white race; to prevent the introduction of northern immigration and industry. It changed the political complexion of the South in depriving the negro of his rights, and in driving out Northern immigration. Each member of the Ku-Klux was bound by the most solemn oaths. Their work was done for a time with the greatest mystery. Before the nation could be made to realize the fact, thousands of colored men and "poor whites" were outraged and killed, and their homes destroyed, on account of their political beliefs. The alleged object of the Ku-Klux was to "redeem the South." In 1872 Congress voted $20,000 to defray the expenses of an investigating committee, the result of the long investigation being the exposure of the plans and workings of the mysterious organization and its complete destruction.

Pensions—Public Lands—Patents.

Readers of the BLADE who desire special information regarding pensions, instead of inquiring through the Question Bureau, should write directly to Hon. John C. Black, commissioner of pensions, Washington, D. C.; for public lands information, to Hon. Wm. A. J. Sparks, commissioner of the general land office, Washington, D. C.; and for patents to Hon. B. J. Hall, commissioner of the patent office, Washington, D. C.

Miscellaneous.

James S: Legal advice, such as you seek, may best be obtained from a competent attorney.

J. W. Dewing, Plantsville, Ct.: Address Hon. Norman J. Colman, Commissioner, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

J. S. Swaney, New Cumberland, W. Va.: For the books, etc., you inquire about, write to T. J. Brown, Eagar & Hull, Toledo, Ohio.

J. A. Stevens, Pomona, Cal., would like the poem entitled "The Good Templar's Vision." Perhaps some of our readers will send it to us for publication.

Leonard Fox, Mayville, Tenn.: Brown, Eager & Hull, Toledo, O., can undoubtedly furnish you with the books you ask for. This reply will answer numerous other inquirers.

Reader, Littleton, Ill.:

Nellie Lincoln Rossiter's book on silk culture can probably be obtained through Messrs. Brown, Eager & Hull, Toledo, Ohio.

J., Auburn, W. Va.: It is popularly supposed that an attorney, versed in the practice of the department, can obtain a pension more quickly than the would-be pensioner making his own application.

H. Y., Wahjamega, Mich.: James Russell Lowell has written a number of poems, which Brown, Eager & Hull, Toledo, Ohio, can furnish you. R. Hoe & Co., New York city, manufacture all kind of printing presses.

J. A. Stever, Penn Yan, N. Y., wants to know if there is any better roofing material than shingles. He has had an unfortunate experience with a rubber roofing and says he does not want to be humbugged again.

G. Schebel, Lockport, N. Y.: The Bureau of March 31 contains a notice of the factory at Findlay, O., and Lockport, N. Y., where aluminum and its various alloys is sold at one-fourth the price previous to the recent inventions. There was no slip enclosed.

M. J., Carbonate, Dak.:

Which is the largest country in area—Europe or the United States?

The total area of Europe is 3,800,000 square miles; that of the United States 3,603,884 square miles.

Walter Palmer, Decatur, Iowa:

Please give the size of Russia in Europe, compared with the United States; also Alaska, and oblige.

The area of Russia in Europe is 2,175,891 square miles; the United States, 3,603,884 square miles, and Alaska about 400,000 square miles.

C. P. Reydolds, Owosso, Mich.—The majority of the inhabitants of Buenos Ayres are descendents of Spaniards who have settled in the country during the last three centuries; but there are a great many foreigners, Italians, Germans, English, etc., there. Spanish is the language of Lima and Bogota. The Sandwich Islands are independent.

C. W. Barber, Litchfield, Mich.: The Tiber is 230 miles in length. Its width at Rome and below is from 300 to 500 feet. The Rubicon is 20 miles in length.——According to the annual reports of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue the receipts for the past 22 years were: Spirits, $1,123,649,055 and fermented liquors, $216,346,681, or a total of $1,339,995,736.

O. D., Elkhart, Iowa: The Greek Slave is a very celebrated piece of sculpture, done by an eminent American artist, Hiram Powers, who removed to Italy in 1837 and made that country his place of residence. The fame of this masterpiece is world wide and no less than six copies were made of the original, each one of which was so exact a reproduction that they are claimed by their possessors as the original. The estate of the late A. T. Stewart, of New York, has undoubtedly the first one made.

R. V. Parker, Naugatuck, Conn.:

Quite an argument has arisen over the following question: How old will a child be at the commencement of the next century, that is born December 25th, 1899?

As a century is a period of 100 years, the present century ends December 31, 1899, and the new one begins with January 1, 1900; hence a child born December 25, 1899, would be seven days old at the beginning of the next century.

H., Central Station, W. Va.:

From what source is India rubber obtained, and is it ever adulterated?

India rubber, or caoutchouc is the solidified milky juice of certain tropical plants, the largest supply being obtained from the *Ficus elastica*, a tree belonging to the ord. *Moraceæ*, found in Assam. Other supplies are obtained from trees growing in Peru, East Indies, Brazil and Mexico. The raw material is worked up into merchantable products by the introduction of foreign substances,

G. E. C., Marysville, Kan.:

Will the BLADE please tell me which President of the United States was married to the same lady twice?

In 1791, Andrew Jackson was married to a woman who supposed herself divorced from her former husband. Great was the surprise of both parties two years later to find that the conditions of the divorce had just been definitely settled by the first husband. The marriage ceremony was performed the second time, but the occurrence was often used by his enemies to bring Mr. Jackson into disfavor.

Please give number of acres each covered by three of the largest cities in the United States.

The extreme length of New York city north from the Battery is 16 miles; greatest width from the mouth of Bronx river, west to the Hudson, 4½ miles; area, nearly 41½ sq. miles, or 26,500 acres, of which 19 sq. miles or 12,100 acres are on the mainland. Philadelphia, the second city in the United States in point of population, has 82,603 acres, or 129.4 sq. miles. Brooklyn, the third, embraces an area of 13,337 acres, or 20.84 sq. miles, of which 6.48 sq. miles are devoted to streets and alleys.

Subscriber's Son, Lakeview, Mich.:

1. What made them give pig iron that name? 2. Who is considered the best singer of the present day? 3. Does Christine Nilsson sing now?

1. Where iron ore is smelted in a blast furnace, the molten metal is drawn off every 12 or 24 hours through the tap-hole. It is run into moulds, consisting of a long channel, from each side of which runs shorter ones. The central channel is known as the *sow* and the side ones the *pigs*; hence the term pig iron when applied to rough cast iron. 2. Adelina Patti. 3. Nilsson sings occasionally, but very rarely.

G. W. Custer, Fulk's Run, Va.:

1. In what states is school attendance required by law? 2. There is a mountain from which, once a year, you can see the sun approach the horizon at sun set, and in five minutes more begin to rise. Where is it?

1. New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Michigan and Nevada have laws requiring parents to send their children to school during a specified period between certain ages. 2. The promontory on North Cape, Norway, is probably the mountain referred to, for at that place during the month of July, the sun can be seen at midnight, thus giving Norway the name of the "Land of the Midnight Sun."

Rev. J. J. G., Adams, Umatilla Co., Ore.:

Will you please give me through your paper the Edict of Constantine, the great, enjoining the observance of Sunday?

After the Edict of Nantes, Constantine, according to Schaff, Vol. 2, page 31, "exempted the Christian clergy from military and municipal duty (313); abolished various customs and and ordinances offensive to the Christians (315) facilitated the emancipation of Christian slaves (before 316); legalized bequests to Catholic churches (321); enjoined the civil observance of Sunday, though not as *Dies Domini*, but as *Dies Solis*, in conformity to his worship of Apollo, and in company with an ordinance for the regular consulting of the haruspex (321); etc.

R., Troy, N. Y.:

1. What is meant by "Euphuist," as mentioned in literature? 2. What is meant by an "Italianated" style?

1. An "Euphuist" is one who affects excessive refinement and elegance of language and the term is applied particularly to a class of writers in the age of Elizabeth, whose unnatural high flown diction is ridiculed in Sir Walter Scott's "Monastery" in the character of Sir Piercie Shafton. The affected style had its origin from the fame of Lyly's two performances, entitled "Euphues, or the Anatomy of Wit," and "Euphues and his England." 2. This probably has reference to the flowery imagry with which the Italians, often offensively so, adorn their diction.

F. M. G., Fairview, Ind.

1. Please give the government of Ireland. 2. Has it a local or state government? 3. If so, please state the departments and number of members of each department.

Ireland is a kingdom, identical with that of Great Britain, and is represented in the Imperial Parliament by 32 members of the House of Lords and 105 in the House of Commons. The executive government is vested in a lord lieutenant, assisted by a privy council and chief secretary, and the law is administered by a lord chancellor, a master of the rolls, and twelve judges of the Supreme court of the Queen's bench, Common Pleas and exchequer. County, peace and municipal matters are conducted much the same as in England, with the exception of an armed police force of 12,000 men and 348 horses.

F. W. Briggs, Plymouth, O.:

Will you please give me the particulars of the "snatching" of the body of A. T. Stewart? Have the remains ever been recovered; and if so, under what circumstances?

The body of A. T. Stewart was stolen from the family vault in St. Mark's churchyard, New York, on November 6, 1878. Judge Hilton, the executor of the estate offered a reward of $25,000 for the return of the body. In 1879 the robbers forwarded the coffin plate and a piece of the coffin cover to Judge Hilton, and offered to return the body for $250,000. This was refused. Communications were afterwards held with the robbers, but without result. Some years ago it was reported that the body had been secretly returned and reinterred in St. Mark's, but the report has never been substantiated.

Philip B. Sexton, Los Angeles: Blasting powder explodes with extreme facility, either by contact with a strong acid, a slight elevation in temperature, or the slightest friction. In preparing it, therefore, excessive precaution is necessary, especially in mixing the ingredients. A straw, slightly wetted with oil of vitriol, applied to a small heap of the powder, will cause instantaneous explosion. To make blasting powder, reduce separately to powder two parts chlorate of potassa and one part red sulphuret of arsenic; mix very lightly together. Or: powder separately five parts chlorate of potassa, two parts red sulphuret of arsenic, and one part ferrocyanide of potassium (prussiate of potassa); mix carefully. Or: mix carefully as before, after having separately reduced to powder equal parts chlorate of potassa and ferrocyanide of potassium.

C. M. McM., Hutchinson, Kan.:

Will the year 1900 be a leap year or not, and if not, why?

In the year 46 B. C. Julius Cæsar introduced what is known as the Julian calandar, in which the length of the solar year was fixed at 365 days, to which was added every four years a day called bissextile. Then Gregory XIII inaugurated another reform, which went into operation in October, 1582. The loss of time of 11 minutes per year in the Julian calander had amounted in 1582 to 10 whole days. In order to prevent a recurrence of this error, it was ordered that every year ending a century should not be counted as a leap year, excepting the 400th, and the multiples of 400. Thus 1200 and 1600 were leap years. 1800 was not, nor will be 1900; 2000, as being a multiple of 400, will be a leap year, as well as every 400th year afterwards, in addition to every fourth year when it does not end a century.

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

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For ALL of those Painful Delicate Complaints and Complicated troubles and Weaknesses so common among our Wives, Mothers, and Daughters.

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IT IS A BLESSING TO OVERWORKED WOMEN. IT REMOVES FAINTNESS, FLATULENCY, ALL CRAVING FOR STIMULANTS, AND RELIEVES WEAKNESS OF THE STOMACH. CURES LEUCORRHŒA. MENSTRUAL PERIODS PASSED *without* PAIN.

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IT REVIVES THE DROOPING SPIRITS, INVIGORATES AND HARMONIZES THE ORGANIC FUNCTIONS, GIVES ELASTICITY AND FIRMNESS TO THE STEP, RESTORES THE NATURAL LUSTRE TO THE EYE, AND PLANTS ON THE PALE CHEEK OF WOMAN THE FRESH ROSES OF LIFE'S SPRING AND EARLY SUMMER TIME.

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Its purpose is solely for the legitimate healing of disease and the relief of pain, and it does ALL *it claims to do. It will cure entirely all ovarian or vaginal troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements; and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.*

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THE *Woman's Sure Friend* FOR ALL DELICATE AND COMPLICATED TROUBLES. LADIES IT WILL NOT PERFORM SURGICAL OPERATIONS OR CURE CANCER, BUT IT WILL UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES, ACT IN HARMONY WITH THE LAWS OF NATURE. THAT FEELING OF BEARING DOWN, CAUSING PAIN, WEIGHT AND BACKACHE, IS ALWAYS PERMANENTLY CURED BY ITS USE.

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MRS. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS CURE CONSTIPATION BILIOUSNESS AND TORPIDITY OF THE LIVER, 25 CENTS.

—Its thousands of cures are the best advertisement for Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

MR. BLAINE'S FATALISM.

He Felt That He Was to Be Beaten in 1884—A Suggestion for 1888.

Philadelphia Times.

Those who were nearest to James G. Blaine in the canvass of 1884, and who had his entire confidence, can bear evidence that there never was a day or hour, from his nomination at Chicago, in June, 1884, until the end of the campaign, on the first Tuesday of November, and that Mr. Blaine did not believe he would be defeated. Many who were not even close in his confidence can recall how despondently throughout that canvass he would refer to the similarity of his political career to that of Henry Clay—each beginning life as a school-teacher, then a member of the Legislature, Congressman, Speaker of the House, Senator, and each defeated twice for the Presidential nomination, and both nominated upon the third trial of strength, and——. The manner in which Blaine would refer to the defeat of Henry Clay, the idol of his party, by James K. Polk, a man almost unknown to the people at large, had a most depressing effect upon his friends. But there was another matter that deeply affected Mr. Blaine and confirmed him in his fatalistic fear that the decree of fate made his defeat absolutely certain.

A critical examination of the results of Presidential elections, such as, perhaps, only Mr. Blaine himself would think of making, showed him that upon every occasion of a Presidential election the candidate whose name ended with the letter "n" was elected, and as this letter "n" theory of Mr. Blaine may play a conspicuous part in the campaign of next year, fatalists and superstitious politicians would do well to study the lesson Mr. Blaine has already learned. In 1788, George Washington, a letter "n" man, defeated John Adams by an electoral vote of 69 to 34, and in 1792 Washington again beat Adams by a vote of 132 to 77. In 1804, as Thomas Jefferson and Aaron Burr each had 73 electoral votes, there was no election by the people, and upon the 36th ballot in the House of Representatives, Thomas Jefferson was elected. In 1808 Thomas Jefferson and George Clinton defeated Charles Colesworth and Rufus King by an electoral vote of 162 to 14—in this case, the first in which candidates for President and vice-President were nominated for, the last letter of both the successful candidates' names ended with an "n." In 1812, James Madison, for President, and George Clinton, for vice-President, had 122 votes, to 47 each for C. C. Pinckney for President and Rufus King for vice-President. Madison was re-elected four years later. In 1828 Andrew Jackson and John C. Calhoun, both names ending with "n," defeated John Quincy Adams and Richard Rush for President and Vice President by an electoral vote of 178 to 89. In 1832 the candidates for President were Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay, John Loyd and William Wirt of Maryland, and the candidates for Vice President were Martin Van Buren, John Sergeant, William Wilgins, Henry Lee and Amos Ellmaker, and of the 288 electoral votes cast, Jackson had 219 and Van Buren 189, both letter "n" fellows again winning.

In 1836 Martin Van Buren defeated William Henry Harrison by a vote of 179 to 73, and Richard M. Johnson was elected Vice President over Francis Granger, John Tyler and William Smith, of Alabama; but in 1840 Gen. Harrison defeated Van Buren by a vote of 234 to 60. The next letter "n" candidate was James Buchanan, who defeated John C. Fremont and Millard Fillmore. In 1860 the candidates were Abraham Lincoln and Hannibal Hamlin—both letter "n" nominees. Breckinridge and Lane, Douglas and Johnson, and Bell and Everett, and in 1864 Lincoln and Johnson against McClellan and Pendleton, all names ending with the letter "n," the Republicans winning by a vote of 212 to 21. The next letter "n" candidate was Samuel J. Tilden, who obtained a majority of the popular vote, but missed one electoral vote through the decision of the electoral commission. There have been no letter "n" candidates since 1876, and only bad luck, death and defeat has attended the Republican candidates since then

Soon after the nomination of Grover Cleveland I met James G. Blaine and strolled with him frequently on the banks of the Kennebec. On one of these occasions, after he had been planning industriously for hours to secure his election, he said, in a tone of despondency that was painful: "They call me Henry Clay of the Republican party. I believe I am, and, like Clay, am destined to defeat. Twice Henry Clay was defeated for the nomination when he could have been elected, and I, too, have been twice rejected when an election was certain. Clay was nominated upon the third trial and defeated by a nobody, and it seems certain that I am to be beaten by a man who five years ago was the sheriff of a sixth-class city."

Roscoe Conkling is represented as saying, when this Blaine theory of good luck attending candidates whose names ended with the letter "n" was called to his attention: "As the success of Madison and Clinton, Jackson and Calhoun, Lincoln and Hamlin, and Lincoln and Johnson was so pronounced, why not make it a double 'n' ticket in 1888?" And that is why John Sherman for President and Robert T. Lincoln, or Allison, or Harrison for vice-president, is gaining so rapidly in favor in the state of New York.

A Life Made Miserable

By dyspepsia is scarcely worth the living. A capricious appetite, heartburn, puzzling nervous symptoms, increased action of the heart after eating, sinking in the abdomen between meals, and flatulence after, are among the successive *indicia* of this harrassing complaint. Two things only are needful for its removal. A resort to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and persistence in its use. These remedial measures being adopted, a cure is certain. Taken immediately before or after meals, this great stomachic promotes secretion of the gastric juice, the natural solvent of the food. The nervous and bilious symptoms consequent upon chronic indigestion disappear, as the complaint gradually yields to the corrective and invigorating influence of the Bitters. Appetite returns, sleep becomes more refreshing, and as a sequence, the body is efficiently nourished, muscular power increases, and the mind grows sanguine. Use the Bitters for chills and fever, and rheumatism.

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What it Did for an Old Lady.

Coshocton Station, N. Y., Dec. 28, 1884.

GENTS:—A number of people had been using your Bitters here, and with marked success. In fact, one case, a lady of over seventy years, had been sick for years, and for the past ten years I have known her she has not been able to be around half the time. About six monts ago she got so feeble she was *helpless*. Her old remedies, or physicians, being of no avail. I sent to Deposit, forty-five miles, and got a bottle of Hop Bitters. It had such a very beneficial effect on her that one bottle improved her so she was able to dress herself and walk about the house. When she had taken the second bottle she was able take care of her own room and walk out to her neighbors, and has improved all the time since. My wife and children also have derived great benefit from their use.

W. B. HATHAWAY, Agt. U. S. Ex. Co.

An Enthusiastic Endorsement.

Gorham, N. H., July 15, 1886.

GENTS:—Whoever you are, I don't know, but I thank the Lord and feel grateful to you to know that in this world of adulterated medicines there is one compound that proves and does all it advertises to do, and more. Four years ago, I had a slight shock of palsy, which unnerved me to such an extent that the least excitement would make me shake like the ague. Last May I was induced to try Hop Bitters. I used one bottle, but did not see any change; another did so change my nerves that they are now as steady as they ever were. It used to take both hands to write, but now my good right hand writes this. Now, if you continue to manufacture as honest and good an article as you do, you will accumulate an honest fortune, and confer the greatest blessing on your fellow-men that was ever conferred on mankind TIM BURCH.

A Husband's Testimony.

My wife was troubled for years with blotches, moth patches and pimples on her face, which nearly annoyed the life out of her. She spent many dollars on the thousand infallible (?) cures, with nothing but injurious effects. A lady friend, of Syracuse, N. Y., who had had similar experience and had been cured with Hop Bitters, induced her to try it. One bottle has made her face as smooth, fair and soft as a child's and given her such health that it seems almost a miracle.

A MEMBER OF CANADIAN PARLIAMENT.

A Rich Lady's Experience.

I traveled all over Europe and other foreign countries at a cost of thousands of dollars, in search of health and found it not. I returned discouraged and disheartened, and was restored to real youthful health and spirits with less than two bottles of Hop Bitters. I hope others may profit by my experience and stay at home

A LADY, AUGUSTA, ME.

FACE, HANDS, FEET, and all their imperfections, including Facial Development, Hair and Scalp, Superfluous Hair, Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, Moth, Freckles, Red Nose, Acne, Black Heads, Scars, Pitting and their treatment. Send 10c. for book of 50 pages, 4th edition. Dr. J. H. Woodbury, 37 N. Pearl St., Albany, N. Y., Est'b'd 1870.

Enjoying the Picture.

A lady of this city has a girl in her employ fresh from some region far removed from the theatre. Thinking to give the girl a grand treat, and knowing that she had never seen a theatre, the lady purchased a ticket for a play at the opera-house. The girl went, but returned before 9 o'clock.

"What is the matter? Did you not like it?" asked the mistress.

"Oh, I liked it ever so much; it's a fine painting."

"But," inquired her mistress, "why have you returned so soon? Surely you didn't see it all?"

"Yes, ma'am, I did. I went in and sat down and looked at the large picture hanging up in front. People kept coming in, and pretty soon there was quite a crowd a l looking at the picture. Then they took it away and some men and women went to talking up there where it had been, about something that did not concern me, so I got up and came home. But I enjoyed the picture."—*Wilmington News.*

False Encouragement.

The President complains bitterly of the annoyance to which he is subjected by office-holders, who persecute him day and night. In order to enjoy a partial rest, he is obliged to shut himself up, and he is therefore virtually a prisoner. The President himself is partially to blame. Instead of shutting himself up, he should shut up the applicants; but the truth is, the President is so affable that he is besieged by people who imagine that his affability is liable to produce practical results in the shape of a fat office. The President is in confinement for pretty much the same reason that a certain convict was, who stated that he was in jail on account of false encouragement.

"What do you mean by that?" asked a visitor.

"I encouraged forty-three women to believe that I was going to marry them."—*Texas Siftings.*

Uncle Ezek's Wisdom.

We stand in our own sunshine oftener than others do.

It is the little things that are the most wonderful and impossible; it is possible for human enterprise to make a mountain, but impossible for it to make an oyster.

There is nothing so necessary as necessity; without it mankind would have ceased to exist ages ago.

The heart gets weary, but never gets old.

If a man is right he can't be too radical; if wrong, he can't be too conservative.

The silent man may be overlooked now, but he will get a hearing by and by.

Method and dispatch govern the world.

You can outlive a slander in half the time you can out-argue it.—*Century.*

Something Dropped.

Irate old gentleman—Mary, what was that noise I heard in the kitchen?

Mary—Faith! an' little oi know, unliss yez heard Mike's countenance dhrop when oi refused him a kiss at partin'.—*Texas Siftings.*

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ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

A Comprehensive Article on Wiping Out the Rum Traffic by Law, From the Pen Mr. D. R. Locke.

We are glad to announce to the readers of the BLADE, and to every friend of Prohibition, that a special article on wiping out the Rum traffic by law will appear in the Weekly BLADE in the course of three or four weeks. This paper will be the strongest effort of Mr. LOCKE's life, and probably the most powerful article ever written upon this topic.

It will be a forceful appeal to every citizen, to every member of every political party, to every father, to every mother, to every brother, to every sister, to every statesman, to every true American, on the subject of the legal destruction of the Rum traffic.

It will be the most effective article on this subject that ever came from the powerful and incisive pen of Mr. LOCKE. It should be read by everybody in the United States who is interested in the question—and who is there who is *not* interested?

Our object in announcing this brilliant article so early is to call on the Temperance people of every section of the United States to see that the issue of the BLADE containing it has the widest possible circulation.

Special copies sent, postpaid, for 2 cents each; or, in quantities, postpaid, at $2 per 100. We will send 500 and 1,000 lots, postpaid, to *one* address, at 1½ cent per copy.

We call on all Temperance organizations everywhere, upon all the friends of temperance, to circulate this masterly effort by thousands and tens of thousands. Send in your orders at once for the quantity you need, accompanied by the cash. Circulate them in every town, every village, every school district in the land.

SOME OFFICIAL FIGURES ON OUR RUM BILL.

In the quarterly report of the United States Bureau of Statistics, just issued, there are over twenty pages devoted to statistics of the amount of Rum, in all its forms, consumed in the United States. Our news columns contain a summary of the article. We wish, however, to call the attention of our readers to the elaborate calculations made by Mr. F. N. BARRETT, the editor of the American *Grocer*, New York, as to the actual cost to the drinkers of the total amount of Rum annually consumed in the United States. This statement is embodied in the report mentioned above, and receives the endorsement of the chief of the bureau as to the correctness of Mr. BARRETT's figures.

Mr. BARRETT arrives at the same conclusion as does that high authority, Mr. EDWARD ATKINSON, that the total sum spent by the consumers of alcoholic poison in the United States every year reaches the enormous amount of $700,000,000. To reach this result, Mr. BARRETT uses the official figures furnished by the government of the total consumption of both domestic and imported distilled spirits, beer and malt liquors, and imported and domestic wines for the past three years—from 1884 to 1886 inclusive—and takes the average of each to represent the annual consumption. The statement thus arrived at is as follows:

	Gallons.
Distilled spirits	75,000,000
Beer and malt liquors	609,705,367
Imported wines	4,100,664
Domestic wines	17,391,363

As regards spirituous liquors, Mr. BARRETT allows 10 per cent. for spirits and alcohol used in the arts and manufactures, which is the proportion consumed in this way, according to the opinion of the officials of the government. But against this he puts the adulteration by water, etc. He says:

We find, however, that after whisky has left the bonded warehouse in a pure state it is blended with pure neutral spirits, during which process a small quantity of water is added, the mixture being colored, usually, by caramel or burnt sugar. Then again it is further reduced by the retailer. In the better class of bar-rooms whisky is drunk comparatively pure; in cheap saloons it is adulterated by water 10 to 15 per cent.; in country districts sometimes as high as 25 to 30 per cent. In view of this reduction by water, we assume that it cancels fully the quantity used in the arts and manufactures, and that the consumer pays for 75,000,000. If so, at what cost? The bulk of the whisky consumed costs the drinker five cents per glass; some pay ten cents, a comparative few, fifteen cents. A liberal average would be seven and one-half cents. On the average the retail dealer will get 60 drinks per gallon, or $4.50. The average wholesale cost is $2.25; the cost of high wines or spirits, $1.15 to $1.20.

Taking the above facts into consideration, we then have consumed annually 75,000,000 gallons whiskies; 60 drinks per gallon, at 7½, or $4.50 per gallon, making a total cost of $337,500,000.

He fixes the cost of beer and malt liquors to the consumer at 50 cents per gallon. He is led to fix this figure by the following considerations:

The wholesale price per barrel is $8 for 32 gallons, or 25 cents per gallon. In the "pool" district, embracing New York, Brooklyn, Westchester, Richmond, and Hudson counties, 4,-000,000 barrels are consumed, netting the brewer $6.50 per barrel, as a rebate of 25 per cent. is given from the regular price. Froth plays a large part in estimating the cost to the consumer. In densely populated districts the retailer of beer has hard work to get cost. "Working the growler" literally means that the poorer classes of consumers get beer at the wholesale price. Then there is a difference in glasses. The "schooner" means more beer for five cents than is obtained when a glass of beer is served. A large quantity is consumed at picnics, on excursions, at clubs, and on various festival occasions which costs the consumer the wholesale price. This will more than balance the extra cost of the imported article.

After a careful study of these points we feel convinced that 50 cents per gallon fully represents the cost of the consumer. On that basis we have as the expense to the nation 609,705,-367 gallons of beer, at 50 cents, $304,852,683.

The cost to the drinker of imported wines is fixed at $4 per gallon, and of domestic wines at $2 per gallon. Taking the amounts consumed of each of these four classes of Rum as in the table given above, and we have the cost as follows:

Distilled liquors	$337,500,000
Beer and malt liquors	304,852,683
Imported wines	16,402,656
Domestic wines	34,782,686
Total annual cost	$693,538,025
Illicit whisky and home-made pines	6,491,975
	$700,000,000

By a curious and complex calculation, Mr. BARRETT reaches the conclusion that, estimating the population at 58,600,000 in 1886, there are 14,925,417 persons who consume this enormous amount of Rum. This represents 25½ per cent. of the total population of the country—one in every four—and the greater portion of it, by far, is centered in the cities. This allows to each of these drinking persons 5.3 gallons of distilled spirits, 40.9 gallons of beer, and 1.6 gallons of wine, at a cost to each of $49.34 per year. The average cost to every man, woman and child in the country is $11.95 per year.

The actual cost of the Rum which is sold for $700,000,000 does not exceed $300,-000,000, affording a profit to the Rum Power per year of $400,000,000, or 133⅓ per cent. Pretty good profit! And it is in this enormous profit that we find the bitter opposition of the saloonists and other dealers in the infernal stuff to any and all efforts on the part of the people to put a stop to the damnable trade.

In this connection it will be interesting to repeat the figures of the annual drink bill of Great Britain for 1886, as carefully prepared by Dr. DAWSON BURNS, and published in a recent issue of the London *Times*. He makes the total estimated expenditure for the past two years is as follows: 1885, £123,268,906; 1886, £122,-905,785. Reduced to American money, these sums are, in round numbers: for 1885, $615,000,000; for 1886, $610,-000,000. The decrease for the year is £363,121. The decrease is steadily progressive. Ten years ago the drink bill reached its maximum when it stood at £147,288,759. Had that rate been maintained, taking into account the increase of the population, the rate of expenditure would now be £161,624,000. It is said by the English authorities that all the evidence goes to show that the decrease is chiefly due to depression of trade and consequently inability to spend. The figures for 1886 show an average expenditure of £3 7s. 8d. for each man, woman and child in Great Britain, which is $16.44 per head. Hence it will be seen that the drink habit is not so firmly rooted in this country as in England, as our per capita annual drink bill is $11.95 per head.

We ask every business man, every father of a family, every patriotic citizen, if there is not enough in the appalling exhibit given above to furnish subject for serious thought on the question, "On purely economic grounds, if on none other, should not this waste be stopped?" Think of the bare fact that *seven hundred millions per year* are absolutely wasted—paid out for that which brings no return! If the Rum traffic were exterminated, this $700,000,000 would be added to the sum spent in the channels of legitimate trade. It would be paid out to merchants of all kinds, grocers, butchers, farmers and others; it would be spent in buying homes, in erecting new ones, or in beautifying and improving them; it would add just that much to all productive industries; and, besides this, would reduce taxation, for it would increase the tax duplicate; it would reduce enormously the sums spent for courts and police and prisons, for infirmaries and penitentiaries.

This is an argument that comes home to every good citizen. The estimates thus published by the government are conservative, and if they err it is in placing the sum total too low. We have before this adopted the estimate of $900,000,000 as our annual Rum bill, and we believe it nearer the actual truth than that of $700,-000,000. But even at the latter figure, is it not plain that what we need is a union of all the sober, decent voting element, without distinction of creed or politics, in a grand effort to

Pulverize the Rum Power?

TWO IMPORTANT TEMPERANCE DOCUMENTS.

We call attention to an announcement in the Publisher's Department, fifth page, of two very important Temperance documents, which we have just issued. One is upon the result of Thirty Years of Prohibition in Maine, and the other the testimony of Ten Eminent Physicians as to the effect of Lager Beer upon the Human System. These pamphlets, by D. R. Locke, should be scattered broadcast. They should be circulated by the million. See terms and order at once.

WE are of the opinion that the cable statement of the settlement of the Afghan boundary question is to be received with caution. According to it, England has completely backed down, has given the territory on the hither bank of the Oxus to Russia, and Afghanistan is to receive compensation in the northwest. If England has given way to the degree indicated, the Russians have made a great advance and have strengthened their lodgment on the northeastern frontier of Afghanistan. As Russia can not make any essential compensation to Afghanistan in the northwest without letting go its strategic base for an advance on Herat, the addition to the Afghan territory will probably be "north-northwest," as Hamlet's madness was. Lord SALISBURY has, when out of office, been very indignant at the concessions made to Russia, but ever since he has been premier he has been giving way little by little to the pressure of the advancing Russians. And if the above cable reports are true, he has abandoned England's claim rather than fight for it. The British Empire should defend a policy that is the only salvation of the Anglo-India empire as stoutly as it is pressing its petty claims against Hayti and Venezuela.

THE Rhode Island Democrats are hungry after a thirty years' abstinence. Among other things they are talking of removing two or three of the judges of the Supreme court of the state, in order to get entire political control. The legislature now stands: Senate—Republicans 20, Democrats 16; House—Republicans 29, Democrats 41, Prohibitionists 1, with one member yet to be chosen. This gives the Democrats a majority of the general committee, and assures the election of the Democratic candidate for lieutenant-governor and secretary of state, and a large number of minor offices. The Democratic victory is not to be considered a party triumph, but as due entirely to the dissatisfaction of the Republicans of the state at ring rule in their own party. The ring is smashed completely, and next year the state will give its old-time Republican majority on the Presidential ticket.

THE Republican club of New York city held a reception on April 4, in honor of Judge NOAH DAVIS, which seems to have been an extremely pleasant occasion. Judge DAVIS, who is, to use his own phrase, "a Republican from way back," made the following significant statement as to the saloon evil:

In this country the evil of the liquor saloon is becoming so terrible that it will conquer the country or the Republican party must conquer it. [Applause.] In a recent conversation with Sen. Evarts I was pleased to find that he had reached the same conclusion, and he will so express himself publicly when occasion offers. I don't stand here to preach prohibition, but to say that the Republican party shall do what is practicable to crush out the saloon, which is *the nursery of the Democracy*.

WE rise to ask the inter-state commission if the strict construction of the law does not compel the peanut and candy fiends on trains to pay full fare? None but employes of railroads are allowed to ride free. These boys are not in the employ of the railways, but of a private corporation, and should pay full fare. If the law abolishes these nuisances, it will receive blessings from a large portion of the traveling public.

THE alien land act, it is said, has given a black eye to a lot of booms in England. It is said that over 300 big schemes, organized in London, with a view to buying up American land by the hundred thousand acres, and making an enormous percentage on the investment by leasing out some portions as the demand increased and the supply of cheap land diminished have been killed by this measure.

OUR PORTRAIT OF LOGAN.

Our portrait of the lamented LOGAN is finished, and being mailed. It is a splendid work of art, and will be highly prized by those who secure it.

And speaking of our series of portraits of the great generals of the late war, there is one point to which we wish to call attention. These portraits are engraved from photographs taken from life, and were furnished us by the Generals themselves, at our request, as being the view of the face and the expression they desired to be remembered by. Two, Gen. GRANT and Gen. SHERMAN, sat expressly for us, and SHERIDAN and LOGAN sent us those that they preferred.

In a very few years the BLADE portraits of the great Generals will have an increased value from this fact. They are not only works of art, but they are faithful, absolute likenesses.

We send them to any address at 25 cents each, singly, or 65 cents for the four. The four great religious heroes, the two WESLEYS, CALVIN and LUTHER, at the same price, the whole eight for $1.15. Order at once.

THE CHIEF MUGWUMP'S VIEWS ON THE PRESIDENTIAL QUESTION.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, who is probably the chief exponent of mugwumpery, has allowed himself to be interviewed by a representative of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* upon the present prospects in the Presidential election of 1888. His views are interesting, as exhibiting clearly the attitude of that peculiar class of men who put persons above principles, and regard it a duty to vote for a certain man, irrespective of the policy or the party which he represents.

With such a peculiar class of voters, political leadership, as that term is generally understood, is a practically unknown thing. Each man votes as seems to him best. The mugwumps are not a large political factor numerically, and their only importance arises from New York, where they are most abundant, being a "pivotal" state. Mr. CURTIS's views do not represent those of a very large number, but he is a representative mugwump, and may well be considered the spokesman for the faction in general.

Mr. CURTIS still admires CLEVELAND, and insists that he has "largely met" the expectations the mugwumps entertained of him; that CLEVELAND "is better than his party;" that the mugwump vote is still "largely with the Democratic party," and ostensibly on CLEVELAND's account. But Mr. CURTIS does not explain the point which we benighted Republicans of the West are anxious to have elucidated, as to how Mr. CURTIS and his friends, with their admiration for CLEVELAND, and their dislike of the spoils Democracy—which comprises nineteen-twentieths of its membership—can justify their putting the party in power in order to put CLEVELAND in the Presidential chair. Mr. CURTIS admits that the party leaders are against CLEVELAND, claims that the mugwump vote elected CLEVELAND and put the Democrats in power; and yet, while exclaiming against the spoils doctrine which is the animating purpose of the Democratic party, declares that the mugwumps will again support CLEVELAND.

Mr. CURTIS believes that CLEVELAND will renominated next year. He thinks that the Democratic party can not afford to ignore him, as it would be a confession to the country that its first national success in twenty-five years had been a failure. Yet he does not believe CLEVELAND can be elected. His statement on this point is so important that we quote it entire:

I am afraid the forces which now antagonize him, in his party lines, would be powerful enough to defeat his election. We might as well make up our minds that the next election for the President will be settled within twenty miles around the city of New York. In New York city the Democratic leaders are opposed to him, and these would covertly work against him at the polls. In the convention, if he be nominated, there will be an apparent harmony. It will, however, not be honest. He will be antagonized by his party leaders in New York, and for this reason I fear he will be defeated if nominated. He is too good for the party.

Mr. CURTIS, after thus expressing himself, took up the discussion of Republican chances and candidates, and turned his attention first to Mr. SHERMAN. He thinks the latter would attract a portion of the mugwump vote, but that, as between him and CLEVELAND, the latter would receive four-fifths of it. He admits Mr. SHERMAN's strength as a national character, but shows the peculiar mental twist of your true mugwump when he says of SHERMAN:

He lacks personality. He is not responsive in his methods. To have a following as a great party leader one must have qualities to attract admiration. These Mr. Sherman does not have.

He commends Mr. SHERMAN's Nashville address as "the most adroit political speech made in years," thinks it "a good bid for the South," but that in it Mr. SHERMAN offers nothing to the North. That is:

He ignores all the great reforms by silence. He offers nothing. He does not seem to understand the reflective vote of New York state and its paramount importance to the election.

Which means, according to mugwump lights, that SHERMAN did not specially advocate civil service reform in that speech, and make a "bid" for the North as well as the South. Mr. CURTIS clearly misunderstands Mr. SHERMAN's motives in making his Nashville speech. He knew that the Republican party is the object of blind, bigoted, unreasoning hatred in the South, and he discussed those topics in which the South is vitally interested from a Republican standpoint, that one glimpse of the truth might pierce the clouds of error and bigotry. We of the North know what Republicanism means, what are its aims; and we know SHERMAN for what he is. We do not need his assurances as to where he stands on national issues and "great reforms."

As to Mr. BLAINE, the great mugwump emphatically declared his belief that he is the most popular leader of his party, as he has about him all the elements which attract men to each other, and a larger personal following than any other leader. When asked if he thought BLAINE will be the Republican nominee, he replied:

I am afraid so. If the convention were near at hand I have no doubt of it. In the convention Blaine will have a large and also a reckless following. I can see how his friends will put the alternative. They will say not to renominate Blaine will be to admit all of the sins of omission and commission charged against him, and I think they would do even more if he is not nominated. They would quietly do all they could to defeat the nominee if it is not Blaine, and the more specially so if the nominee is John Sherman.

Here again the peculiarly mugwumpian bent of mind is disclosed. Mr. CURTIS judges the Republicans of the nation by the mugwump standard. He measures the BLAINE men by his own conduct at Chicago in 1884. The difference, we take it, between a mugwump and a Republican is this: that the former puts men above principles or policy, while the Republican puts principles above men. The latter is anxious that his party shall triumph because he wishes to see its principles made the policy of the government; and he sinks his personal preferences as to candidates and bows to the expressed will of the majority of his fellow Republicans in the choice of a ticket.

To our thinking, the question which the Republican national convention of 1888 must answer is, "Who is the candidate with whom we can triumph?" Mere personal preferences must not be allowed to weigh in answering it. To nominate any man on any other ground than that he is the most available candidate to insure success, is to relegate the Republican party into the opposition, perhaps for years. We want no booms, no manufactured enthusiasm, in that convention, but a deliberate discussion of availability. We are inclined to believe with Mr. CURTIS, that New York is the pivotal state; and the Republican nominee must be a man who can carry the Empire State. Let us make no blunder, and throw away a certainty for the uncertainty of making a break in the "Solid South," and thus electing a Republican administration.

Mr. CURTIS expressed his belief that there is nothing in the HILL boom for the Democratic candidacy. HILL is only popular in New York because of the belief that he is opposed to CLEVELAND. He reiterated his belief that CLEVELAND cannot be elected if nominated,

because he would encounter the same spirit of hostility within his party. He would encounter it likewise in the state of New York, where such disaffection is absolute peril. To elect a President, any way the next one, the successful party must carry New York. The Democratic leaders in New York, including Tammany Hall, are opposed to Cleveland, and I feel the consciousness that they would slaughter him at the polls.

And in reply to the question, "With whom can the Democrats win?" Mr. CURTIS said:

Yes, who? Thurman seems to be too old and not ambitious. Bayard has not made an appreciable gain on the public mind. McDonald is not now associated with the ambition. It is because of the want of material that I feel that the Democratic party will not care to ignore Cleveland. The independent vote in New York will stand by Cleveland. Here this vote is not, as in other states, shot in the air; it counts.

It will be observed by the reader that Mr. CURTIS believes that CLEVELAND is unpopular with his party, but that it will be compelled to renominate him; that if renominated CLEVELAND cannot be elected; that the Democrats have nobody else with whom they can win; that if the Republicans nominate BLAINE the mugwumps will defeat him again; and that if they nominate SHERMAN or anybody else, the BLAINE contingent will insure his defeat.

But Mr. CURTIS is not a man to indulge in the sort of statements that can be reduced to absurdity. His real opinion is to be read between the lines; the interview is to be interpreted by what he does not specifically say. The election, in his view, depends upon the vote of New York. The CLEVELAND electoral ticket won by the merest scratch in 1884. If CLEVELAND is to be, perforce, the Democratic candidate and the spoils element of the party oppose him, nothing is more certain than that the Republicans will win—for the status of the two parties in the rest of the Union is substantially the same as in 1884.

If SHERMAN is sure of one-fifth of the mugwump vote, as Mr. CURTIS admits, he can win in any case. If Tammany bolts CLEVELAND, then BLAINE could win, even with the mugwump vote solidly against him, if he is otherwise strong in New York as he was in 1884. Mr. CURTIS evidently means that, in his opinion, a Republican triumph in 1888 is certain, though he does not wish to say it in so many words.

THE PROHIBITION BATTLE.

The charges of collusion and fraud in the contest in Michigan over the Prohibitory amendment are gathering strength. The following paragraph will be of interest to the friends of Prohibition, as going to show that the amendment was probably "counted out" instead of being defeated:

In Detroit the extent of the illegal voting and false counting may be gathered from two specimen precincts. In Precinct 1 of Ward 5, twenty-five respectable citizens have already voluntarily come forward and offered to swear that they voted "yes" on the constitutional amendment. In that precinct only eight "yes" votes were returned. In Precinct 1 of Ward 13 sixty-seven voters are ready to swear that they voted "yes." Only seventeen "yes" votes were returned. Witnesses are also ready to swear that they saw inspectors of election take amendment ballots from voters, open them, throw them on the floor and put instead "no" ballots in the box. Others will swear that they saw the inspectors put amendment ballots partly into the box and afterward pull them out and destroy them.

The new Minnesota liquor law taxes all saloons in cities of 10,000 population and over $1,000 per year each, and elsewhere $500 per year. The local option law of 1878 is left in full force. The penalties of the new law for illegal selling are both a fine and imprisonment for the first offense, and the judge or officer who does not enforce the statute is made guilty of malfeasance, and his office is to be declared vacant.

The agitation this winter in Missouri has resulted in the enactment of a local option law, which is now in force. It is upon the lines of the local option laws of Georgia and other Southern states.

It may be of interest to people who are misled by lying reports of the effects of Prohibition in Atlanta to read what Pres. THAYER, of Clark University, that city, says of the beneficial results of Prohibition in that city:

Property of all kinds has risen in value. Sales are made daily at high prices. Good store rents are scarce, and dealers advertise for good dwellings to be rented. Capitalists desiring to settle in Atlanta have been unable to secure suitable warehouses and stores.

THE schools of Chicago were dismissed on Good Friday, from some unexplained reason, and the School board was thus brought to task over the matter by the *Tribune*:

There are probably not more than one or two of the school inspectors who could give any reason therefor. Good Friday is not an American holiday. It is not a religious holiday among the various sects. The Episcopalians and the Catholics call it a day of devotion, but there is hardly an Episcopalian or a Catholic in Chicago that will not pursue his usual vocations to-day as yesterday and the day before. The absurdity of the school board's action is on a par with the stupidity of some of the members and the demagogy of others. It is an outrage on the educational rights of the children and also on the parents who pay the money for no service performed, no consideration given.

To all of which we heartily say, Amen! The people cannot guard too jealously against any effort to bring religious matters into the public schools. Education in a common-school curriculum is one thing, education in religion is another. The former is assumed by the state, which excludes the latter. The church and home have this duty to perform, and should not shirk it and attempt to lay it upon the public schools at the public expense.

THE German government is growing still more despotic in its efforts to check the emigration of Germans to America and their naturalization here. A decree has been promulgated recently, declaring that a German citizen remaining away five years or more from Germany and becoming a naturalized citizen of any other country will thereby become liable to expulsion from German soil. If this decree be carried out against German-American citizens it will surely lead to difficulty between the two nations. It is the plain duty of the United States to protect every citizen, native-born or naturalized, against injury and oppression in any quarter of the globe. If a German-American were to return to the Fatherland on a visit, or on business, and be imprisoned or forcibly driven out of the Empire, the United States could not submit to the outrage.

THE result of VILAS's dismissing competent men in the United States postal service to fill the places with wild-eyed Bourbon retainers with hayseed in their hair are clearly set forth in the following short but important table:

Errors in railway mail service in 1886	2,120,147
Errors average for five years, 1881-5, in railway mail service	958,639

This is what "reform" means, and does not represent, by any means, but a very small proportion of the "great reforms" of the present administration. The fundamental blunder of the people in 1884 was a two-fold one: First, in supposing that "change" means "reform;" second, in supposing that the Democratic party was capable of any real reform.

THE emigration from Ireland to the United States is enormously large, owing to the troublous times in store for that unfortunate land from the enforcement of coercion measures by Great Britain.

HERE is a point worth pondering:

It is said, as proved by experiment, that three steady drinkers as long as they have money will fully support a saloon. The profits in the traffic are easily seen where there are scores of "regulars," instead of threes.

THE INTER-STATE COMMERCE LAW.

It was to be expected that the new inter-state commerce law should create much dissatisfaction in certain localities and in certain lines of business. Any city which was favored by the railways at the expense of other cities, or of the towns of a section, might naturally be expected to raise an outcry against the taking away of special favors. The same would be expected of a class of travelers who as a rule obtained special rates. Hence the denunciations of a bill on the part of the theatrical combinations, and of the "drummers" and their employers, because they can get no cheaper tickets than the general public; and the noble army of deadheads, the "free pass fiends," who squeal like hungry pigs because they have to pay to travel, like the rest of humanity.

It was to be expected, also, that these howls of rage over a deprivation of special privileges should be the first noticeable effect of the new law. The deprivation shows itself at once; the counterbalancing benefit to other sections or to the mass of the traveling public, is not at once seen, or, if noted, there is naturally but little noise made. Men murmur far more loudly than they rejoice.

Hence it will not do to accept the denunciations of the new law that are now filling the newspapers as the expression of the whole people, or as indicative of general dissatisfaction. It is but the clamor of those who have been deprived of special privileges, by which they received cheaper freight rates or cheaper transportation than the rest of humanity. The law has not been tested yet, and it will take months to allow it a fair trial. Let us possess our souls in patience, and not allow our judgment to be warped by the testy anger of the favored ones because the discrimination against the whole people to their own personal advantage has been annulled.

That the law will act unfavorably, in some instances, is undoubtedly true. It was to be expected. The old order of things favored the large cities which are the terminal points of through traffic, at the expense of all intermediate points. The discrimination was in favor of the great cities against the smaller interior towns. The law undoes this injustice, and the cities denounce it. The towns which are favored say nothing, because they do not realize as yet the advantages which have been restored to them. The work of rectifying the results of years of discrimination will be unfavorable to many interests in the cities enjoying the advantages through that injustice. It is going to take time to remedy these things, and equalize matters.

The earlier workings of the law, or rather the manner in which the railways of the country are carrying out their ideas of its provisions, give good ground for the belief that they are aiming to make it as unpopular as possible in the start, thus utilizing the inevitable cry from the hurt ducks, to work up an unthinking popular clamor that shall compel Congress to repeal the really valuable features of the law, and render it but a paper statute, under which they can again do as they please. How far they shall be allowed to do this is a matter for the early and serious attention of the inter-state commission. The railways have reversed the plain intention of the law, which evidently means that there should be a reduction of exorbitant local freight rates, and instead of reducing them in proportion to the through rates have brought the through rates up to the grade of the local tariff. The result will be ruinous to many interests, and especially to our export trade to other countries.

There is no reason for this "evening up from the thick end" save a desire to make the law unpopular. The operation of the statute will largely increase the earnings of the roads. The increased revenue to the Pennsylvania alone, from the cutting off of free passes, is estimated at $200,000 annually. The commission should take hold of this matter at once, and exercise the power vested in them to the utmost to protect the people.

We must remind our readers that the best way to prove a law obnoxious, and inimical to the public welfare, is to enforce it strictly. We therefore are sorry that the commissioners have exceeded their legal powers in suspending one of its most important clauses as regards many railways in the South. If they have a right to do this they have the right to suspend any other clause of the law. It is said that the law is operating against various manufacturing and other interests of the country, and that its immediate effect is injurious to commerce and trade. But it is the law, and the commissioners not being the law-making body, have no right to repeal or amend it. It should be executed strictly to the letter, to establish its deficiencies, and then Congress at its next session will be better able to provide the needed remedies.

TO THOSE NOT SUBSCRIBERS WHO RECEIVE THIS NUMBER OF THE BLADE.

A great many people, who are not subscribers will receive this number of the BLADE. We ask of all such a careful examination, and a just comparison with any other paper printed. And then, if it pleases you, as it will, remit your subscription at once, and secure its weekly visits. $1.00 a year, 30 cents for three months. You will never regret it.

HON. JOHN A. WISE, of Virginia, thinks that the Republicans pay too much attention to New York in Presidential contests, and declares that they can win next year without it. He asserts that Virginia is Republican, and to prove his assertion says that eleven counties, with 120,000 whites and only 15,000 blacks, gave last fall a Republican majority of 2,000 in a total vote of 30,000. He maintains that West Virginia, Indiana, Tennessee and North Carolina can be made Republican with one-tenth part of the work which has been put into New York. Curiously enough, some of the administration leaders are endeavoring to figure out a Democratic victory in 1888, without the aid of New York. The 35 votes of the Empire state, however, it is safe to say, will not be ignored by the politicians in next year's campaign. It is not wise for the Republicans to abandon the certainty of winning with New York for the uncertainty of carrying any Southern states, with the experience the country has had of Southern methods of carrying elections for the Democracy.

SO FAR there are seven contests filed in the next House of Representatives, viz:

McDuffie (Rep.) against Davidson, of Alabama; Worthington, (Dem.) against Post, of Illinois; Lowry (Dem.) against White, of Indiana; Thoebe, (Rep. Labor) against Carlisle, of Kentucky; Frank (Rep.) against Glover, of Missouri; Haynes, (Rep.) against McKinney, of New Hampshire, and Smalls (Rep.), colored against Elliott, of South Carolina. Thompson (Dem.), of California, will be served with a notice of contest, but no official notice has as yet been lodged with the clerk. O'Hara (Rep.), colored, of North Carolina, will also file papers asserting the right to his old seat.

By a law passed last winter, such contests will be settled far more rapidly than formerly. It provides that all the evidence shall be printed before Congress meets. Then all the Elections committee will have to do is to read the briefs and make up its verdict.

THE attorney general of Louisiana has instituted, on behalf of the state, a suit for the suppression of the American Cotton Oil Trust company. The battle between a state and this giant monopoly will be an interesting spectacle, and the outcome will be watched with interest by all, especially the cotton planters of the South.

ENGLAND NEEDS PROTECTION.

She has a good navy, and a large and successful trade with India. She has the key to Egypt, but it does not fit altogether well. Still, Egypt is not a country suited to modern commerce, and since the times from JOSEPH to MOSES probably no brilliant schemes of outside enterprise have so well thrived. MOSES was either a great liar, or he used facts and figures as carelessly as a modern geologist. It is hardly credible that his report of the shoddy entrance of the Hebrew family to the Valley of the Nile, and their triumphant exit, would be regarded as a safe basis to tempt a Wall street syndicate. Still, England is great in her resources, but also in her ignorance.

For instance, Mr. ARNOLD has been reviewing Gen. GRANT, and Gen. WOLSELEY Gen. LEE. They both incline to the teachings found in a book, written apparently to kill time, when the ex-President of the Confederacy had plenty on hand. The author of the "Light of Asia" appears to be too good an Englishman to be clearly fair towards men and things on this side, although he has not unfrequently had the exquisite pleasure of boring some well selected audiences here, and being paid liberally for the entertainment. It is true that the English aristocracy owe an everlasting apology to Gen. GRANT and every other Northern soldier, and doubtless it may be a temporary relaxation for one of their best generals to select the head and front of the Confederacy as an exponent of the slave oligarchy. Gen. LEE made commerce lively for the Britishers, and without doubt somebody there should feel inclined to give him a monument, especially since it is on paper, and inexpensive. Both of these authors need all the sympathy and protection their friends have to offer, if they take time to read what the critics say.

BOUND TO TRY IT AGAIN.

The British House of Commons has passed the infamous coercion bill to its second reading, after a heated debate. GLADSTONE took impregnable ground when he denounced the bill as one which made crimes of acts which are not crimes, and declared that the effect of the measure would be to increase the troubles it was intended to suppress. But his warning voice was unheeded. The majority of the house seem to have the bigoted feeling of Major SAUNDERSON, the ultra-Conservative, who, in an intemperate speech a few days ago in the Commons, said that the National League was "supported mainly by criminals, dynamiters and murderers across the Atlantic." This reckless and palpable untruth was uttered apparently in accordance with a determinate plan violently to excite the Irish members, and perhaps afford occasion for their suspension and expulsion from Parliament.

HEALY, and then SEXTON, took up the gage of battle, and both accused SAUNDERSON of uttering wilful falsehoods. HEALY was suspended, but SEXTON escaped by withdrawing his stinging allegations against SAUNDERSON, after the latter had retracted his charge personally implicating SEXTON in murderous companionship. SEXTON's fiery nature moved him to say that if he only met SAUNDERSON outside of the Commons he would thrash him within an inch of his life. It seems true that the leaders of the majority in Parliament are pursuing their present policy less from a desire to settle the Irish question than that the current of English public sentiment, setting strongly in one direction, may be turned backward into old channels of antipathy to Ireland. Coercion has been tried for years, but has proved a failure. The leaders seem determined to try it again, however.

THAT is a strange bit of history which has just become public—that for eleven years the remains of ABRAHAM LINCOLN have not been within the marble sarcophagus popularly supposed to contain them, but in a secret grave under another part of the Lincoln monument at Springfield. On the twenty-second anniversary of his death they were removed, placed in a new grave, as was also the body of Mrs. LINCOLN, and cemented in securely. The work of guarding the honored relics of the martyr President has been in the hands of a secret organization called the "Lincoln Guard of Honor," whose eleven-years task is at last completed.

THE Winnebago and Crow Creek Indian reservations were thrown open in February, 1884, by the administration of Pres. ARTHUR, to settlement. There was a large immigration of settlers to take up these desirable lands. The present administration has revoked the order opening these reservations, and a company of United States regulars has been ordered to proceed to the spot and drive out the settlers. This is an outrage without parallel, and serious trouble is sure to result. Hundreds of settlers will be turned out of their homes and reduced to pauperism. This is equal to Irish evictions.

THE inter-state commerce law has got its first judicial blow in the shape of a decision by Judge DUNLY, of the United States circuit court, sitting at Portland, Ore., that virtually nullifies the long and short haul clause so far as it affects railroads that are obliged to face water competition, and Sen. STANFORD says that this applies to a large part of the railway traffic of the country. Seems to us we are hearing far more of late about the importance of water transportation than we have for many years. The new law has apparently quickened the perceptions of the railway people.

THE prospects for the wheat crop is still a full average. Winter wheat has deteriorated somewhat of late in the entire belt, the causes being much winter killing and drouth. The injury has befallen the Southern as well as the Central and Northern segments of the belt, and has included California. There have been rains of late in nearly every winter wheat state, but in the central part the rain-fall has been light. They are said to be getting in a full crop in the spring wheat belt. The drouth in Texas has been broken by abundant rains.

THE American Iron and Steel association strongly favors the substitution of specific for *ad valorem* duties by the next Congress. The trouble arising out of *ad valorem* duties—which are computed at a certain per cent on the invoice price of the imported goods—is that they give rise to systematic frauds through undervaluations and false invoices. To substitute specific duties in their place would be to cut off the opportunity for such frauds. The Fiftieth Congress should move in the matter, if the infernal free trade fools can be kept still.

THE jury in the case of JOHN ARENSDORF, charged with the murder of Rev. GEORGE C. HADDOCK, the Prohibition martyr, at Sioux City, Ia., after deliberating a little less than twenty hours, could not come to an agreement and was discharged. It is understood that eleven were for acquittal and one for conviction. The trial lasted twenty-four hours. A second trial will of course be held, but the result in this case is believed to foreshadow the failure of the state to make a case against ARENSDORF.

SEN. STOCKBRIDGE, of Michigan, in speaking of the sentiment of the Republicans of that state on the Presidential nomination, says:

Mr. Blaine undoubtedly is the first choice of the state; but there is a settled idea of looking over the situation carefully. If it should appear that he was not the safest man, there would be the disposition to waive all personal admiration for him and do what seemed best. We would rather elect Allison or Sherman than insist upon Blaine and be defeated.

THE most favorable commentary on the new Maine liquor law that we have seen is that it is "causing consternation among the liquor-sellers."

AN IMPORTANT MEETING.

THE next annual meeting of the National Educational society is to be held in Chicago in July, and promises to be one of great interest as well as of benefit. The subjects for discussion are those which are of the highest practical importance, not only to the educators but to the general public.

"The Place Manual Training Should Occupy in a Public School System" will be treated by Gen. F. A. WALKER, president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Prof. C. M. WOODWARD, president of the Manual Training school of St. Louis, and others will be present. JAMES G. ANGELL, president of Michigan University, will discuss "The Relation of the University, College, and Higher Technological Schools to the Public System of Instruction." "The Psychological and Pedagogical Value of the Modern Methods of Elementary Culture" will be discussed by fifteen different college professors and superintendents, among whom are Dr. W. T. HARRIS, W. N. HAILMAN, J. M. GREENWOOD, and S. THOMAS DAVIDSON.

Ohio has always occupied a prominent position in the work of the National association, and her teachers will be in Chicago in full force next July. The work of the Toledo public schools, including our manual training school, will be fully represented. Every teacher who attends the convention will return to his or her work with new zeal and inspiration. Our Toledo teachers will doubtless attend in large numbers. Reduced railroad fares and hotel accommodations have been secured.

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THE COERCION BILL.

One of the best illustrations of the workings of the infamous Irish coercion bill now pending in the British Parliament is given by an Eastern paper. We quote it in full:

Suppose, for example, that Pres. Cleveland and his cabinet, all Democrats, were to propose that every newspaper in the state of New York could be suspended at the whim of Mr. Bayard; that every case brought into court during the next year must be tried, not by jury, but by officers appointed by Mr. Garland; that no "town meetings" could be held; that no outraged railroad "commuters" could meet and "kick" except by the will of Mr. Lamar; that Mr. Randall should not address the Democratic voters, nor Sen. Sherman the young Republicans except by consent of Mr. Vilas; that Mr. Endicott could send a detail of soldiers to arrest whomsoever he chose and that the arrested person could have no trial and no bail. Suppose all this to be proposed by Mr. Cleveland, and that he should attempt to force the Democratic party to help him carry it out, how long does any one of the people who can see nothing in Ireland's claim suppose that such a state of affairs would be tolerated; and would they not think the case one for sympathy? Yet that is almost exactly what Lord Salisbury and his cabinet propose to do for Ireland.

GEN. FRANCIS A. WALKER made an address a few nights ago at Boston, in the course of which he made an attack upon the modern methods of teaching arithmetic in the public schools. He declared that the old-fashioned facility and accuracy in "ciphering" have been largely sacrificed to the numerous technical applications and difficult logical puzzles that have been introduced into the study of arithmetic. Children leave the schools ill prepared to foot up columns of figures, though able to work out useless puzzles. He condemns all this unqualifiedly, and holds up the modern arithmetic as

a bastard arithmetic which fails to perform the true function of that study in our public schools—namely, to produce accuracy and a reasonable degree of facility in numerical operations, while wasting the time of the pupils, perplexing their minds, worrying their tempers, rasping their nerves, and, in case of total or partial failure, unnecessarily and unrighteously shocking and impairing their self-respect and scholarly ambition.

There is some truth in his strictures. Facility, correctness and rapidity in operations in the fundamental rules, fractions and decimals is the one great desideratum. Puzzling problems have no place in the common school curriculum.

THE New York state Senate has passed a marriage license bill, providing that after January 1 next no justice or clergyman shall perform a marriage ceremony unless the contracting parties produce a license issued and signed by the clerk of the county in which such ceremony is performed. The clerk is to be satisfied that the parties are of the required age, or have the written consent of parents or guardians. We are glad to note that the tendency of our law makers is to take all reasonable precautions to guard against mock marriages, runaway matches, and other indiscreet and hasty modes of tying the nuptial knot. Possibly after awhile they may waken to a knowledge of the fact that in most states the divorce laws are shamefully lax, and will correct them. The marriage state is not one to enter lightly, and it should not be one that can be thrown off at pleasure. It should be a life contract, save in very exceptional cases.

IT is thought that the inter-state commerce bill stands a chance of causing a nice row in the South over the matter of race distinctions. The law requires that all travelers shall be given the same accommodations, which, it is well known, is not the practice on Southern railroads. It may be that this law will accomplish for the respectable colored people of the South what the civil rights bill has failed to effect. A well-dressed, gentlemanly-appearing colored clergyman having bought a first-class ticket from Chattanooga to Atlanta, took his seat in a first-class car on the Western & Atlanta road. The conductor ordered him into the smoking car and he refused to go, whereupon three young ruffians appeared and savagely assaulted the negro, finally shoving him from the train into a ditch, as the cars stopped at Dalton. The clergyman is to prosecute the road under the provisions of the inter-state commerce bill.

THE Eastern New York Methodist Episcopal church conference adopted the following resolution concerning the Rum traffic at its session on the 13th:

We hold that the proper attitude of Christians toward this traffic is one of uncompromising opposition, and while we do not presume to dictate to our people as to their political affiliations, we do express the opinion that they should not permit themselves to be controlled by party organizations that are managed in the interests of the liquor traffic.

A resolution endorsing the prohibition third party was defeated. We commend the position of the conference to the Methodist brethren everywhere.

PAN-ELECTRIC stock is advertised for sale in the Washington papers, the special inducements for purchasing being the fact that the attorney-general is a shareholder; that the administration is friendly, and that the government is paying the expenses of a suit against the Bell company in the interest of the Pan-electric. It is a great thing to have a "reform" administration.

IT may be of interest to the hungry and thirsty Bourbon office-seekers to know that out of the 50,000 fourth-class post-offices of the country, 40,000 have been supplied with Democratic postmasters. The real trouble is, there are not enough offices to go around, brethren. Somebody has to get left.

A NEBRASKA jury has set a good example by convicting a man, who placed an obstruction on the track, causing a wreck that killed several persons, of murder in the first degree. It should be followed elsewhere wherever this diabolical crime is committed.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Sen. Sherman's neighbors at Mansfield, Ohio, say he is not a millionaire.

Andrew Carnegie has given another $10,-000 to Allegheny's free library.

Pasteur has lost his forty-fifth patient, a man who was bitten by a mad wolf.

Only a very few hairs still sadly linger on the Prince of Wales' barefooted head.

United States Treasurer Jordan will sail for home April 21. He is now in Paris.

The President and Mrs. Cleveland did not attend the christening of Baby Whitney.

The Princess Beatrice writes music and plays the piano and organ with marked ability.

It is said that George Gould has made a cool million in the last year. His pa helped him.

Pres. Cleveland will attend the opening of the Piedmont Exposition in Atlanta in October.

The people of this country imported 10,000,000 dozens of eggs in the last eight months.

The sites of two houses recently occupied by Joan of Arc have been discovered at Compiegne.

Mr. Beecher used to name his fine cattle after different members of his family and favorite flowers.

Miss Nellie Arthur, the daughter of the late ex-President, is the guest of Judge John Davis, of Washington.

The city of Philadelphia is itself a large landholder, its real estate within the city limits amounting to $45,000,000.

Gen. Logan's posthumous work, "The American Volunteer," is said to contain a caustic criticism of Gen. Sherman.

Pres. Cleveland says that since the free railway passes have been called in he has far fewer importunities for offices.

Prof. Charles Ashmead Schaeffer, dean of the Cornell university faculty, has been elected president of the Iowa state university.

Bishop John Williams, of the diocese of Connecticut, is now the senior bishop of the Protestant Episcopal church of America.

Mrs. Gen. Hancock is residing for the present with a friend at Yonkers, N. Y., and busily engaged upon her "Reminiscences."

The oldest federal judge, in point of service, in this country is J. M. Love, of Keokuk, Iowa, who was appointed by Pierce in 1856.

Mrs. M. E. Pace, "the witch of Wall street," has cleared $30,000 in six months in stocks of the Gogebic iron range in Wisconsin.

Ben. Perley Poore is one of the few journalists who have been successful farmers. He makes money out of his Indian Hill, Mass., farm.

The soldiers' guard at Sen. Logan's temporary tomb in Washington is still on duty and will remain until the body is brought to Chicago.

"The Manuscript Found," on which the Book of Mormon was based, is now preserved in Hiram college, at Hiram, Ohio, Garfield's old home.

Olof Kraver, an Esquimau woman, has added herself to the terrors of the lecture platform and is devastating some of the Western towns.

Prince Rupert, who will probably be King of Bavaria some day, is apprenticed to a wood turner in Munich, and daily works at the bench.

Bishop Hurst, of the Methodist Episcopal church, has read the Bible in the language of every country in which he has held a conference.

Was it disrespectful significance in the German Crown Prince's planting a chestnut tree in remembrance of his father's 90th birthday anniversary?

Emperor Dom Pedro of Brazil has been suffering from a severe attack of hepatitis. His condition caused alarm at one time, but he is now convalescent.

There is something distinctly American about Congressman "Sunset" Cox, if, as is now alleged, he left Turkey because he couldn't get ham and eggs there.

Miss N. B. Cummings, now the librarian of the Department of Justice at Washington, is regarded as one of the best authorities on law books in the country.

Ras Alula, the great general of King John of Abyssinia, never laughs, and horsewhips his servants if there is the slightest delay in the execution of his orders.

Sen. Voorhees is strongly urged by many leading Indiana Democrats to run for governor next year in the hope that he may be able to save the state to the party.

Queen Victoria is much pleased with a photograph recently taken of herself by a new process, which is described as making the picture look exactly like an etching.

Aram J. Pothier, a popular young man of Woonsocket, who was elected on the Republican ticket last week, is the first Frenchman ever chosen to the Rhode Island legislature.

Princess Valerie, the Empress of Austria's second daughter, has just published some charming verses in an annual periodical connected with a charitable institution for children.

At the sale of the late Pres. Arthur's bric-a-brac, a Swiss carved inkstand, once the property of Gen. Winfield Scott, brought $9, and an oil painting of Gen. Sheridan's horse, Rienzi, was sold for $12.50.

William Ward, who has just died in Sedalia, Mo., aged 94, was the first man to build a paper-mill west of the Mississippi river. His father lived to be a centenarian, and his grandmother died at 110.

Gen. Geo. A. Sheridan recently lectured at Washington in reply to the anti-Christian utterances of Col. Ingersoll, and made eight times as much money out of it as Col. Ingersoll made out of his first lecture.

Mr. Charles Dickens, the son of his father, is going to give readings in this country next fall. He will read from his father's works, and if he reads as well as his father did his appearance will be welcome.

Ex-Sen. Warner Miller is fully satisfied that the New York Republicans will unanimously support the party's Presidential nominee next year, whether he is Blaine, Sherman, Evarts, or some other man.

Historian Bancroft has gone to Nashville, Tenn., where he will make a visit of a month or six weeks. The principal objects of his journey are to see Mrs. James K. Polk and to collect certain historical material.

The Shelbyville (Ind.) *Democrat* hoists this ticket: "Hill for President, Gray for Vice President, Voorhees for governor." This may be considered fairly representative of the Indiana Democratic idea of reform.

Stephen A. Douglas, son of the "Little Giant," who used to be a hard drinker, has been a total abstainer for a year or more, and has lately made some temperance speeches at Mr. Murphy's meetings in Chicago.

William Kissane, according to a private dispatch received in New York from San Francisco, has fled to Victoria, B. C., in order to be beyond the reach of the law in case the indictments held over him are not dismissed.

Gen. W. W. Averill, who was one of the most gallant cavalry commanders in the Union army during the war, has accepted an invitation to participate in the ceremonies of Confederate Decoration Day at Staunton, Va., June 9.

Justus H. Schwab, one of the most violent and virulent of the New York anarchists, pleads guilty of the ownership of $20,000 in government bonds. It is not believed that Mr. Schwab really contemplates or intends an immediate overthrow of the government.

Ex-Gov. James L. Kemper, of Virginia, is the only surviving general officer of the brigade that participated in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg, and he has been invited to deliver the oration at the reunion of Pickett's division on the battlefield in July, but had to decline because of ill-health.

Capt. Nathaniel Fish, of the Cherokee Nation, though a centenarian, is as active as a man of 60. He walks into Tahlequah from his farm, seven miles away, once or twice each week and back, and is in sound health every day. He cut two new teeth recently.

A historian, who is "doing up" Lincoln's life, is thus reproved by the Milwaukee *Sentinel*: "Mr. Delaney is mistaken about Lincoln being a Sangamon river boatman. The Sangamon has not water enough to float an overshoe. The catfish in the river have to be watered like stock by humane people along the banks."

Practically California has four United States Senators. Nevada Senators never live in that state, but when not in Washington make their home in San Francisco. Fair, whose term has just expired, did not spend a week in Nevada during his six years as Senator. Jones lives in San Francisco, as does Stewart, who succeeds Fair.

Roscoe Conkling is famous for his sarcasm. On one occasion somebody showed him a savage criticism in *Harper's Weekly*, written by George William Curtis. Mr. Conkling read it with great care. Then gently putting the paper down he said: "Did Miss Arimintha write that? Well, that is very good for Miss Arimintha. She writes quite well."

Mrs. Logan has returned to Washington and is living quietly at her home, Calumet place, on the northern boundary of the city. Her plans for the future have not been fully decided upon, though it is probable that she will make Calumet place her permanent home. Her son-in-law, Maj. Tucker, is in the army, and he and his family will reside with her.

Queen Victoria has astonished the English people by a bit of almost incredible parsimony. In honor of her jubilee the knights of the various British orders have been invited to a series of state banquets at St. James' Palace. A notification has now been issued to the effect that each knight will be expected to pay a certain sum as the price of his seat at the royal dinner-table.

No sooner does a man become famous than it is discovered that he has been aided by a helpful wife. So it is now said of Henry George that but for the unflagging devotion of his wife he would never have been able to conquer the difficulties which beset him. This is pretty, and, we hope, true, but what of the unfailing devotion of the thousands of good, true wives whose husbands never achieve success?

Bordley F. Calhoun, son of Rear Admiral E. R. Calhoun, U. S. N., was married on his deathbed in Washington Tuesday evening to Eleanor M. Semmes, daughter of a retired grocer of that city. He died a few hours afterward of pneumonia. They had been engaged for three years, and when Calhoun learned that he could not live he had a license procured, and, his affianced being willing, they were immediately united in wedlock.

WHOLESALE ROBBERY OF THE BLADE'S MAIL.

For several months past—in fact, ever since last November—we have known that we were suffering losses by thefts in the mails. As soon as we had clearly ascertained the fact, complaint was made to the authorities of the Postoffice department, and United States detectives were set to work. After long and patient work, the offender was found in the person of EDWARD F. CODY, night distributing clerk of the Toledo postoffice, who was arrested on April 14. From the Daily BLADE of that day we collate the following account:

Cody is a single man, about 26 years old, and has been employed in the Toledo postoffice about five years. The detectives located the theft in the Toledo office because the letters lost were from all parts of the country. Had they been from only one section, they would have inferred that some railway mail clerk was the thief. After much trouble, it was ascertained that the letters that came during the day were untouched, hence the thefts must have been at night. This at once threw suspicion on Cody, as he was the night-distributing clerk in the city department. Cody was shadowed, and his habits were found to be bad. He was "one of the boys."

Mr. F. T. Lane, secretary of the Toledo Blade company, says: "I first noticed that money had been taken from our letters last November. I reported the matter to the postoffice department. The stealings grew larger and larger each month. There is no way of estimating exactly the amount taken, but it will be between $3,000 and $5,000 from the first of January. Much of the BLADE mail consists of letters containing money, money orders, postal notes, drafts, or stamps. Cody destroyed the letters, keeping the money and stamps, but also destroying the money orders, postal notes, and drafts. The money orders and drafts can be obtained in duplicate, but the rest is dead loss. Cody took only BLADE letters, as far as known."

On Friday night, April 8, eight decoy letters were mailed to the BLADE from different postoffices in this vicinity by Special Agent Davis and his assistant of the Postoffice department. Every decoy letter came through safely on Saturday morning. Saturday night thirteen decoy letters were mailed to the BLADE, and when examined by Mr. Lane and Mr. Davis, nine out of the thirteen were missing. How many of the regular letters were taken at the same time it is impossible to determine. The BLADE has been compelled to apply, during the month of March alone, for 100 money orders to cover these stealings, and the proportion of money orders received to the amount sent in postal notes, currency and stamps, is not more than one-twentieth.

United States Marshal Breed, accompanied by the government detectives, Wise and Davis, went to the house where Cody was rooming, and inquired for him. They were told that he had not yet left his room. The trio at once proceeded to his room and found him in bed. He did not evince the least excitement when Marshal Breed read the warrant. Then Wise came in and told Cody to give up all the money he had. Cody got the keys to his trunk, opened it and took out two silver dollars which he handed to Breed, who turned them over to Wise with the remark: "Did you ever see those before?"

"Yes, I have," remarked Wise, as his eye caught sight of a small private mark which he had put on the pieces some time before. The prisoner then dressed and Breed took him in charge. He was brought before United States Commissioner Hall, and bound over to the next session of the United States court. Being unable to give bail he was sent to prison.

We wish to call the attention of our subscribers to the fact that there are but two *safe* ways of sending money through the mails—by money order and by registered letter. In case such letters are lost or stolen, the money can be recovered. But this is not so with a postal note, or where money or stamps are sent in an ordinary letter. If the letter is lost, the money is lost, and the sender has to stand it. We urge our friends to use either money orders or registry in sending all remittances.

The above facts will no doubt make it clear to many readers of the BLADE why their orders have not been filled, why the BLADE was not sent as they ordered, and that the fault was that of the thief, and not chargeable to the Blade company. We shall have more to say, probably, in the future, to those whose money has been stolen. Meanwhile, we repeat, make your orders absolutely safe by never sending money save in a registered letter or by money order.

THE senatorial struggle in Florida over the succession to the seat held by Sen. Jones, the love-lorn sojourner in Detroit, has developed a regular parrot-and-monkey time. The leading candidates are Gov. PERRY and ex-Gov. BLOXHAM—PERRY at present ahead. The Jacksonville *Times-Union*, the principal Democratic paper of this state, is supporting BLOXHAM. A week or so ago, additional bitterness was infused into an already sufficiently acrimonious canvass by the publication in the PERRY organs of a circumstantial story about a bargain between BLOXHAM and the editor of the *Times-Union*, Mr. C. H. JONES. The gist of it is that, in consideraton of JONES's support in this contest, BLOXHAM has agreed (if elected) to do all he can in the way of "patronage" and otherwise to bring about JONES's election to the United States Senate when Mr. CALL's term runs out. Both JONES and BLOXHAM denounce this story as a lie out of the whole cloth, and affidavits are hurtling through the air.

JUDGE COOLEY, in speaking of the long and short haul clause of the inter-state commerce act, so far as Southern roads are concerned, says the commission did not recognize the Southern Railway and Steamship association, but based its action on individual arguments of representatives of roads in that association. Judge COOLEY mentioned particularly the Louisville & Nashville road. We take it that this "explanation" matters but little, in view of the fact the clause was suspended in favor of all the roads and lines embraced in the association. The action of the commission—its first official act, by the way—made an unjust discrimination against Northern and Western lines in favor of those of the South, and should be recalled at once.

A RUMOR is in circulation at Washington that Editor DORSHEIMER, of the New York *Star*, the administration organ of the metropolis, has now in his possession a letter in which MR. CLEVELAND says that he will not be a candidate; that he was the first man to lead the party to success in many years; that he recognizes the fact that he has not satisfied many of the leaders in the party, and that he has no desire to be the first man to lead the party to defeat. It is further said that Mr. DORSHEIMER has instructions to make the letter public whenever, in his opinion, the proper time arrives.

IT is instructive to glance over the statistics of immigration into the United States for 1886, and note the different peoples who enter into our complex nationality. Last year Germany led with 86,301 immigrants; England came second with 58,422, and Ireland third, with 52,912. Of Swedes, 32,222 landed on our shores, while 13,916 Scots kept them company. Italian immigration is becoming important, 30,472 Italians arriving at all ports. Among other comers were 25,960 Russians, 13,850 Norwegians, 18,110 Hungarians, and 17,593 Austrians.

HERE is a bit of political information that you should clip out and carefully file away where it will be handy: The Democratic National convention of 1888 will consist of 820 delegates, divided as follows: The New England states, 76; the Middle states, 150; the Southern states, 306; the Western states, 242; the Pacific states, 28; the territories and the District of Columbia, 18. The two-thirds rule obtains in the grand caucus of the Democracy, and the man who will be nominated will have to get, therefore, 547 votes.

THE public debt of the United States is now about $1,300,0000,000. In 1866 it reached its highest point—$2,773,235,000, when the annual interest was $4.29 for every man, woman and child in the country. Now it is about 75 cents per head. Now let us go on and pay what is left of it, and be financially ready for the next war, or for the conquests of peace, as the case may be.

IT is said that Mr. POWDERLY is soon to visit the European cities and towns for the purpose of organizing the workingmen and women under the system of the Knights of Labor.

BOMBAY AND MADRAS.

Waldo on India's Coral Strand — The Strange Sights and Sounds of Bombay's Streets — The Poverty of the Indian People—Sketches of Travel.

S. S. GOALPARA, BAY OF BENGAL.

EDITOR BLADE:—"We are here at last!" This, or some kindred expression, was frequently heard on the deck of the Arabia early in the morning of January 12, as she lay at anchor in the port of Bombay.

The harbor was a fine sight to unaccustomed eyes. Ships of commerce, with black, iron hulls, from all quarters of the globe, lay quietly at anchor in the spacious haven, receiving or dismissing their cargoes; Her Majesty's white troop ships and men-of-war; little native "puggalows" with their high-pointed, three-cornered sails hung gracefully aslant, with the city stretched out to the westward five miles away, and the golden light of the rising sun breaking over all, presented a worthy study for an artist.

The decks were soon crowded with native boatmen, anxious to take us ashore in their fleet little craft; Parsees, eager to exchange our money for us, and shrewdly take advantage of our enforced ignorance of the money market; and runners for the hotels, urging their cards upon us. A strange race, strange language, strange garb! All was new and interesting.

Declining all attention we stepped into the company's steam launch and were soon standing on the huge masonry of Apollo Bunder (dock), surrounded by coolies ready for a few "pice" (six mills) to transfer our luggage from the launch to the gohr-ree, or carriage.

Sixteen days were spent with profit in this great city of 800,000 inhabitants.

SOMETHING ABOUT BOMBAY.

Bombay, the largest city but one in India, according to George Smith LL. D., F. R. G. S., is "scattered over over 22 sq. miles." The bulk of the population is on an island loosely connected with the mainland. The coast runs east and west; the island is five miles long and from a half to three-quarters of a mile wide, extending nearly north and south.

That which first strikes the uninformed newcomer is the character of the buildings; we can merely mention the Sailors' Home, almost a palace, surrounded by beautiful grounds; the university, the government and municipal buildings; secretariat, postoffice, and law court; and the new station of the G. I. & P. Railway. It is the most magnificent structure of its kind in the world. It cost nearly if not quite $2,000,000, and considering the cost of labor this is about half of what it would be in America. All the buildings mentioned are made of stone and constructed in harmony with the most approved styles of architecture. The station is palatial. Sculpture and elaborate carvings adorn its exterior while polished red granite columns support its vaulted ceilings, and the floors are tiled in squares, alternately blue and white. An immense dome towers 250 feet into the air, or will when it is completed, suggesting to our mind the national capitol at Washington.

Others deserve notice, but suffice it to say that so far as its buildings are concerned, Bombay will compare favorably with many of the large cities of the world. One peculiarity of the densest portion of the city, is that the buildings are five and six stories in flats. These command a rental price corresponding with their altitude; the higher up the higher the price. The reason is that the more elevated stories secure purer air and a breeze from the sea.

Formerly the buildings were but one story. One American living there wished to extend his borders but could not secure the ground to do so. Accordingly he said, "Very well, if I can not build *out* I will build *up*, and it shall cost me nothing," which he did. It is the foundation and roof that cost then. Ground is very expensive also.

Another pleasant surprise was the numerous well managed street car lines. Horses are used. In Calcutta and Rangoon steam is also employed. You pay according to the distance you go and two annas (five cents) will take you any place, including two transfers. Conductors are employed and tickets used. "Ticket inspectors" watch the conductors and the company watch the inspectors to prevent swindling. The employes are all natives. Many of the Hindus are M. A.'s and are thoroughly competent. Such are employed in the offices.

The harbor is east of the city. The western side is artificial, a wide strip having been reclaimed from the sea. (The island is but a few feet above high water mark.) This is devoted to public gardens, which are laid out in walks and drives, filled with choice flowers, plants and trees, the noblest of which is the cocoanut palm. A boulevard extends along the beach for two or three miles. Its popularity is acknowledged, and its attractions appreciated by the high and low that resort to it in the cool of the evening. The gardens on the right, the sea on the left, Malabar hill to the northwest across the bay, and the sea-breeze with all, are delightful compensations for the trouble of getting there.

Nabobs, with their liveried coachmen and footmen, glossy Arabian horses and elegant carriages, now and then pass us, while the more modest English dog-cart or Victoria throng the wide driveway. Along the shore are throngs of the poorer classes, seated on the turf or walking by the shore.

FIRE WORSHIP.

Every half-mile a wide stone pathway leads down into the sea. Here the shrewd, intelligent and ever-wealthy Parsees come at sunset to worship the elements—fire, water, earth and wind. Their ancestors were driven from Persia and many settled in Bombay. We watched them as they, with bare feet, stood in the edge of the water, mumbled their prayers and dipped the water up in their hands, now and then turned round, salaamed (bowed low) and departed. One man set a piece of cocoanut shell, containing oil and wick, on the water when darkness began to settle down; he watches it as it floated, flickering, away until quite lost in the distance. When a Parsee dies he is not buried like Europeans or buried like Hindus. They have a "Tower of Silence" on Malabar Hill. It stands over a deep pit. The dead are laid on a grating at the top and the vultures soon pick their bones of the flesh, when they drop or are pushed into the pit below.

The Parsee men almost invariably wear a long, thin, black coat and European or bright colored satin trousers. On their head a stiff, rather high, rimless turban which slants back from the forehead. They resemble the crown of a silk hat running to a point like a wedge at the top and set crosswise, well back, on the head.

The women dress in Oriental style, and usually their costumes is of some bright tinted silk, or oftener satin with a beautifully embroidered border. This, with a tight fitting underwaist or jacket and stockings completely covers their person. They draw the wide exterior robe over the top of their heads, constituting their sole headgear. They all and always dress the same so that dame fashion finds no votaries among them. (The same may be said of all native women.) Their feet are encased in dainty colored or ornamented sandals resembling a slipper with only a thin sole extending back under the heel. It is a pretty sight to see Parsee ladies, clad in different colored robes of pink, violet, seagreen, pale blue or brown and lavander passing along the street. They walk erect and their motions are graceful and natural. My wife accompanied the ladies of the Zenana mission in a visit to a Parsee home. It was finely furnished like a European house, including a piano, which the two grown daughters had learned to play. Placing Tennyson's poems in her visitor's hand, one of them repeated from memory several pages of Locksley Hall. The missionary after giving them a lesson in reading (English) had her read from the New Testament, explaining it and asking her questions to be sure that she understood it. They cared little for it but it was the price of her coveted English instruction. In this way the gospel seed is sown which often take root, springs up in good ground and produces fruit.

Thee Hindu women are far less careful of their appearance. The high cast Hindu women never are seen on the street except in a close carriage. Those of lower rank are often only half covered, particularly the poorest. They live on almost nothing, and live in any kind of a hole or hut.

The poorest of the Hindu men and boys wear nothing but a rag around their loins. Those enjoying more of this world's goods add three or four yards of three-cent cotton.

An American humorist is said to have remarked of the natives that "The men wear spectacles and the women a smile, and little else." There is a modicum of truth in the saying.

If the government had not forbidden it, many would go stark naked. Why? Because comfort and economy recommend it. Some cannot afford more than a half yard of cotton for a suit. Hundreds have no home and sleep in the street, or any place that offers. We returned one night at 11 and saw a score of them stretched on the sidewalk in front a large store building that was sheltered from the night breezes. Poverty but faintly discribes the condition of millions in India. They live for months with not more than one good meal a day, and that curry and rice, the cheapest food in the land.

We left Bombay January 28, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. In about three hours we were at the foot of the Western Ghauts. The main portion of the country is on a level of about 2,000 feet above the sea. The sudden rise from the coast lands to this high plain resembles one side of an abrupt mountain range. An hour's ride brought us to the top, a distance of about ten or fifteen miles. Two heavy engines designed for the purpose, one of them behind, brought us through tunnels and over high bridges spanning chasms, turning to the right and twisting again to the left, bringing us every now and then in view of wide-sweeping and distant views until 6 o'clock we drew up at the station of Khandata, nearly half a mile above Bombay and the sea. It was surrounded by a very garden of roses and other beautiful flowers, which grew in profusion all around. They were carefully tended and cultivated by the company's servants.

We plucked two as fine tea roses as ever grew, rich, rare and fragrant; and that while you at home were wading snow and wearing mittens.

As we passed through the country we could see on either hand the plow of the ancients, a heavy limb with a sharp prong serving for a point, drawn by half a dozen yoke of bullocks. With this they scratched up the soil to the depth of five or six inches. The bullocks are the same as those whose pictures on the show bills have caused many a schoolboy to gape with wonder at the strange hump on their shoulders and the long, straight horns that reach back up over their necks. They are universally used for draught purposes, and even for carriage use by the natives.

As we spun along over the well-kept track, we now spread out on this side, and then on that irregular, unfenced fields of cotton and some native grain. The natives watched the grain against the incursions of deer and cow. They never kill them or any living creature, but are thankful if some one does it for them. In places the fields were sloping, and were laid off in shallow terraces, like a stairway, with each step greatly extended. These were divided into little blocks and separated by ridge of soil a foot or eighteen inches high. Water would be let in on the highest side and confined in the upper terrace until the ground was sufficiently soaked, then it was run down into the lower ones, successively, until the whole field had been irrigated. In this most laborious way the field is cultivated.

A GLIMPSE AT MADRAS.

A weary, hot, dusty side of 40 hours brought us to the city of Madras, on the eastern coast, a distance of 800 miles, and all for $4 each.

The one great argument in favor of the English railway system is the fair accommodations afforded for an amazing low rate.

I must not fail to mention the food of the country. Vegetables are plentiful; among them Irish and sweet potatoes, tomatoes, cucumbers and beans of different kinds, including "Lima," also carrots and very fine beets. There are numerous native vegetables whose names could not be recognized even if they conveyed any idea of the nature of their object.

Meat is quite plentiful, particularly in cities. Beef, mutton and fowl may be had at any time.

The grains are several. Wheat is being extensively raised, and in a few years India will compete with America in the production of this important cereal. The native who requires only a half a dozen yards of cheap cotton for clothing, a handful of rice or dobe for a dinner and a crooked stick for a plow can certainly produce wheat cheaper than the American farmer with his expensive living and costly improved machinery can possibly do. It is delivered on the docks for forty cents a bushel with two crops a year, and the farmer then makes a handsome profit. Dahl is much used and is very nutritious, but rice takes precedence over all other grain.

The dish of India is known as "curry and rice." It is not so much the articles of diet as the manner in which they are cooked and served that render them objectionable to the new comer. Everything is very highly seasoned, otherwise it would taste flat.

It required all the Yankee grit we could muster to endure the fare at first. The omnipresent "curry and rice" was a source of peculiar disgust, for we attempted to eat it on shipboard, and were foiled by a strange sensation that greeted us on the bay of Biscay—bay of "Frisky," as a witty Irishman on board christened it. So that when our curry and rice as well as our bread had been cast upon the waters then came to stay a feeling of eternal hatred for anything that might be "curried."

In Madras people eat their curry so hot that it often sends the tears streaming down their cheeks. Some eat the chillies (peppers) clear. It seems consistent with the eternal fitness of things that a certain Madras curry should be called "devil curry." We fancy his majesty invented it. Pour hot lead down my throat; shoot me out of a cannon; rob me of my friends; or drown me in the sea, but do not ask me to eat any "devil."

Some who read the HOUSEHOLD department may ask of what it is made or what it is like. It resembles nothing in the Land of the Free. Its consistency is that of a medium gravy, so ordinarily eaten with rice, but meats are frequently dressed with it. There are chicken, beef, fish and cocoanut curry. These articles are cut small and a gravy of melted butter (ghee) and various aromatic seeds and spices are added. A few spoonfuls of this is mixed with with a plate of rice, and is a most savory dish. We would not stigmatize it, or those who eat it, for not one in a million in India but eat it every day, and usually several times a day.

The fruits of India are not to be despised. The oranges and bananas are the very best. The latter are much richer than those we get in America, and always in season. The pomello is a large, slightly tart fruit. It is suggestive of the watermelon, but is harder and less juicy. The pomegranate is the size of a large apple. A tough rind encloses scores of seeds, each of which is surrounded by a red, juicy pulp. Its taste is peculiar to itself. It may be had in the Southern states (U. S.). The custard apple is about the size of the pomegranate, and contains a dozen or two black, bean-like seeds, scattered through a rich, creamy pulp, tasting very much like vanilla ice-cream.

The mango in season said to be the best fruit in the world. The best American apples are regarded here very much as we regard the mango, only they prefer the mango when compelled to choose. The cocoanut should not be forgotten. It grows all over India and constitutes a very important part of the national diet.

On the 17th of February we took passage in the Goalpora for Rangoon, Burmah, our destined field of labor. A perfectly calm sea and delightful weather are in our favor. There are 700 natives on board going to Burmah to get rich working for the high wages they command there as cooks or servants. Three native jugglers did impossible things in our presence and entertained us on the quarter deck with many clever things. Until our next, adieu.

February 23, 1887. WALDO.

Good Boy.

"I see," said the new minister, meeting one of our best young men, "that you smoke cigarettes." "Yes," replied the noble youth, "I promised my mother that I would never use tobacco in any form."—*Burdette.*

A Poet's License With the Bustle.

One of the poets of the day, aiming, it would seem, to correct some eccentricity of feminine costume, declares that persons so arrayed could never be admitted to heaven:

"For instance, take the bustles,
Such as you'll daily meet;
Now wouldn't they look queer, if worn
Upon the golden street?"

We observe to this poet that as yet no country has been discovered in which bustles were worn in such a style that one could be said to meet them. They may be overtaken by those who come up behind, or they may be seen by turning around and looking backward, but the statement of this poet is absurd.

Standing on Principle.

"No, sir," exclaimed Mr. Nevergo, "I won't go to church to hear you or any other man preach; as long as this city, in a spirit of Puritanical meanness and self-righteousness, refuses to open the picture galleries to us on the Sabbath, where we may study and enjoy the noblest works of the immortal masters of art, I will not go to any church." "Where are the best picture galleries?" asked the pastor, desirous of changing the topic of consideration. "Blest if I know where a blessed one of 'em is," said Mr. Nevergo; "I've lived in this town 46 years and never yet saw the inside of any of 'em. If there is anything I hate it's a lot of oil paintings. A good panorama of a fight or a good minstrel show catches me."

Very Stingy.

Covington, Ga., according to the local paper, has three notably stingy citizens. One of them will not drink as much water as he wants unless it be from another man's well. The second forbids any of his family from writing anything but a "small hand," as it is a waste of ink to make large letters. The third stops his clock at night in order to save the wear and tear on the machinery. All of them decline to take their county paper on the ground that it is a terrible strain on their spectacles to read newspapers, even in the day time.

A Story About an Aged Couple.

Mrs. Harriet P. Shear, McKownsville, N. Y., a lady 63 years of age, says: I have been afflicted for many years with female complaints, constipation and indigestion, and have employed many physicians, finding no relief. I used Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy and it has done me more good than all the medicine I

Have Ever Taken.

I have recommended it to others for these complaints who have also experienced great benefit. My husband, who is now 65 years old, has used the Favorite Remedy for Dyspepsia and is now well. We are very glad to do all we can to let other sufferers know where they may find relief. Send 2-cent stamp to Dr. Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y., for book on Kidney, Liver and Blood disorders. Mention this paper.

Dr. D. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy,

Rondout, N. Y. All druggists. $1; 6 for $5.

CARRYING COALS TO NEWCASTLE.

An American Elephant Trainer Going to India to Teach the Natives a Trick or Two.

NEW YORK, April 18.—George Arstingstall, the elephant trainer, is on his way to India on one of the most novel missionary enterprises ever undertaken. He sailed from New York last Saturday. Every one is familiar with the development of the education of the elephant from the simple trick of ringing a bell or grinding a hand organ that excited the wonder of the circus goers of the last generation. How these old time assemblages would stare at the antics of the performing elephants of to-day. Their education now includes such accomplishments as dancing, head balancing, velocipede riding, sparring, and a long list of other tricks.

Indeed, they have been taught to do so many tricks that there is no further demand for educators, and so the professor, whose salary has greatly exceeded those even of professors of ball playing, was confronted with the cold fact that he would have to stand a reduction. But it happens that a snug portion of his earnings has stuck to his fingers, and the professor is now independent. He has determined to strike out on a line of experiment that eclipses in boldness the carrying of coals to Newcastle. He is going to India to show the people there how to train the animals that they have used for ages as beasts of burden. He does not expect to be able to teach them anything in the way of additionally utilizing the elephants in work, but he is sure that he can show the Mahout and the Rajah unsuspected amusement possibilities in the herd of elephants they use only in such practical fashion as carrying.

The professor first got the idea from the astonishment shown by the Burmese attendants upon the sacred white elephants. He has since learned that this sort of thing is unknown in the elephant country. His plan is to buy the animals (they only cost $300 there), and, after educating them a little, to sell them at a comfortable advance to some nabob who can afford to pay for a little amusement. He thinks he can do this over and over again. He also proposes to give the Hindoo elephant handlers some points on the breeding of the animals in captivity, which he is said to have been the first to accomplish.

DANGER FOR THE DEMOCRATS.

The New York World on the Labor Vote—What the Democracy Must Do to be Saved.

NEW YORK, April 16.—The *World* this morning says that the heavy labor vote cast at the local elections in New Jersey this week continues the demonstration that a new force has appeared in American politics, which the leaders of the old organizations cannot ignore, and which is bound to disturb their calculations.

If a labor candidate for President should be in the field next year, and be supported by the voters in that state who are now in favor of separate party action, New Jersey would probably be lost to the Democrats.

Whether the labor movement will prove to be the disintegrating force depends upon the wisdom with which it is directed, and upon what the Democratic party shall do between now and next year. The weakness of the Labor party, as a permanent and growing power, is that it is animated by a common sentiment, but is not united in a common purpose or based upon a fixed principle. It might defeat the Democrats, but it has no settled policy of its own.

If the Democratic administration should begin in earnest to meet the ends for which it was elected, and by an aggressive reform policy and a display of genuine sympathy with the just and reasonable demands of the masses prove its party to be the friend of the plain people and the champion of the poor, the third-party demonstration would shrink to small proportions by another year. But unless something of this kind shall be done there is danger ahead for the Democratic party.

A GROUNDLESS SCARE.

The Original and Only Gulnare is After Bananas and Not Dynamite.

NEW ORLEANS, April 14.—Referring to the report that the steamship Gulnare is on the Irish coast with a cargo of dynamite, it may be proper to state that the original and only Gulnare is now in the fruit trade between this port and the Bay Islands. She sailed from New Orleans April 1 for Ruatan. She is chartered to the leading shipping house of Woodward & Wright.

She sailed in ballast and the only freight she carried was specie with which to purchase a cargo of bananas. She will be due on the return trip this week. Some months ago the British consul here caused the Gulnare to be detained some days for an error in her papers. The defect was mended, and she went about her business. The vessel was owned by a prominent Irish Nationalist of this city, and some excitement was caused at the time of the rumor that she was fitted out of a Fenian privateer, and this may have given rise to the scare on the other side.

HORRIBLE SCENE.

A Father Deliberately Stands Under a Falling Tree While His Two Sons Are Powerless to Act.

LEXINGTON, Ind., April 16.—J. W. Middleton, with his two sons, went to the woods to fell some trees near Austin yesterday. They selected a very large tree and began chopping until it commenced to totter and fall, when the word was given to run. The two boys retired, and when they had reached a place of safety they turned to look and saw their father with folded arms standing directly under the falling tree.

The sons halloed him to run, but he paid no attention to their cries and in another instant was buried beneath the tree. The young men were so frightened that they left the woods in great haste and gave the alarm, and within a short time the place where the old man was lying was surrounded by an excited crowd.

The log was rolled away, but only a pile of blood bespattered clothes and flesh and bones were found. The coroner failed to find a cause for the terrible deed. Mr. Middleton was a deacon in the Methodist church.

ONLY A SCARE.

But it Had a Bad Effect All the Same—Preparing for the Worst.

ST. CLOUD, Minn., April 16.—About 6 o'clock last night a heavy black cloud became visible in the direction whence the cyclone came on the same day a year ago. It suddenly became dark, and many began to think a repetition of last year's catastrophe was at hand. Teams were driven rapidly home, business men rushed to their houses and their families, only to find in some instances that the latter had already taken shelter in cellars or at some neighbor's house, or that mothers were engaged in gathering their little ones together. Everybody watched the movement of the dark cloud, which, however, soon passed over the city northward, followed by a slight rain.

Publishers' Column.

TO TEMPERANCE WORKERS.

Important and Effective Helps—Two Indispensable Documents.

At the request of thousands of Temperance organizations, we have printed and have ready for delivery, the following important documents:

1. **Does Prohibition Prohibit? Being the truthful result of a tour through Maine, by D. R. Locke, Editor of the Blade. An impartial, truthful presentation of the subject, and every line a fact.**
2. **The Effect of Beer upon the Human System, being the testimony of Ten of the Most Eminent Physicians of Toledo, Ohio, as to the effect of Lager Beer, showing how the use of the stuff affects the various organs of the Human body.**

These documents are printed in eight large pages each, and should be circulated everywhere in the United States. No more telling matter was ever printed, and no more useful help was ever devised in the great work of "Pulverizing the Rum Power."

Prohibition Committees, Temperance organizations, open and secret, should spread them by the million.

We furnish them at cost of printing, posting, and packing, as follows:

10,000 lots	$30 00
1,000 lots	5 00
500 lots	4 00
100 lots	1 00

Sample dozen, by mail, post-paid, 25 cents. Single copies each, 5 cents.

Order at once and spread the light. If you want your neighbor to know exactly what Prohibition has done for Maine send for the leaflet on that subject, and if you want him to know what Beer is doing for the world send for the other. Both should be circulated by the million.

Address, (enclosing cash,) BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

The Most Liberal Offer Ever Made.

A Good Watch for an Hour's Work.

Any person—man, woman, boy or girl—who will raise a club of TEN for the WEEKLY BLADE, at its lowest and only price, One Dollar each, will receive a warranted Waterbury Watch, free, by mail.

To secure this valuable premium, the ten names must be sent in at one time, with the price, $10. No other terms will be regarded.

Any one can raise a club of Ten for the WEEKLY BLADE anywhere, in a very little time. It is easy to get subscribers for the BLADE, for everybody ought to have it, and 200,000 families will have it this winter.

Take hold at once and get your watch. We will mail them, in every case, the day we receive the club.

We warrant every watch we send. There is no way in which a reliable time-piece can be so easily obtained.

A warranted watch for Ten yearly subscribers to the WEEKLY BLADE.

IN THE MATTER OF SEWING MACHINES.

Thousands of the readers of the BLADE will buy a sewing machine this winter. What one will *you* buy? There are many good ones and many bad ones, some excellent for certain kinds of work, and good for nothing else, and so on. But all of them are sold at a high price, higher than they should be, and in most cases too high for the purse of the average woman.

The cause of these high prices is easily understood. It results from the method of selling. The manufacturer makes a state agent for his machine, who opens an expensive office in a large city, and he must have an enormous salary or large commissions to live at all. The state agent makes district agents, the district agents make county agents, and so between the manufacturer and the farmer's wife there are three commissions or profits, all of which the farmer's wife pays. This is why the cheapest machine, sold on that plan, cannot be sold for less than $35.

The BLADE does business in quite another way. The BLADE manufactures the best machine on the market. It is a machine built upon an entirely new principle, and well built. There is no trouble about the quality of the machine. Thousands of them are in use, and they give absolute satisfaction. (Read the two statements in advertisement on 5th page.) Now, this splendid machine, better for work and better in finish, than any now sold, the BLADE now sells for $18, and throws in the WEEKLY BLADE for one year. How can it be done? As easily as falling off a log. The BLADE Company employs no agents, but the machine passes directly from its own factory to the house of the purchaser. There are no agents between us and you, who have to be paid; there are no leeches to take the blood out of you. We want a small profit and get it, and you have all the rest.

Now what we want to say is this. If you want a machine that you may depend upon, and want it at a price that you can afford, send $18 to the BLADE, Toledo, Ohio, and you will receive one as soon as steam can carry it, and you will receive in addition, the BLADE one year. Moreover, if you want one this winter, make your order now. We shall be overrun next month with orders, and you may be delayed.

Remit now, and get your machine in time.

Address all letters to "BLADE," Toledo, Ohio.

Temperance Cartoons—To Temperance Workers and Organizations.

We have published for as near gratuitous circulation as possible, five striking cartoons, illustrating the working of Rum as opposed to Temperance, of which millions have been sold all over the United States. They are intended to instruct the people through the eye. They are as follows:

No. 1.—Do you see any good coming out of it?
No. 2.—Which way would you have your Boy Go?
No. 3.—Which way would you have your Girl Go?
No. 4.—In which village would you bring up your Children?
No. 5.—This Farmer never drank Whisky. This Farmer drinks all he can get.

These pictures are the most effective instructors that have ever been published. They contrast the life of the drunkard and sober man, in property, wife and children, so sharply that he who runs may read, and understand as well. Millions of them have been pasted up in shops, on fences and dead walls, where they may be seen of men, and millions more should be.

We have made a price on these cartoons, which barely covers the cost of paper and postage:

Three copies of either	6 cents.
Six copies	10 cents.
Twenty-five copies	30 cents.
One Hundred copies	One dollar.

This gives no profit, the price covering only cost of printing, paper and postage. We contribute wrapping-paper and labor.

Send in your orders immediately, and paste them up where they will do the most good.

BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

This magnificent steel engraving has sold more than any picture we have published. It is a magnificent work of art, and worthy any home. It is a steel engraving, engraved by John Andrew for the New England Congregational Society, at a cost of $20,000. It is a complete illustration of Bunyan's immortal work, representing 100 of the scenes therein. The picture was originally sold at $1,000, and cannot be bought in art stores to-day for less. We send it to any address securely packed and post-paid for $1.25, or the picture and the BLADE one year for $2.00. It is a splendid work of art and should be in every home.

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We have published seven different portraits, which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Martin Luther and John Calvin.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

Any one portrait	$ 25
The four divines	65
The four generals	65
The entire set of eight	1 15

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Something More About Sewing Machines!

READ THIS CAREFULLY!

The Blade Sewing Machine

Is winning new laurels every day, and is making its way into public favor with a rapidity that no previous Machine every did. Why?

Because it is the best Machine on the market, a Machine built upon entirely new principles, and one which will do more kinds of work than any Machine made, and do it as well as the best, and better than most.

Because it is the Handsomest Machine made. Because it is the CHEAPEST. You have been paying from $35 to $45 for machines not so good and not so Handsome.

You Get the Blade Machine and the Weekly Blade One Year for $18.

Which is less than half the price of the monopoly machines. Because it is a new machine, and not an old one re-built.

And mind you it is a HIGH ARM MACHINE, enabling you to handle your work easily, and is furnished with a complete set of Attachments, without extra charge. AND IT IS WARRANTED BY THE BLADE COMPANY.

Now read these testimonials, and bear in mind we have thousands just as strong:

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The machine came in due time and in good order, and the freight bill to this place (Dodge City, Kas.) was $1.99. It is every way perfectly satisfactory. The machine is first class in all its parts. Wife says it is as good a machine as she ever sewed on. It is simple, durable and light-running, and is a much finer-looking machine than we expected for the price. The Blade Co. is rendering a great service to housekeepers all over the land by producing so good a machine at so small a price. It is a daisy, and we take pride in recommending it to every body. You may publish this if you wish to.

W. J. ELLIOTT,
South West Kas. Con. M. E. Church.

YOUNG HICKORY, O.

Blade Company:

I received my sewing machine in good order and can say it far exceeds my expectations. It runs very light, and as far as sewing is concerned I have tried it until I am satisfied that it can't be beat, makes a beautiful stitch, as good, if not better than any I have ever sewed on, and I have used a number of first class machines. Can recommend it to any one that wants a good sewing machine for little money. I can use all the attachments save one and that is "foot hemmer and feller combined." There are instructions for using it, but I haven't got it. I would like you to send it to me.

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The Machine is the best in the world. It is a new machine, upon an entirely new principle, and manufactured by ourselves in our own factory.

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L.S.L.

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G. T. Beauregard
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Commissioners.

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LIST OF PRIZES.

1	CAPITAL PRIZE OF	$150,000	$150,000
1	GRAND PRIZE OF	50,000	50,000
1	GRAND PRIZE OF	20,000	20,000
2	LARGE PRIZES OF	10,000	20,000
4	LARGE PRIZES OF	5,000	20,000
20	PRIZES OF	1,000	20,000
50	"	500	25,000
100	"	300	30,000
200	"	200	40,000
500	"	100	50,000
1,000	"	50	50,000

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100	" "	200	20,000
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2,179 Prizes, amounting to $535,000

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Address Registered Letters to NEW ORLEANS NATIONAL BANK, New Orleans, La.

REMEMBER That the presence of Generals Beauregard and Early, who are in charge of the drawings, is a guarantee of absolute fairness and integrity, that the chances are all equal, and that no one can possibly divine what numbers will draw a Prize.

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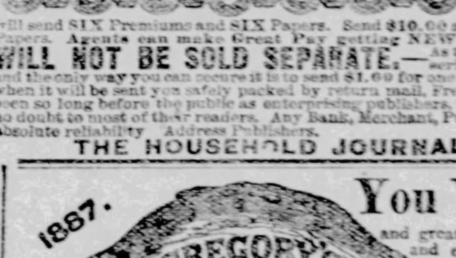

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Farm and Household, the well-known Literary and Farm Paper, now in its 5th year, has already over 100,000 subscribers, and is without question the most popular farm and home paper in the United States. It is elegantly printed and illustrated on fine paper, and its contributors are the ablest and best in each department that money can procure. It has been our custom each year to offer some great Premium, worth in itself many times more than the price of the paper, to secure new subscribers, knowing that if once subscribers they will never leave us, and we propose to add 100,000 new subscribers during the next 6 months if money and enterprise will accomplish it. This year we offer the premium illustrated above. It is a beautiful Gold Plated Engraved Hunting Case, is a stem-winder and stem-setter, with patent adjustment and stem-winding arrangement with Calendar, and tells the day of the month as well as the time of day. A gold plated Chain and Whistle Charm goes with each. It is entirely new, being patented Feb. 9, 1886, and will not be sold by watch dealers or jewelers. We own the patent exclusively and it can only be secured in connection with our paper. HOW YOU CAN GET ONE FREE: Send $1.00 in stamps, Postal Note or money order for one year's subscription to Farm and Household, and we will send it in a nice Case with gold plated Chain and Charm absolutely free and post-paid as a premium. THIS OFFER IS FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS ONLY or any other number of their family.

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The Waterbury Company warrant to us every watch we send; and therefore if one here and there does not perform according to guarantee, it is immediately replaced by one that will.

In making 1,500 a day of course there will be occasionally one that gets injured in going through the mails, but these are immediately made good.

There is less complaint about the Waterbury Watch than there is of any watch in the world.

As the manufacturers warrant them to us, we warrant them to our patrons. Every faulty watch is made good as soon as it can be got around in the mails.

The price of the Waterbury Watch is always and everywhere $3.50. They can not be bought anywhere for less. We do this: The WEEKLY BLADE one year and the Waterbury Watch, $3.50. Which is to say you get the BLADE at its price and the watch for a dollar less than its price, or the Watch at its price and the BLADE for nothing. We are making you a present of a dollar in either event, and you are getting the best family paper in the world and the best time piece.

Enclose $3.50 to

BLADE, Toledo, O.

and secure one of these superb [illegible] and the BLADE for one year.

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON - - - - EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

MISTRESS EMERGENCY.

V.

Mrs. Dent came into my room one morning with a very sober face.

"I have come to speak with you," she said. "Ever since that day when Maude had the spasm, I have been thinking how you looked at me, as if you thought I was a heartless fool, and I don't know but I seemed so. I am always ashamed of myself when I am where cousin Mary is, because she is bright and helpful to everybody, while I am good for nothing. I know it just as well as you do, and your face told me what you thought, though you did not intend it should."

I was utterly astonished. In fact my conscience began to prick me a little for condemning her, in my heart, as I had done without reserve, when, after all, perhaps she did have some feeling hidden under a frivolous outside. Besides, as to her ignorance, it was not much more dense than my own in such matters, so why should I feel her's to be such a disgraceful lacking. These thoughts ran through my head while she was speaking, and I began to feel decidedly ashamed of myself, when as a drowning man clutches at a straw, I recalled her entire want of control when her own child was a sufferer; and I staightened up again. I concluded to give her "a piece of my mind" about her leaving all that was necessary to be done to her cousin, simply because it shocked her to be where there was any suffering.

I wonder if my readers ever undertook that little process of giving some one "a piece of your mind," which, of course, is only another way of setting about saying something decidedly disagreeable. Well, it seems as if it might be a very easy thing to do, and so it is, when you can go about it while disgust and indignation are still at their height, but after they have passed fever heat, the difficulty surrounding the operation grows considerably greater and harder to surmount. Then when you realize that in the abstract it is really none of your business, the affair becomes decidedly complicated. The feeling that she sacrificed everybody around her to her own selfishness, and neglected her most sacred duties, compelling others to assume them—as those do always who permit themselves to be ignorant when an intelligent understanding of necessities is within their reach, and who are constantly endeavoring to turn their backs upon everything unpleasant—was strong upon me, and yet it was hard to tell her so in cold blood, even after her speech.

I do not know in what way I finally put it in words, but I managed to explain just how her conduct appeared to me, an outsider. She looked very sober when I concluded, though not at all angry, and sat for several moments in silence.

"I suppose I have been not only selfish but stupid," she said, at last, "while Mary has always been just my opposite. Perhaps it isn't too late to mend, and just now I'm so ashamed it seems to me that I will do anything to be a more sensible woman. I think," she added, her voice choking, "that if I had learned to know my duties better, my little Harry might have been with me yet."

I looked at her inquiringly.

"He was my one boy," she said in reply, "and an accident took him from me. Had I known as well as Mary what to do in an emergency, and had the self-control a woman should teach herself to have, he might, perhaps, be living yet."

She said no more and I asked no questions, for her grief was evidently extreme, and words from one almost a stranger might seem obtrusive. Presently she said:

"I am going to turn over a new leaf, if you and Mary will help me. I'll try to learn a little of what you both know while we are here, and perhaps that will start me on the right way."

"Say rather what Mary knows," I said, "for I am nearly as ignorant as you are."

Just then Mary came into the room to find what was keeping us up stairs so long. I told her in a few words how we had been lamenting that we did not know more about the practical things in life, and had concluded to ask her for a series of "talks," which she might begin at once, if she felt so inclined.

"Is this your work?" she said to me, smilingly. "It must be, for I never knew Jenny to be interested in such matters before."

"But I want to learn now," said Jenny. "I should like to know what to do for my children when accidents come, so that I will not feel so utterly helpless. You might as well begin now, dear, for we are going to have no mercy."

"If I must, I must," responded Mary, laughingly. "What shall I begin with?"

"Talk about —— drowning," said Jenny, with a quick catch in her breath.

A look of sympathy came into her cousin's face, and she did not speak for a moment. When she did, it was to say, cheerfully

"That is a good thing, for falling into the water is by no means an uncommon accident, and very few seem to know what to do, while delay is sure to be fatal. I myself came near drowning once, and it was only the chance presence of a cool-headed person, who seemed to understand just what must be done and how to do it, that saved me."

"The first thing after putting a quietus upon one's shocked nerves, is to lay the person who has been in the water, face downward upon some firm resting place, the floor or a board, then raise the lower extremities so as to allow the water to run out of the mouth and nose, which it will do immediately, causing no delay in what is of infinite importance, the introducing of air into the lungs. To accomplish this, turn the patient over on the back, put the finger into the mouth and pull out the tongue so as to leave the throat free, then from both mouth and nostrils wipe away the froth. You must manage to hold the tongue out if it shows a disposition to fall back, either with a piece of elastic—if there is no one to do it with the hand—or a clothes-pin will answer the purpose. Surgeons sometimes take a fine needle and thread, and pass the needle through to form a loop to hold on by.

"When this is done, and there must be no delay, for seconds are hours under such circumstances, take hold of the arms about the elbows and raise them above the head until the elbows touch each other, then put them down again to the sides, at the same time pressing upon the ribs of the lower part of the chest. A little care is necessary at first, to secure the right interval between the motions in order to simulate nature. The arms should be kept raised two seconds, and then at the sides for the same length of time, so that the expansions will be about fifteen each minute, as near as may be. The operator, will find it necessary to take as comfortable a position as possible in carrying this treatment forward, for it must be continued two, or even three hours, if the patient does not sooner show signs of life. Of course one person would find it very difficult to make such an exertion for so long a time, so that intelligent aid should always be secured as soon as possible."

"What next?" asked Jenny, who was [listen]ing intently. EMILY S. BOUTON.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Sachet Bag for Lounging Chair.—A very handsome one is made in the form of a purse. The ends are of crimson or blue plush and the center of white silk or satin. Have the bag 10 by 20 inches. The white center then should be eight inches wide and the ends six inches each. Upon the plush sew irregularly tiny gilt bangles that will give it the appearance of being sprinkled with stars. Sew up the side, put in a layer of cotton which has been thoroughly sprinkled with sweet scented powder. Of course the bag may be closed its whole length. Finish the ends with tassels of different colors. Draw it through the large gilt rings that come for the purpose. Sometimes these are connected by chains, but if not, draw ribbons through them and suspend in that way. This bag may be varied according to the taste of the maker.

Another pretty bag is made of three colors in ribbon, or silk, cut in strips and put together with fancy embroidery stitches. Two plain or one brocaded, or *vice versa* makes a beautiful combination. The ends may be finished with lace or gilt ornaments as preferred.—ED.

The method of transferring and stamping, given some time ago, having been asked for a good many times, the following is republished from the BLADE HOUSEHOLD—ED.:

To Transfer a Pattern from Braided Work, Such as a Pillow Sham.—Lay pattern on a table perfectly smooth, put on this a piece of muslin, full size of pattern, fasten corners securely, lay on this sheet of impression paper and iron over all with a warm iron. Now you have the pattern on muslin, and you can make as many as you like by taking so many sheets of manilla paper, pin them together with your muslin pattern on top, pattern side up, perforate through all the papers by using a fine needle and following the pattern closely.

To make the impression paper: Procure a sheet of soft blotting paper, get a penny's worth of Prussian blue, and mix it with lard to form a paste, apply to blotting paper with a thin-bladed knife, rub into the paper all it will absorb, then rub off lard with a clean cloth and your paper is done.

To Stamp with Pattern.—Lay pattern on goods rough side up; fasten at corners to prevent slipping; dust powder on every part of pattern; remove pattern carefully; lay on paper over the goods and iron with with hot iron. Stamping powder is made by taking gum arabic and rosin pulverized, equal parts, and ultra marine blue three parts; mix thoroughly; apply to rough side of pattern by means of a puncet. I made mine by fastening a piece of soft woolen cloth over the end of a spool. —MRS. ANNA J. GEEDING, Neosha, Mo.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st., crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

Pretty Lace.—Cast on 25 stitches. 1st row—s 1—k 2—t t o—n—t t o—n—t t o—n—k 16; 2d row—* k 1—t t o 3 times—repeat from * until only 9 stitches remain, then k 9; 3d row—s 1—k 2—t t o—n—t t o—n—t t o—n—s 16 stitches on right hand needle without knitting, drop loops, now slip those 16 stitches back on left hand needle. Now you have 16 long stitches. * Pass the next 4 of these long stitches over the first 4 and knit the next 4 first, then the first 4, repeat from *—k 9; 4th row—k 25; 5th row—s 1—k 2—t t o—n—t t o—n—t t o—n—k 16. This completes one scollop. Very pretty lace is knit in Saxony yarn.

Crocheted Wheel for Tidy.—Any kind of crochet cotton. Steel needle. Make a chain of 12, unite in a ring. 1st round—Work 24 d c into the ring; 2d round—1 d c on the first d c—* 7 chain—miss 2 d c—1 d c on the next d c—repeat from star seven times. At the end of the round work in single crochet to the third of the first 7 chain. 3d round—1 d c over the 7 chain—* 13 chain—1 d c over the same 7 chain—repeat from star twice more—making in all 3 long loops and 4 d c in the middle of the 7 chain—then 4 chain—1 d c over the next 7 chain—repeat from star again. This gives a group of 3 long chains under each 7 chain—with 4 chain connect each group. At the end work in single crochet to the 7th of the first 13 chain. 4th round—1 d c on the 7th of the first 13 chain—* 5 chain—1 d c on the 7th of the next 13 chain—repeat from star all round. 5th round—* 5 long (long treble) over the next 5 chain—2 chain—5 long over the next 5 chain—2 chain—5 long over the next 5 chain—5 chain—(this 5 chain makes the corners) repeat from star. At the end work 1 s c on each of the 5 long and 1 chain. 6th round—4 chain—(this is for the 1st long) 4 long over the 2 chain—5 long over the next 2 chain—* 5 long over the next 5 chain—5 chain—5 long over the same 5 chain—5 long over each of the next 2 chain—repeat from star. Fasten off.

Correspondence.

CHICKEN CHAT, NO. 2.—If you followed the advice I gave you in the BLADE of March 24, you have several hens setting by this time, and your chances for chickens are good—that is, unless your hens are conducting themselves like those of one of my Ohio correspondents. She says: "I set four hens two weeks ago, and such a time as I have had with them since. One of the hens left her nest after setting for nine days, and I could not induce her to return. Finally I caught her, put her back and fastened a board in front of the nest so she couldn't get off, but she wouldn't sit. She stood up over the eggs awhile, then tried to get out, and in so doing broke some of the eggs. In despair I let her go. The other sitters stick to their nests, but the laying hens insist upon using those nests, and the result is crowding, fighting and broken eggs. What shall I do? I am afraid to fasten these setters in their nests, for fear they will try to get out some time when I am not there to look after them and smash the eggs as did the other hen. I have never tried to raise chickens before, and if this is the way hens usually behave, I don't think I shall ever try it again."

Don't be discouraged, dear; just listen to me, while I tell you how to manage, and the other sisters who are interested had better listen, too.

It is always better to set hens where they cannot be disturbed by the laying hens; but if you have no suitable place that you can use for a hatching room, you can certainly contrive some way to keep the laying hens out of the sitters' nests. One way is to take a good-sized box, knock out part of the bottom, nail lath or strips of board across the top close enough to prevent a fowl from going between them, and then turn the box on its side and set the bottom up against the nest in such a way that the sitting hen can go from her nest into the box, but so that other fowl can neither get into the nest or box. In the box set a pan, or feed trough of some kind, containing whole corn, oats, crushed oyster shells and some bits of charcoal. For a drinking vessel fasten an old tin fruit or oyster can to the side of the box. A shovelful each of perfectly dry earth and coal or wood ashes in the bottom of the box will furnish a place for the sitter to wallow and dust herself when she comes from the nest. With a nest and front yard of this kind each sitter can take care of herself and sit undisturbed by other hens. All you have to do is to keep the feed trough supplied, and refill the can each morning.

But if your nests are so situated that you cannot arrange them as I have suggested, there is no other way to keep the laying hens out except by fastening the sitters into their nests, and allowing them to come off once a day when you feed the other fowls in the morning. After the hen has had her breakfast she will probably "loaf around" for fifteen or twenty minutes when she will return to her nest, and you can fasten her on until the next morning. If you are tolerably regular about your time of feeding, and see that the sitting hens have all they want each time and wait until they return to the nest of their own free will, not one hen in a hundred will try to get off between times. The hen that forsook her nest after nine days of sitting may have been driven from her nest by lice, or it may be that she was a flighty pullet who changed her mind about a family. Anyway, when a hen won't set, she won't, and it's no use to fasten her on the nest.

To prevent lice in the nests, put a tablespoonful of sulphur, or snuff, or a little finecut tobacco, or a handful of tobacco stems and leaves in among the nesting when you set the hen. Also dust the hen well with sulphur or insect powder.

Eggs that are smeared over with the contents of broken eggs will not hatch: so if any of the eggs get broken and the others daubed, you should wash the whole eggs carefully in warm water, and if necessary clean out the nest and put in new nesting. —FANNY FIELD.

SOCIAL PROBLEMS.—I was quite interested some time ago, in Miss Myers' letter, entitled "The Men to Blame;" also in the editor's comments on the same. I wonder if a young man can present the social problem in a manner that will set the younger readers to thinking, and especially encourage the young ladies to exercise their power. Miss M.'s idea of the "motive" of fashionable life is perfectly correct. Also her description of the "rapid" young man. While it is wrong to attribute anything deplorable in society to either sex exclusively. I have become convinced that the young ladies can exercise the greater influence for an improvement in the social condition of society than any other power. But let us commence at the foot of the ladder. Turn back to the school days, that to many of us are not far distant. Here we see gathered together, on the nearest equal terms, the young men that are soon to be separated into the "rapid and sleepy good boys," and the young ladies that will play an important part. Here it is easy to see where the fast young men get their start. Every city has its aristocratic families, who by wealth, etc., maintain a fashionable position in society. Their children are educated in the arts and manners becoming said position. Such training makes them forward, easy and of pleasing address. Their neighbors may be a family of just as good standing, but lacking the means to support fashionable society, content themselves with a quiet home life. Here the young people miss the advantages of the former and appear as the quiet young man who seems backward when compared with the other. He probably contributes in some way towards paying his own expenses, while his neighbor's liberal purse supplies his companion with stylish clothes and spending money that fills the pockets with sweet meats and cigarettes. The young ladies are thrown into the society of both classes. Part of the education of the young lady of fashion is to associate only with her equals in social position. The young lady of ordinary standing is ambitious to get into higher society. The young man with the forwardness, sweetmeats and position, at once steps forward and receives the most charming attentions the young ladies can bestow. The quiet young man spends his time with his studies, and as soon as school is over hurries home to his work, while the other always joins a group of young ladies, and, while entertaining them, enjoys the comfort (?) of a cigarette. The "girls" see no harm in a little cigarette, and the young man takes the first step downward. Within the next year he adds slang and profanity to his graces. Another year introduces the cigar. Dancing schools are generally a feature of this period. Of course, the quiet young man cannot afford to go. There are enough of the others to make it a success. They add another very essential society art. For it is too true at the present day, that "the education of a man's feet rather than his brain, decides his standing in society." This period generally introduces the social cup. After the dancing lesson is over, and the young ladies safely provided for, how easy and natural it is for them to step into a fashionable saloon and indulge in a little wine or beer. Graduating day comes, and both classes of young men leave school with equal honors. Some of both classes leave home for the benefits of a university education. The rich young man joins a secret society or two, indulges in society feasts, and society cliques. They give frequent parties and establish themselves in good society. The good young men have occupied their spare time in providing means for helping out the expense department, and not being invited, or not in a position to attend and bear the expense of private parties, only come in contact with fashionable society at the general class parties, church sociables, etc. He realizes the disadvantages of his position, notices the smile and grace with which his companion's invitation to dance is accepted, and feels most keenly the cold look and cool acceptance or rejection of his request. Do you wonder the quiet young man does not force himself more into society? Do you realize that what seems humiliating to one is treated as a joke by the other? What does a "cut" amount to, to them? This condition of affairs continues true till the marriage tie separates society. The "rapid" young man is held in position by the family standing and purse. He complete his college course and his father provides a fashionable position for him. He is a prominent member in society, but his extravagant habits take all his income. He thinks of marrying. He knows he can have his pick of fashionable society. Now what are the points he considers? First, if he desires to continue in society, the young lady he chooses must have wealth and position. If he has tired of it and realizes that the greatest pleasure of life are obtained in the quiet home, he steps entirely out of the pale of fashionable life and marries the quiet, unassuming lady who combines the education of household duties with the pleasing graces of ordinary society. The quiet young man obtains a position on his individual merits, marries a quiet young lady and gradually builds up a pleasant substantial home, where love is apt to rule supreme. Among my classmates I do not know one among the "rapid" young men that has made a respectable success of life thus far, while almost every one of the young men that kept their habits and morals good are occupying honorable positions. If the young ladies would recognize the fact that the quiet, good young man is the one that almost universally makes the thoroughly reliable and successful business man, loving husband, and eventually provides a beautiful home, they would more evenly distribute their favors, and make vastly more good men by early showing their preference for moral men of good habits and cutting the men of bad habits. Why can't you realize that a vigorous and determined campaign on your parts would produce a great change for the better? So long as you tell them you enjoy the fragrance of a cigar, so long you may expect drunken husbands, for tobacco and liquor almost universally go hand in hand.—A. G. J.

HOME ORNAMENTATION.—The time of setting out trees is here. Can you see where you wish to have a fine tree growing for ornament? If so, take the time and set it out. The ornamentation of home is a subject that deserves the farmers' attention more than it usually receives; and the spring is the best time to stick up and set out plants and shrubs; but I am sorry to say that a great many farmers entirely neglect the embellishment of home, and they are just the ones, too, that do not read good literature, so I suppose that what I may write here will do them no good. The farmer has the land to devote to pleasure, and he should have the most beautiful home of anybody. An eminent horticulturalist says more money should be put in to ornamenting the grounds, and less into building the house. Who will say this is not the proper thing to do? Will not fine grounds give more pleasure than a costly mansion? It is strange why the evergreen trees are so little cultivated; and for the greatest beauty we do not often see it properly pruned. It should be cut back yearly, to make it form a thick top and prevent its running up so tall as it naturally will. F. H. D., Steuben, county, N. Y.

Inquiries

How is the healthiest way to eat eggs, cooked hard or soft?

Are guide-posts at cross-roads a benefit or not, and are they abandoned in other states?—M.

Will some of the HOUSEHOLD tell me how to make a shuck mat or rug?—YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.

Please publish a recipe for cabbage salad.—M. E. R.

Will some one that knows give a recipe for making old-fashioned corn pone, the kind our grandmothers used to make, and baked in a Dutch oven?

Also, will some one give directions for making ribbon work?—A WESTERN HOUSEKEEPER.

Will some one please give a recipe for nice cologne? Something that is very strong. Also what will prevent the curl from coming out of hair that is naturally straight. Some time ago a member of the HOUSEHOLD asked for the directions for playing cribbage, but they have not been given. Surely some reader of the BLADE understands the game, and will they not give others the benefit of their knowledge? —SUNSHINE.

Please give directions for mounting canvas for oil painting.—A READER.

Will some one give me a good recipe for making black ink?—W. B. BARNARD.

Will some one inform me how to make ornamental frosting for cakes, such as vines, leaves or any kind of ornaments?—MATTIE SEATON, Hall, Ind.

I will send a pattern of the Mikado pincushion and directions how to make it to any one sending me a stamped envelop ready addressed.—LINA ARLINGTON, Postville, Allamakee county, Iowa.

Can any of the HOUSEHOLD tell me where I could get raw silk, such as flowers are made of, and give me the address of any one making raw silk flowers; or, if any of the sisters make them, will they give directions through the HOUSEHOLD?—MRS. G. W. JONES.

Will some one please send a list of suitable subjects for salutatory at commencement; also class mottoes, in either English, Latin or German?—SCHOOLGIRL.

I would like some sister to write about crayon work. Is it difficult to learn?—KATE, Box 115, Pomona, Kan.

Will some one be kind enough to give, through the HOUSEHOLD, directions for making a panel by using guinea wings and head?—MRS. J. P. BRASFIELD, Auburn, Ill.

Will Jennie Jacobs send me some of the evergreen plant, or, as the Indians call it killikinnick on my sending postage.—FANNIE CAIN, Santa Fe, Kan.

Can any of the HOUSEHOLD tell me what is the matter with my blackberries? They blossom very full and show signs of a large crop, but fall off, and that is the last of the berry.—AMELIA WILSON.

Answers to Inquiries.

Tell "Morning Star" to address Mrs. J. H. Stone, Daytonia, Fla. She deals in fish-scale jewelry and could tell where to get scales. Tell "Jennie B." to try Wandering milk weed for her blood and honey and golden seal for sore eyelash. Tell readers to try inhaling raw onions for sick headache and report, for I believe I found relief in it. I expect if Mrs. Emma Ludwig would examine her milk she would find it lacks nourishment, as I have known several mothers who almost starved baby ere they found out the cause. If any of the readers, young girls, wish country homes, I will on receipt of stamp and address, send them the names of one dozen or more good farmers who wish to hire girls all summer. I should think those poor paid sewing girls in the city would be glad to get out in the country.—WELL WISHER AND ADMIRER.

The editor has no time for the work suggested.—ED.

In BLADE number 20, date Jan. 20, you published a price list of cheap articles which would do to start a notion store with. Could you give me the address of the firm where they could be purchased? —MRS. G. N. W.

Write to some jobbing firm in Chicago, and ask for the address of some five or ten cent notion dealer.—ED.

I venture to say to the kind sisters of the HOUSEHOLD if any have got good reading that they would like to contribute where it would be appreciated by a shut-in, and would send the same to my address, it would be most gratefully received.—MRS. A. MERRIAM, Avon, Bon Homme Co., Dak.

Please tell "A Patient Waiter" I think either of the following verses would be pretty for her brother's monument:

"Gone before me, oh! my brother,
To the spirit land!
Vainly I look for another,
In thy place to stand."

Green be the turf above thee,
Brother of my better days;
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.

—FLORA.

If the ladies who do their own washing will try the following, I think it will save labor: Put clothes to soak over night; in the morning put boiler two-thirds full of water, cut in soap in small pieces and add one tablespoonful of turpentine, let come to a boil. Wring out clothes from water they soaked in, shake loose and put in boiler; let boil from 10 to 15 minutes, take out in tub of water, rinse, then rinse again in blue water. Pieces that are badly soiled will have to be rubbed some.

If the ladies will mix their cold starch in weak soap suds the iron will not stick.

When taking salts make quite sweet and add a few drops of essence of peppermint and you cannot taste the salts.

When taking soda for sour stomach make quite sweet and you can't taste the soda. —NORTHWEST.

Some one wanted to know how to keep grapes through winter. Cut them carefully when the dew is on, dip the stems in beeswax, string them up and hang in cellar. If they shrink some drop them in fresh water before using.—MARY.

Please say to "R. A. R." that some good girl can hear of a good home and reasonable wages by addressing—MRS. C. M. PRATT, Cottonwood Falls, Chase county, Kansas.

I would like to find space in your columns to tell "Miss R. A. R." that if she will write to box 38, Odebolt, Iowa, she will find that we want just such help as she spoke of, and will give a good home.

To "Miss R. A. R."—You will hear something to your advantage, if you will send your directions to Mrs. C. A. S., Edina, Knox Co., Mo.

Answer to "Young Lady," in HOUSEHOLD: The only way to acquire facility in reading music is by continued and persistent practice. Play everything you see. You have tried studying a good school grammar, but can't tell the difference between a transitive and intransitive verb. If you persist in trying, you will learn from it that a verb is transitive when it will make sense by placing him or it after it, e. g., "James whipped him." Whipped is transitive, otherwise the verb is intransitive. Read your grammar carefully from beginning to end, make a note of what you do not understand, and ask some grammarian to explain it to you. "Eternal vigilance is the price" of learning music or grammar or anything else worth the having.—EX-TEACHER.

In answer to inquiry for directions for making cheese, in the BLADE, I will give my method:

Heat the milk to 85°, stir in the rennet, sufficient to curdle it in 30 or 40 minutes; slower coming makes milder cheese. When curdled cut one way, let stand ten minutes, cut thoroughly, then warm slowly, stirring and breaking up curd, and heat to 96°. Keep at 96° for an hour or more; keep stirred enough to prevent settling together hard. Drain off the whey, cool, salt in proportion of 1 lb. of salt to 500 lbs. of milk. Press one day, turn over once, when partly pressed, and keep warm and well buttered, with a bandage round it. It will be cured in about a month.

If "Dakota Rustler," or any one else would like more particulars, and will give their address, I will tell them all I know about cheese making.—MRS. C. S. TWINING, Lawton Station, Erie Co., N. Y.

Recipes.

Now is the time when different ways of cooking vegetables will help housekeepers. We shall be glad to have some tested recipes of that kind.—ED.

Custard Cake.—3 eggs well beaten, 1 cupful sugar, 1½ cupfuls flour, 6 tablespoonfuls sweet cream, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder, flavor to taste.

Custard for Cake.—1½ cupfuls sweet milk, 1 egg, 3 tablespoonfuls sugar, 1 heaping teaspoonful corn starch, boil, and when cold, add lemon extract and spread between the layers.

Good Fried Cakes.—1 pt. sour milk, 3 tablespoonfuls melted lard, 2 qts. sifted flour, 2 cupfuls sugar, rolled free from lumps, a little salt, half a nutmeg. When these ingredients are well mixed add 2 tablespoonfuls soda, dissolved in ½ cupful luke warm water.

Lemon Pie.—Splendid. For one pie with two crusts: To 1 teaspoonful of sugar (white) add the juice and pulp of 1 lemon. Mix well, put evenly over bottom of crust; finish filling crust with water (do not fill too full, or it will run over top and spoil pie). Now, with a fork, mix in 1½ teaspoonfuls flour. Put top crust on neatly and carefully, and bake. I insure you success, for these are tested recipes.

I think the sisters should be more minute in their recipes, as to the putting together, etc., for so many young houskeepers know absolutely nothing in regard to these things. They either have no opportunities to know or neglect to profit by them, and a kindly encouraging word now then (as to how to do the thousand and one thing about cooking) is a great help.—MRS. W. W. HALL, Richmond, Ind.

To Prepare Horse Radish for Summer Use.—Dig the roots before the tops begin to grow, cut the top off down as far as the leaf shoots out, dig a hole a foot deep in the ground, put the roots top end downward as many as you want for use, cover with six inches of dirt packed down well. Over this lay a board to mark the spot, as well as to prevent sunlight from entering. I have found this the best way to keep it. When you want a root to use it is convenient to get.—WIFE OF A SUBSCRIBER.

Lumps in the Throat.—In the BLADE of January 27, Mrs. R. C. Johnson asks what will cure her little boy who has large, hard lumps upon his neck, below the ears. Although the description is very meagre I will endeavor to to suggest a plan of treatment that will probably benefit him. The trouble is probably of a scrofulous nature, and for that we will prescribe. If there is a decided tendency to emaciation, cod liver oil is especially valuable, given in the shape of an emulsion. Its use must be continued for a long time. Also give him 10 drops of syrup iodide of iron in water three times daily, gradually increase the dose until 20 drops are taken at a dose; then stop for about three days, when commence again with the minimum dose. The closest attention should always be paid to maintaining the bowels regular and active. Provide the patient with a light and nutritious diet, comfortable clothing and regular exercise in the open air.

For Sore Eyelids.—Let Jennie B. try the following for sore eyelids where the lashes fall off; Do not pull off the small crusts or scales which form upon the edge of the lid, but wash them off with warm water, in which a little soda has been dissolved, every morning. Then bathe the edges of the lids five or six times daily by means of a soft piece of linen, with the following: Liquor plumbi subacetatis, 7 drops to a small cupful of water. Apply for about ten minutes. At night, on going to bed, apply to the edge of the lid, rubbing well into the lashes the following ointment: Red oxide of mercury, 1 grain; Goulard's extract, 3 drops; vaseline, 1 drachm. Mix carefully. Be sure the crusts are all removed before using the salve. A piece the size of a pin-head is sufficient. It must not get into the eye.—M. D.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

NEVADA, MO.	KENTON, O.	LUCKEY, O.
Johnny Bowden	Geo Comstock	Floy Foster
BYRON, ILL.	Willie Comstock	Addie Priest
May Woodburn	Geo Cole	Willie Spiess
Harry Woodburn	Montrue Cole	Mary Spiess
UNION STAR, MO.	Alfred Deal	Walter Walker
Murray Idol	Leroy Gilmore	Jane Walker
Ula Idol	L Predmore	Maggie Walker
Edna Idol	Asa Predmore	Robt Priest
Elma Idol	Jesse Simms	Ella Priest
GREENHORN, COL.	Frank Shriver	Amelia Holden
Lucy Marshall	Eddie Watson	DOWLING, O.
Grant H Marshall	Annie Cummins	Minnie Berkin
Pearl Marshall	Gertie Deal	Lena Rickels
PEMBERVILLE, O.	Matie Durnal	Lizzie Gardis
John S Hobart	Claribel Gilmore	SCOTCH RIDGE, O.
MARSEILLES, O.	Lily Starner	Louis Winch
John Bates	Leroy Gilmore	LEMOYNE, O.
Fannie Bates	FENTON, O.	Cora Frontz
Bertha Cornelius	Edith Clague	Laura Frontz
Jennie Thompson	Clara Clague	
Gracie Terry	Herbert Clague	

Names this week, 52. Total, 19,494.

The above embraces all names received up to April 14.

THE GOOD WORK.

Perhaps the Temperance Legion will be interested in the following letter, one of many, which shows what one person may do in the good cause. Let the grand work go on. Do not cease your efforts. We want the army to number hundreds of thousands marching in the right direction:

DEAR FRIENDS OF THE B. T. L.:—Last November I took a copy of the BLADE to school, (there are two departments in our public school) and passed it around for my fellow pupils to read the pledge and motto. After they understood the plan, the majority in the higher department signed; there was, however, a young lady in school, older than the rest of us, who opposed the good work. She was the daughter of a saloonkeeper, and persuaded a number to join her in her opposition. Then arose a fierce partisan warfare. Our party was called the "Goody-goodies," while we designated them as the "Whisky Element," the "Opposition Party," etc. We organized ourselves into a society which meets every Monday night, having literary exercises, music, and to wind up with a general social good time.

We have officers elected every four weeks, and wear badges; we levy fines for absence, tardiness, or noncompliance with any duty assigned. It was voted to be a grand thing, and one by one every pupil in the higher department joined, except the young lady above referred to, and she left school. The "B. T. L." of Lebanon, has done more to promote good feeling and sociability among us than any thing else could have done. The primary room has a club, too. FANNIE E. R.

"ONCE-ON-A-TIME."

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Heigh-ho! What frolics we might see,
If it only happened to you and me
To be born in some far-off clime,
In the country of Somewhere, once-on-a-time!

Why, once-on-a-time there were mountains of gold,
And caves full of jewels, and treasures untold;
There were birds just waiting to fly before
And show you the way to the magical door;
And under a tree there was sure to be
A queer little woman to give you the key,
And a tiny, dancing, good-natured elf
To say, with his scepter, "Help yourself!"
For millions of dollars grew from a dime
In the country of somewhere once-on-a-time.

If we lived in the country of Somewhere, you
Could do whatever you chose to do.
Instead of a boy with a garden to weed,
You might be a knight, with a sword and a steed;
Instead of a girl, with a towel to hem,
I might be a princess, with robe and gem,
With a gay little page, and a harper old,
Who knew all the stories that ever was told—
Stories in prose and stories in rhyme,
That happened somewhere once-on-a-time.

In the country of Somewhere no one looks
At maps and blackboards and grammar books;
For all your knowledge just grows and grows,
Like the song in a bird, or the sweet in a rose.
And if ever I chance, on a fortunate day,
To that wonderful region to find my way,
Why then, if the stories all are true,
As quiet as I can I'll come for you.
And we'll row away to its happy shores
In a silver shallop with golden oars.

—*St. Nicholas.*

A NEW ENGLAND FLOWER.

GRANT ALLEN.

All over the higher hillsides of New England, there grows and blossoms in great profusion throughout the early summer months a very beautiful flowering shrub, known to thousands of American children by the pretty old-fashioned name of mountain laurel. Its scientific title, in very lengthy and imposing Latin, is *Kalmia latifolia*, that is to say, broad-leaved Kalmia, to distinguish it from the little creeping lambkill or narrow-leaved Kalmia, the "sheep laurel" of Massachusetts farmers, which flourishes even more widely and generally over the upland pastures of all the Northern states. But instead of troubling you now with Latin names, which at best, I admit, are but dry food for the youthful understanding, I am going to tell you something about the ways and habits of the plant itself, and the queer devices by which nature has arranged for its proper seeding.

Before I do so, however, I think I will first take you into my personal confidence, and whisper to you quietly (in your own private ear alone, of course) what was the manner of my first introduction to this pretty and delicate New England flower. Perhaps the incident, though a strictly personal one, may happen for various reasons to interest the reader. Last summer, on a short holiday visit to America, I was stopping at Concord, in a very famous historical house—the house, in fact, once occupied by Nathaniel Hawthorne; and I was stopping there under the hospital roof of a lady well known to every one of you by her chosen name of Margaret Sidney. Well, on Sunday morning I went to service in the beautiful little Congregational church of that lovely village; and as I took my seat in the pew, my heart quite jumped within me, when I saw the pulpit beautifully decorated with masses of luscious pinky-white blossom. For I am a botanist by trade, and I love the flowers; love them doubly, both with a personal and a professional love and interest. Now, a few days earlier, on my way to Boston, to visit your great novelist, Mr. Howells, whose books are quite as much read and appreciated in England as in America, I had seen this selfsame lovely shrub covering with its glorious bloom whole valleys and hillsides along the rocky gorge of the Deerfield river. I wondered greatly what it might be, for though I have seen the Kalmia growing before in shrubberies in England, I have never seen it in its native woodlands wild, and I could scarcely believe it was the same plant, so splendid was the show of great whitetrussed blossom. But here it was, beyond a doubt, in whole basketfuls, draping the pulpit; and I could tell now that it was in very truth the mountain-laurel, a sight to gladden a naturalist's eyes, and make him thank God on his bended knees for having created so much beauty, as Swede Linnæus is said to have done when his eye first rested upon our English gorse in all its golden glory.

After service, therefore, I asked leave reverently to take a little piece from the pulpit, that I might carry it home with me and examine the beautiful thing at my leisure. As soon as I looked at it, I said to my sister, who was with me, "I'm sure those little bits in the center will jump if you touch them."

So I tickled them with a pin, and sure enough, they jumped at once, exactly as if they were alive, all ten of them leaping up out of the pockets in which they were buried, just as a jack-in-the-box leaps up elastically when you open the lid upon him. I don't know how I knew they would move. It was a sort of flash of intuition such as people who study nature often get without being able to explain it themselves. But I felt certain in my own mind they would jump; and the moment I tried them, they justified my confidence. There are many other plants in which the stamens—those little yellow knobs hung out in the center on slender thread-like stalks—jump in just the same jerky fashion; and there was something indefinite about the look of the mountain-laurel stamens which convinced me instinctively that they would jump also.

But why do they jump, and what is the use of them? for everything in nature has of course its use and purpose.

Listen a moment and I will tell you.

The little knobs at the end of the stamens are full of pollen, that golden powder which you see so often exuding from the tiny bags in the middle of a blossom. Now in order that the plant should set its seed, it is necessary for some of this pollen to be conveyed from the stamens of one flower to the wee unripe seed-bag of another. For this purpose, the plant employs the bees and butterflies as its ready but unconscious messengers. To allure them to its midst, and to repay them for their trouble, it offers them a little bribe of honey, which it distils and stores among the bright petals. In most flowers, there is no special provision for getting the bee or other insect dusted with the pollen grains; he simply walks about among the stamens, and carries away a lot of pollen, as it were by accident, hanging about his head and shoulders, which he rubs off again, quite unconciously, against the central seed bag of the next blossom he happens to visit. But in the mountain-laurel, nature has provided a special mechanism, a sort of Yankee notion, for dispersing the pollen by deliberate design, such as well befits a New England flower.

Look close into the middle of the mountain-laurel blossom, and you will see that the ten small pollen-bags at the end of the stamens are neatly fitted into ten tiny pockets in the large round petals, and all held down there, tight and firm, by the pressure of the pockets. But as the flower opens, the stalks of the stamens get twisted round, so as to become arched like a a bent bow; and like the bent bow, too, they remain in a constant state of strain or tension. If they could, they would jump up, and straighten themselves into the middle of the flower; but they can't do that, because the pressure of the pockets keeps the little bags tight and secure. When a bee lights upon the flower, however, he touches the straining stalks, and hi, presto! in a moment they jump out, and dust his head and back all over with their store of pollen. Then the bee goes the round of the flower, sucking the nectar at the base of each stalk, and releasing the pollen-bags one after another; and when he has finished, off he flies to the next blossom, and begins the same process again. As he does so, he rubs off on the newly-visited flower the pollen he got from the last place at which he called; and the unfertillized seeds, as soon as they are touched by the vivifying powder, begins to swell out and grow into true seedings, for the perpetuation of the race through future generations.

I hope when the mountain-laurel blossoms again next summer all of you who can will pick a piece of it, and see for yourselves whether what I say is true or otherwise. And if possible, when you go picnicking among the hills and mountains, you ought to watch the bee at work in the way I have described, and notice with what wonderful accuracy and perfection the mechanism of nature works.

If it were not for the bees and other flying insects which thus carry pollen from plant to plant, and so enable the blossoms to set their seeds, most of your loveliest American wild flowers would die out and perish altogether.—*Wide Awake.*

MY SPIDER.

BY ISABEL FREELAND.

I noticed early in June that a spider had spun her web in a corner of my bedroom—a female spider, I knew, for the male spiders toil not, neither do they spin.

Like a housewife I brought my broom to sweep down her handiwork, but like a fellow-mortal I reflected that the little web was her home; she had made it, and it was hers. It occurred to me too that perhaps I might learn by watching her, and so I left her web unharmed, noting that if she fell out of her surroundings in the night she would fall on my sister and not on me.

For three long weeks my spider sat boltupwright in her web, with her side down, the threads which she clung to being her only "visible means of support." But one morning when I awoke I found her revelling in the companionship of a fellow-spider and a large black bug. The spiders were eating the bug, although he was a casehardened kind of bug, and would besides have made hardly a flee-bite for a professor.

I thought pleasantly as I watched them that mayhap "he" had come to spend the evening with "her," and the bug was some confectionery which he had brought in his pocket. But directly the two laid hold upon the bug, and with a "long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull all together," drew him up an inch higher in the web. Yet before they had arranged his lifeless body to their satisfaction, they went out to a quiet spot by the corner of him, and had a fierce fight, whereupon I feared that he and she, alas! were no gentlemen.

On the following morning the visitor spider was gone. I looked about for the skeleton of the bug, but there was none—not one; the greedy creatures had eaten even his remains.

From this time until August my spider, for aught I saw, had neither food nor drink.

One day, impatient with the hunger that sits down to starve, I threw a fat and very tempting fly into the web, but the meshes were so large that the fly flew out each time with scarce a struggle, and the spider moved not a muscle to catch him. Dismal though it seems, the only other thing that befell her during all these was a small spider that I saw sitting for a season on her back fence.

On the morning of the 8th of August there were two new spiders in the web, and my spider—I knew her by an ear-mark—was helping one of them eat the other.

August 10 I found that my protegee had added to her belongings a bag of eggs of home manufacture.

She was close beside it, and as I stepped up on the edge of my bed to get a nearer view, my sudden coming so startled her that she let go her hold on the eggs, and they fell about an inch, and then followed a most industrious tugging on the part of their mother to get them back. I felt a little sorry, yet it was a crumb of satisfaction to me to know that she was afraid of me as I was of her, which was not a little.

In the night, a few days later, I heard the soft, frenzied rustling of wings in the web, and knew that some night-time prowler had come to grief. But in the morning there were in the web only the eggs and a huge black spider, although later I found crawling behind my pillow a miller with a troubled face, and a bit of spider's web clinging to his fifth rib.

The mother spider was absent, but on the following morning she had returned, and was ruthlessly devouring the invader of her home. Two of the invader's legs were off by themselves, whither they had fled to escape the general slaughter. Happy legs!

When I made my next observation the bag of eggs was close up in the corner. On the 22d of August the second bag of eggs appeared, and on the 27th the spider was eating another luckless wight of her own kind.

Just at this time I read in the newspapers that spiders are somewhat addicted to the habit of eating their husbands. This one's lines had fallen in pleasant places, if she had found three husbands, all of them good to eat. The truth is, however, that spiders prey upon each other without regard to sex, color, or previous condition.

When I awoke on the morning of September 3, the spider was paying undivided attention to her new ball of eggs. I saw her holding it with her hands, and turning it rapidly over in every direction, and as she did so, spinning a thread, which wound itself about the mass, making a close, soft covering; and directly the eggs were ready to be left to hatch by themselves. This was a mode of procedure which should recommend itself to the domestic hen.

After this time the spider pursued the even tenor of her way with great vigor. Nothing happened save that one morning in October there were in the web a distinguished looking black spider and a smaller blond one with golden hair, and the hostess was rushing about frantically and waving her arms, thinking no doubt, how happy she could be eating either.

I was wont to go to sleep at night shuddering lest, when I awoke in the morning I should find myself much clambered over by infant spiders. Indeed, I could almost feel a little color-blind one in one of my eyes shouting across to a fellow explorer in the other, "This is a peacock blue."

But alas for the rarity of realised fears! Those eggs are hanging there unhatched, wrapped daintily in their homespun, even until now.

It is not altogether thirst for knowledge, nor yet respect for effort, that makes me leave them; it is the spirit of persistence which enabled the Father of his Country to climb up Bunker Hill Monument.

If spiders and spiders' eggs are "warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as a Christian is," I marvel much that these are not frozen, for sometimes it is so cold in my room that the cork comes out of a bottle of hot water placed in the bed to warm it. Yet perhaps the web, like the hoop-skirt which Artemus Ward hung before the broken window-pane, "keeps out the coarsest of the cold."—*Harper's Young People.*

Grandma on Her Own Ground.

"Gals didn't go sparkin' 'round at your age when I was a gal," said Grandma Threescore, severely; "they didn't know what a beau was till long after they was grown women." "Girls had Boaz in the time of Ruth, long before you were born, grandma," said Edith, demurely. "Ruth was a widder woman," said grandma, triumphantly, and then she bent her head and peered over the spectacles, waiting for some one else to rush out and tackle her on Bible ground.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

The Sunday School.

Israel in Egypt.

LESSON 5, SUNDAY, MAY 1, 1887.

Golden Text—He increased his people greatly; and made them stronger than their enemies.—Psa. 105: 24.

LESSON TEXT.

Exod. 1: 6-14

6. And Joseph died, and all his brethren, and all that generation.

7. And the children of Israel were fruitful, and increased abundantly, and multiplied, and waxed exceedingly mighty: and the land was filled with them.

8. Now there arose up a new king over Egypt, which knew not Joseph.

9. And he said unto his people, Behold, the people of the children of Israel are more and mightier than we.

10. Come on, let us deal wisely with them; lest they multiply, and it come to pass, that when there falleth out any war, they join also unto our enemies, and fight against us, and so get them up out of the land.

11. Therefore did they set over them taskmasters to afflict them with their burdens. And they built for Pharaoh treasure cities, Pithom and Raamses.

12. But the more they afflicted them, the more they multiplied and grew. And they were grieved because of the children of Israel.

13. And the Egyptians made the children of Israel serve with rigor.

14. And they made their lives bitter with hard bondage, in mortar and in brick, and in all manner of service in the field; all their service, wherein they made them serve, was with rigor.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

And Joseph died, and all his brethren, and all that generation (v. 6.) That was a way they had in those days. In the former ages everybody died, sooner or later. And old times were much like these times so far. Whether one lives in a palace, or tends shop on a hill-side; whether he is rolling in wealth, or is pinched with want; whether he has friends without number, or lives all by himself in the world; whether he seems a fixture and a necessity in a large place, or of small account to anybody—one day that man must die; and then he can no longer do work or find enjoyment in this life, or be of any service to those who have depended on him. No truth is surer than this; nor is there any truth which has more important practical bearings on our lives than just this truth. We were born to die; dying is what we are living for. Death ought to be ever before the mind as an unfailing fact, and all our life should be lived with reference to death with its finalities. "Joseph died with all his brethren and all that generation;" and you will die (it may be to-day,) and all your brethren, and all your generation. This one thing there can be no mistake about—unless, indeed, our Lord comes again before your time to die, and even then his coming will be the end of this life to you.

There arose a new king over Egypt, which knew not Joseph (v. 8.) The very strongest earthly dependence we can have to lean on is by no means a sure one. Even if it holds good so long as it lasts, it will not last forever. Administrations change—elsewhere than in Egypt. Men in power to-day, who would do anything for us and for ours, may be replaced to-morrow by those who care nothing for us—indeed, they are not our common enemies. Your place in the bank, the counting-room, the mill, or in the ship or on the farm; your boy's position in business; your own most important personal interests or financial investments—may just now seem safe beyond a question; but another night might bring about such changes as to put a different face on everything. There is only one King who never dies; only one Friend who never fails; only one Power who is always sure. He who looks to any Pharaoh for support or favor will sooner or later find his best hopes a disappointment. He who trusts the living God will never find him on whom he leans replaced by a successor. Faith is better than funds or friends for the life which is, as well as the life which is to come.

He said, come, let us deal wisely with them (vs. 9, 10.) That was wise to begin with. There is wisdom in recognizing the necessity of wisdom. He who thinks he can manage anybody without wisdom, lacks the wisdom to see his unwisdom. God commended the wisdom of Solomon in knowing enough to ask for more wisdom, in order that he might manage and rule his people wisely. God will commend any man's wisdom in praying for more wisdom to deal with others wisely. If a man has a family of children to manage, he ought to say to his wife at the start, "Come, let us deal wisely with them." He ought to say the same if he has scholars to teach, or members of a church and congregation to lead and minister to, or clerks and servants and laborers to manage. Companions and playmates ought to deal with one another in the same spirit and with the same resolve. So it should be in all meeting of duties and difficulties of life. "Come, let us deal wisely with them," is the best thing to say when any persons or any things are before us to be cared for or to be grappled with. But it one thing to say "Let us deal wisely," and quite another thing to be wise in our doings and dealings. Pharaoh was a good example in admitting the necessity of dealing wisely; he was anything but an example in his exhibit of wise dealing with those who were under him. The facts of his career are before us. "Come, let us deal wisely with them."

The more they afflicted them the more they multiplied (v. 12.) There was nothing very strange about that. This is the way of things the world over. Hindrances are the best helps in life. Difficulties promote progress. The sturdiest men and the hardiest trees are found in the rough hill country—not in the richer plain. Muscles which are taxed most, grow strongest. Brains have added power with added use. There is no way of weakening a child's mental and moral faculties like pampering him with indulgence. For nothing ought we to be more grateful than for our privations and trials. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." God shows his love for us quite as much in what he denies us, as in what he gives us; and quite as much in what he gives which we dislike, as in what he gives which we enjoy. The more we are afflicted, the more we ought to multiply—in spiritual graces and spiritual attainments. Pharaoh didn't count on this state of things when he began to afflict the children of Israel; but God had it in mind from the beginning. Thus it is in many a case. Our enemies often do more for us than our friends. Persecution sometimes brings unexampled prosperity. The blood of the martyr proves the seed of the church. The Lord causeth even the wrath of man to praise him.

They made their lives bitter with hard service (v. 14.) It is no credit to Pharaoh that God overruled his oppression of the Israelites to their advantage. In his course there is nothing but guilt and shame. He who makes another life bitter, has the bitterness of that life to answer for, whatever good may come to his victim through the blessing of God. It is a terrible thing—a shameful thing also—to make another's life bitter. Yet there are boys and girls who are making their mothers' lives bitter; and there are husbands who are making the lives of their wives bitter; and there are parents who are making their children's lives bitter. Pharaoh is dead; there is no danger of his making our lives bitter with hard bondage. But the Devil is not dead; and there is danger of our being in hard bondage to him. Pharaoh's bondage was overruled for good to those who were under it. The Devil's bondage is harder than Pharaoh's and no good comes of it directly to its subjects. It were better for us to have died under the hardest bondage of Pharaoh than to live on under the Devil's eastest bondage. "Know ye not, that to whom ye present yourselves as servants unto obedience, his servants ye are whom ye obey; whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness?" "Every one that committeth sin is the bondservant of sin;" "for of whom a man is overcome, of the same is he also brought into bondage."—*H. Clay Trumbull in Sunday School Times.*

"Be wise with speed;
A fool at forty is a fool indeed!"

So said Young. Straws show which way the wind blows, and there are a score of symptoms any one of which shows the existence of catarrh. Neglected, it will rob the blood of its purity and the system of its strength. Get Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It cures even long-standing cases, as thousands testify, and should be used for colds in the head, which often result in confirmed catarrh.

Why did the Women

of this country use over *thirteen million* cakes of Procter & Gamble's Lenox Soap in 1886?

Buy a cake of Lenox and you will soon understand why.

Sold Everywhere.

MOST PERFECT MADE

Prepared with strict regard to Purity, Strength, and Healthfulness. Dr. Price's Baking Powder contains no Ammonia, Lime, Alum or Phosphates. Dr. Price's Extracts, Vanilla, Lemon, etc., flavor deliciously.

PRICE BAKING POWDER CO. CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS

FASHION NOTES.

Heliotrope gloves and stockings constantly grow in favor.

Large *chaux* of moire ribbon, matching the fabric in color, loop up the voluminous draperies.

White undressed kid mousquetaire gloves are worn by brides and bridesmaids; sometimes the latter wear tan, but of much lighter shades than formerly.

Pretty Easter bonnets are shown, the frame covered entirely with violets or crushed-pink roses, and veiled with black lace, the lace strings held in close loops with little lace pins.

Charles X. pink is rapidly becoming, with absinthe green, the rival of the universal heliotrope. It is also known as old pink.

Bridesmaids wear Pompadour toilets of crepe-de-chine draped over striped silk petticoats. There are also dresses of old-fashioned moire antique and Pompadour lace, a silk lace like the blonde lace of long ago.

Maiden-hair ferns of beautifully shaded green tints and green moire sashes of great width are on pretty striped lace dresses, and to complete them are capore bonnets of the lace, with green velvet around the brim and a high cluster of ferns for trimming.

For the new season dresses of silk and cashmere are being revived. They promise to be popular, because they can be worn as house dresses all the year round in this climate. The skirts are of heavy silk, untrimmed, the draping and basque of cashmere, the latter with a silk vest.

Sarah Bernhardt has introduced the fashion of wearing with tea-gowns silver girdles, dropping below the waist and hung with vinaigrettes and tablets. Others are of leather, are undressed and colored either heliotrope or poppy-red. Plain silver belts are shown to wear with belted dresses.

Velvet corsages in Pompadour style, with square, open neck and elbow sleeves, are worn with lace skirts for dressy occasions. Thus, apple-green or the newly revived emerald-green velvet is worn with either black or white lace skirts. Golden brown, terra-cotta and heliotrope corsages of velvet made in the same way give variety to toilets.

A charming spring costume has a skirt of cream-white cashmere braided with brown braid. The full draperies are of Havana brown cashmere and very long, showing but little of the braided lower skirt. The short pointed basque of the brown has a white braided vest and plain sleeves made somewhat loose above the elbow and gathered into the arm-hole. The wrist is finished by a narrow cream moire ribbon tied in a smart bow on the outer side of the sleeve, the same in the neck with the tied on the left side.

Sateens will be more than ever popular this season. They are shown in all the new shades of heliotrope, gray, old-blue, Charles X. pink and the many shades of shades. These are made with velvet collars, cuffs, al revers, very frequently with vests of sort folds of lace, or silk muslin in a lighter tint. There are many also in the new pompadour patterns, with creamy or white grounds strewn with gay flowers. These are made up with the plain sateens of the shade of the ground and are trimmed profusely with lace.

TIBBEE, MISS., Oct. 16, 1886.
Messrs. A. T. SHALLENBERGER & Co.

Rochester, Pa. *Gents.*—The bottle of Shallenberger's Pills sent me in February last I gave to W. G. Anderson of this place; a long standing case of chills and fever. He had tried everything known without any permanent good. In less than ten days after taking your Antidote he was sound and well, and has gone through the entire season without any return. It seems to have effectually driven the malarious poison from his system. Yours truly,
V. A. ANDERSON.

Be Careful of Your Million Pores.

"I object to the public bath houses," said a reputable up-town physician, "and I will give you pretty good reasons for it. There are something like 1,000,000 of pores in the human body. Each pore is about a quarter of an inch long, and if all were laid in a straight line it would measure something like 30 miles. That's a pretty startling recollection, isn't it? And it gives you a pretty good idea of the importance of the human pores. Now, when you take a Russian or Turkish bath, you must remember that every one of these pores opens wide, and is ready to absorb anything that comes along.

"Of course, all these public bath houses are kept scrupulously clean. But suppose a man with skin disease should be rubbed down with a brush which a few moments later is applied to your body. Don't you also know that every pore is sure to absorb any impurities in the air?"

—FARMERS' sons can make from $25 to $100 per week by selling Ta-va-zon Liniment. No farmer can afford to be without it. Secure territory at once. Send stamp to Dr. Griffith Chemical Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

A Smart Woman.

Simpkins and his landlord occupy flats in the same house in New York. The landlord has several times raised the tenant's rent when the latter betrayed evidence of growing prosperity. A few days ago when Simpkins came home to dinner he smelt roast turkey.

"What do you mean by having such expensive things as roast turkey for dinner?" said Simpkins to his wife. "Don't you know our landlord will raise the rent on us if he smells it?"

"He will not be a particle the wiser if he does smell it," responded Mrs. Simpkins.

"How is that?"

"Because he has got roast turkey himself to-day. If he smells our turkey he will think he is only smelling his own turkey. I asked his cook what they had for dinner before I bought our turkey."—*Texas Siftings.*

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION is free from Opium in any form, and therefore perfectly safe.

If you have a cough without disease of the lungs, so much the better. A few doses are all you need. But if you neglect this easy means of safety, the slight cough may become a serious matter, and several bottles will be required.

It cannot be asserted that every case of Consumption may be cured by this medicine, but it is true that thousands of lives will be saved if they do not delay too long.

By druggists. 25c.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

The Farm.

Information Wanted

E. J. Norcross, Illinois: We cannot say for certain what the matter is with your horse's feet. They may be tender from several causes. Very likely he may be suffering from corns, if the tenderness is confined to the forefeet. Have your blacksmith take off the shoes, and examine in the triangular space between the bars and wall of the foot, at the heel. The seat of the corn should be pared, care being taken not to cut out portions of the bars or the frog.—Ed.

E. C. King, Tennessee: [If your horse has organic disease of the heart, he cannot be cured. When owing to nervousness and other causes, the horse is affected with increased action or "thumps" a cure may be effected. You must be careful not to excite the horse, or exert him too much. Every part of his treatment should be moderate. If he has indigestion, give him of powdered aloes, about 3 drachms; bicarbonate of soda, 1 ounce: give as a drench in a pint of warm water. Two or three days afterward begin giving this: Powdered digitalis leaves, 30 grains; nitrate of potash, ½ ounce; give daily for a week; then omit a week and give for another week. This may be given in food.—Ed.]

Wants a Remedy.—Dear sir—Will some one of your many readers be kind enough to give me a remedy for my horse? She shakes her head when I put the bridle on and sometimes shakes her head and tries to turn round when in the wagon, until I fear she will fall down. Acts as if there was something in her ear on the left side. She is a very valuable animal, and a remedy will much oblige.—T. B. Thompson, Kansas.

[T. R. L., Nashville: To preserve butter any length of time, first work out all the buttermilk; second, use rock salt; third, pack in air-tight jars or cans; fourth, keep in a cool place. This, it is claimed, will keep butter sweet for years.—Ed.]

Emil Raudea, Brenan county, Illinois: The following mixture, it is claimed, will extirpate all the rats and mice about a house: Two parts of well bruised common squills, and then three parts of finely chopped bacon, made into a stiff mass, with as much meal as may be required, and then baked into small cakes, which are put down for the rats or mice to eat.—Ed.

Anxious Subscriber, Centralia, Ills.: Your cow is suffering from garget. Give her half a pound of salts, mixed well with a cupful of molasses. It should be made sufficiently thin to be taken easily. After this has operated, give her an ounce and a half of saltpetre in the drinking water for three or four days. Rub this freely around the quarters of the udder: Extract of belladona, 1 oz.; vaseline 4 ounces. If there are swellings with pus in them they should be lanced. This should be done by a veterinary. Give only moderate quantities of water, and such food as will not produce milk. Draw the milk frequently from the udder.—Ed.

S. F. B., Kansas:—As you have not stated the age of your colt, we can not give you necessary advice. The age of the animal should be invariably given with requests for information.—Ed.]

P. A. Brown, Barton county, Kan.:—It seems that there is something wrong with her teeth. Examine them and see if there are any decayed or uneven. At all events, give the following, and it will bring her around all right, after which, if the teeth are bad, you must give feed that is easily digested, nutritious, and at regular intervals; Raw linseed oil, 16 ounces; oil of aniseed, 2 drachms; spirits of sweet nitre, 2 ounces. This is a mild cathartic. After this has operated, give bisulphate of soda, half an ounce, powdered gentian, half an ounce; powdered nux vomica, 20 grains. For one dose, twice daily for four days.—Ed.]

R. Nightingale, Minnesota: The best thing that you can do for the enlargement on your colt's leg will be: first, to poultice it, and then apply this: Powdered cantharides, one ounce; alcohol, one pint; steep for two weeks. This may be applied repeatedly without blemishing. It will cause a few watery discharges. After the swelling has been reduced dress the wound with vaseline, or fresh hog's lard in which there is a little powdered alum. The wound should be carefully examined, as there may be sand or some other irritating substance in it. In this case, it will not heal until the cause of irritation is removed.—Ed.]

S. M. McM., Shelley county, Iowa:—From what you write, we judge that your horse has symptomiatic spring halt. Rub the legs with salt and water, and apply this liniment to the hip, at the juncture of the spine, and also to the back part of the feet, for several days: Oil originum, oil amber, sweet oil, of each one ounce; oil spike, aqua ammonia, and oil of turpentine, of each two ounces. Mix thoroughly. Give a tablespoonful of "jimson seed" (Datura Stramonium) once every week for three weeks.—Ed.]

William Erhardt, West Virginia:—Chloride of zince lotion is, one grain of chloride of zince to an ounce of water.—Ed.]

S. B. Hubbard, Lewis county, N. Y.: We think there is nothing wrong with your mare beyond a severe sprain of the muscles of her neck. Take sufficient woolen material to envelop her neck (a piece of an old blanket will do.) Dip it in hot water, wring it out and apply to the neck. Leave it on until it begins to cool, then remove it and rub the wet dry. Then wrap the neck with dry flannel. Do this in the morning, and at noon rub the muscles of the neck with this preparation: Linseed oil, eight ounces; turpentine, eight ounces; oil origanum, four ounces. Mix well and apply twice a day. The rubbing on should reach down on to the shoulder.—Ed.

J. S. Fisher, Virginia: For the dropsical swelling in your horse's leg, take of iodide of potassium, carbonate of ammonia, and powdered gentian, of each an ounce. Make into eight balls, and give one morning and evening. After this, for a week, give an ounce of saltpetre in the drinking water, daily for a week. Rub the leg with acetate of lead, an ounce; sulphate of zinc, half an ounce, and water, one pint. Mix and apply twice daily, after cleaning the parts with warm soap and water. A bran mash every two days for a week will be beneficial.—Ed.]

J. J. Esden, Steuben county, N. Y.: Your horse is in the first stage of navicular disease, if we correctly interpret your letter. Begin cure by giving him, three days apart, a dose of aloes (four drachms each) in a pint of water. Remove him to a box stall. Blood should be taken from the arteries above the coronet. Remove the shoe and poultice the foot for about a week. After this time blister smartly around the coronet and pastern. After this the quarters may be scraped down a little. No exercise should be allowed the horse for at least three weeks.—Ed.]

William Talbert, Noble County, Indiana: [For the founder and contracted muscles, first give a cathartic, say four drachms of aloes to the dose, twice, three days apart. Fill a sponge with water and place it against the frog; take some blood from the feet by bleeding above the coronet, and apply flaxseed poultices for at least four days to the feet. The shoes must be removed. After this blister around the coronet. The muscles may be relaxed by rubbing with oil of spike, one ounce; oil origanum, two ounces; alcohol, sixteen ounces. The animal should receive but little exercise during treatment.—Ed.]

Raising Colts.—Will some one give his experience in colt raising? I have a valuable mare that carried her colt last year two weeks over twelve months, and when she foaled the colt was weak and the mare did not have any milk in her bag. The colt died. The mare is with foal this year, and I do not wish to lose the colt as I did last year. All information on colt raising will be thankfully received.—Albert Williams, Allegheny county, N. Y.

Answers to Inquiries.

Dehorning Cattle.—I will contribute my experience in dehorning cattle. About one year ago I thought I would try the experiment. Selecting a cow that was using unwaranted cruelty toward some of the younger ones, I secured an assistant and with a common hand-saw took her horns off, one about one and one-half inches from her head, the other not over one-half inch. I was so well pleased with the result that in last September I dehorned the remainder of my herd, consisting of cows from two to twelve years of age, with no bad results. Some of the cows operated upon were my very best milk cows, and the flow of milk was not affected in the slightest degree. The loss of blood from the wound was very slight. I think any one like myself, with very limited means, would do well to make a practice of dehorning, from the simple fact that it takes less shed and yard room, besides the little and big stand an equal chance at the feed racks.—W. L. D., Oneida, Kansas.

The Oat Crop.

There are but few farmers who sufficiently appreciate the value of oats as a crop. If precautions are taken the previous fall, oats can be got in before any plowing can be done, and their product far surpasses in value any expense they may be to their owner. Where corn stubble or potato fields were plowed last fall, sow the oats as soon as the frost is out and by thoroughly harrowing the land the job is completed. What is true of oats alone is also true of oats and peas together, or they can be harrowed in on some lands during thaws which occur long before spring without danger to the crop. If it is desirable to raise a very heavy crop of oats and peas for soiling, and the land is to be manured, the fertilizer should have been drawn from the stables during the winter when the men had comparative leisure, and spread broadcast; then after sowing is completed, one harrowing accomplishes the covering of the seed and the mixture of the soil and fertilizer. As a crop of grain it is valuable, and yet I believe as a soiling crop it far exceeds in value that of almost anything we raise, unless it be corn. When the oats are in the milk and cured properly in the cock, no more nutritious fodder can be obtained, and a second crop of turnips, Hungarian or other quickly grown varieties, can be had the same season from the land. After obtaining a crop of oat hay, I have pulled at the rate of 400 bu. of English turnips per acre in one season and with only a moderate application of manure to common land.

The value of the oat crop depends largely on the ease with which it is raised, as it is a very gross feeder, and a most accommodating plant, growing in almost all climates and soils; it can be raised almost universally at a profit. True, the oat has a name like buckwheat for being an impoverisher of the soil, but what manufacturer would discard a machine which produces the most in one year simply because of its productiveness? Should we not raise those crops which yield the most and impoverish the soil the most rapidly? For if this matter obtained is returned to the soil nothing is lost, and we are enabled to handle our capital much more frequently than if the yield is small and the land left fertile. It is my advice to my brother farmers to consider the merits of the much neglected oat, and give it a good opportunity of proving its worth. In many of the Northern states it has, considering the cost of cultivation and yield, proved itself superior to corn as a money crop. There are many farms situated upon low lands where the season is too short for profitable corn crops and where oats thrive and yield prodigiously. Whoever has the nerve to try raising oats or oats and peas, and another crop after the first is cut for fodder, will be well satisfied and realize fully that that land has more than paid its taxes.—*N. E. Homestead.*

Setting Broken Legs of Cattle.

Some time ago I noticed in your paper an account of the cure of a cow with a broken leg, and of the doubts of many, of the chances of a cure. Since I have been on a farm, I have had three cases of broken legs, and in each case they were healed. The first was a 2-year-old heifer, found in a rocky pasture by some bee hunters, with her right hind leg broken about midway between the knee and hoof. She was put into a dump cart, drawn home, put in a suitable place, and her leg set. It soon healed, so that she walked about and fed in the pasture, and it became strong in a short time.

The next was a three-year-old, broken in nearly the same place, caused by fighting and being thrown over a tongue. The leg was badly splintered, and I took out severl pieces of bone with nippers before it healed, but she got strong after some time. She was in milk, and we milked her every day and gave it to the pigs. Both of these cases were in May.

The third was a two-year-old. She broke her fore leg almost up to her body, by stepping through a hole in the floor where we were building a new barn; this was in December. She was put in a warm stable where she could not turn, her leg put in place, an old cast-off bootleg drawn on, with holes cut to admit of bathing. Splinters of wood wound with cotton flannel were filled in as tight as convenient. She was fed the same as the rest of the cattle, except now and then selecting a choice lock of hay for her, and occasionally giving a few oats, but not many, fearing it might create fever. She got her leg a little out of place in a few days, but not enough to make it advisable to alter it. We let it remain so. She soon got up and in a short time we allowed her to go to the trough for exercise and drink, and before spring she was put in the stanchions with our other cattle, and ran in the pasture all summer. Is now on the place and bids fair to make a valuable cow. These were young. I suppose older cattle would be more difficult to heal. I set the bones in each case myself, with no help but that of the boys on the farm, and I had had no experience except that I once held in my arms a five-year-old boy while the doctor set a broken arm. I believe that 99 out of 100 can be healed.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

Treatment for "Strangles."

The name "strangles" is given the disease because the breathing may become greatly obstructed by the internal swelling, causing the animal to give a loud, harsh sound in breathing. It is heard mostly when the breath is taken in, but both acts of breathing may become noisy. The tumors may become very large and cause great weakness because of the inability of the horse to chew his food properly, and there may even to some danger of suffocation in extremely bad cases. The cause of the disease is unknown, but many believe it to be contagious. As the disease has a definite course to run, the treatment must be directed toward bringing the abscess to maturity as soon as possible and keeping up the strength of debilitated sufferers. The food must be soft and nourishing, for the throat is sore and swallowing hard substances is out of the question.

In the summer, grass is the best food; in winter, carrots cut lengthwise, are the best substitutes for fresh grass. Bran mashes are well enough, but are soon refused; boiled oats are good and nutritious; cut hay, steamed or boiled, is sometimes relished by the invalid. The body and legs should be warmly covered. Plenty of cool, fresh air is a necessity. If the tumor or abscess does not readily show signs of maturing or "coming to a head," a blister should be applied over it, which will hasten matters. The abscess should be opened freely with a knife as soon as it is ready, because the scar left after a clean cut is no blemish, while the irregular one, after spontaneous opening, is apt to be ugly. The cavity of the opened abscess should be kept open and carefully syringed out with warm water for a few days. Care should be taken not to lance the tumor until the matter is well formed, otherwise troublesome bleeding may follow.

CROP REVIEW.

A Glance at the Condition of Crops in Various States.

Chicago, April 18.—The *Farmer's Review* this week will say that correspondents from nearly every county in Kansas, Missouri, Illinois, Indiana and Ohio report that these has been no adequate relief from drouth, and that high and dry winds are causing a steady deterioration in the condition of winter wheat. A certain per cent. of damage has already occurred. Yet notwithstanding the impending great injury which a much longer prolongation of the drouth would effect, the generality of reports from the wheat districts continue to be favorable.

Pastures and meadows in Illinois, Indiana and Ohio are already suffering very seriously, however, owing to the lack of rain. Spring wheat seeding has been nearly completed in Illinois and Iowa and is in progress in Minnesota, Dakota and Michigan. The ground is reported to be in favorable condition in Iowa, Dakota and Minnesota for the reception of the seed.

NORTHWESTERN FLOUR.

Another Heavy Week, but Millers are Rather Discouraged Over the Outlook.

Minneapolis, April 14.—The Northwestern Miller says that last week's production, while below that of the previous week, was by no means small—130,900 barrels, averaging 21,817 barrels daily, against 155,400 barrels the previous week and 123,200 barrels for the corresponding time in 1886.

Millers uniformly complain that there is practically no flour market, and add that they never saw the general situation more discouragning. There are but few orders coming in and a limited amount of storing is going on here, and smaller installments are being sent to Duluth.

SAME OLD STORY.

The Chicago Strike Off, and Men to Go to Work Monday.

Chicago, April 16.—The strike of the carpenters was practically declared off today. The Executive board of the Central council met at an early hour and discussed the outlook. The result was an order was issued to the men to resume work Monday for all the bosses who will pay 35 cents an hour and make the working day eight hours. The strikers are being notified of this decision through the walking delegates, and by all other means which their officers have at their disposal.

RAINS IN TEXAS.

Long Sought Relief Comes at Last—No Rain for a Year.

St. Louis, April 13.—Advices from different sections in Texas note the fall of copious rains for 300 miles along the Texas & Pacific railway west of Merkle, and in the country north of that road.

This is regarded as a great boon by stockmen and farmers, and will be worth hundreds of thousands of dollars to the country. In many places in Texas rain has not fallen for a year.

"OVERTHROW OF THE MONSTER."

How the Black Giant Death was Conquered by Christ, the Savior—How the Purified Body will Come Forth from the Tomb on Resurrection Morning.

Brooklyn, April 10.—To-day being Easter Sunday, the Tabernacle was profusely decorated with flowers. The pulpit, the pillars and the galleries were one great garden of bloom. The subject of Dr. Talmage's discourse was, "The Overthrow of the Monster," and his text, Isaiah, ch. 25, v. 8: "He will swallow up death in victory." Dr. Talmage said:

About eighteen hundred and eighty-three Easter mornings have awakened the earth. In France for three centuries the almanacs made the year begin at Easter, until Charles IX made the year begin at January 1. In the tower of London there is a royal pay-roll of Edward I, on which there is an entry of eighteen pence for four hundred colored and pictured Easter eggs, with which the people sported. In Russia, slaves were fed and alms were distributed on Easter. Ecclesiastical councils met at Pontus, at Gaul, at Rome, at Achaia, to decide the particular day, and after a controversy, more animated than gracious, decided it, and now through all Christendom, in some way the first Sunday after the full moon which happens upon or next after March 21, is filled with Easter rejoicing.

The Royal Court of the Sabbaths is made up of 52. Fifty-one are princes in the royal household, but Easter is queen. She wears a richer diadem, and sways a more jeweled scepter, and in her smile nations are irradiated. Unusually welcome this year because of the harsh winter and the late spring, she seems to step out of the snowbank rather the conservatory; out of the North instead of the South, out of the Arctic rather than the tropics, dismounting from the icy equinox; but welcome this queenly day, holding high up in her right the wrenched-off bolt of Christ's sepulcher, and holding high up in her left hand the key to all the cemeteries in Christendom.

It is an exciting think to see an army routed and flying. They run each other down. They scatter everything valuable in the track. Unwheeled artillery. Hoof of horse on breast of wounded and dying man. You have read of the French falling back from Sedan, or Napoleon's track of ninety thousand corpses in the snow-banks of Russia, or of the retreat of our own armies from Manassas, or of the five kings tumbling over the rocks of Beth-horan with their armies, while the hail storms of heaven and the swords of Joshua's host struck them with their fury. In my text is a worse discomfiture. It seems that a black giant proposed to conquer the earth. He gathered for his host all the aches, and pains, and malarias, and cancers, and distempers, and epidemics of the ages. He marched them down, drilling them in the northeast wind and amid the slush of tempests. He threw up barricades of grave mounds. He pitched a tent of charnel house. Some of the troops marched with slow tread, commanded by consumptions; some in double-quick, commanded by pneumonias. Some he took by long besiegement of evil habit, and some by one stroke of the battle-axe of casualty. With bony hand he pounded at the door of hospitals and sick rooms, and won all the victories in all the great battlefields of all the five continents. Forward marches the conqueror of conquerors, and all the generals and commanders-in-chief, and all Presidents, and kings, and sultans, and czars drop under the feet of his war-charger. But one Christmas night his antagonist was born. As most of the plagues and sicknesses and depostisms come out of the East, it was appropriate that the new conqueror should come out of the same quarter. Power is given him to awaken all the fallen of all the centuries and of all the lands, and marshal them against the black giant. Friends have already been won but the last day of the world's existence will see the decisive battle. When Christ shall lead forth his two brigades, the brigade of the risen dead and the brigade of the celestial host, the black giant will fall back, and the brigade from the riven sepulchers will take him from beneath and the brigade of descending immortals will take him from above, and death shall be swallowed up in victory.

The old braggart that threatened the conquest and demolition of the planet has lost his throne, has lost his scepter, has lost his palace, has lost his prestige, and the one word written over all the gates of mausoleum, and catacomb, and necropolis, on cenotaph and sarcophagus, on the lonely cairn of the arctic explorer, and on the catafalque of great cathedral, written in capitals of azalea and calla lily, written in musical cadence, written in doxology of great assemblages, written on the sculptured door of the family vault, is "Victory." Coronal word, embannered word, apocalyptic word, chief word of the triumphal arch under which conquerors return.

Victory! Word shouted at Culloden and Balaklava and Blenheim, at Megiddo and Solferino, at Marathon, where the Athenians drove back the Medes; at Poictiers, where Charles Martel broke the ranks of the Saracens; at Salamis, where Themistocles in the great seat-fight confounded the Persians, and at the door of the Eastern cavern of chiseled rock, where Christ came out through a recess and throttled the king of terrors, and put him back in the niche from which the celestial conqueror had just emerged. Aha! when the jaws of the Eastern mausolem took down the black giant, "death was swallowed up in victory." I proclaim the abolition of death.

The old antagonist is driven back into mythology with all the lore about Stygian ferry and Charon with oar and boat. Melrose Abbey and Kenilworth Castle are no more in ruins than in the sepulcher. We shall have no more to do with death than we have with the cloak-room at the Governor's or President's levee. We stop at such cloak-room and leave in charge of a servant our overcoat, our overshoes, our outward apparel, that we may not be impeded in the brilliant round of the drawing-room. Well, my friends, when we go out of this world we are going to a King's banquet, and to a reception of monarchs, and at the door of the tomb we leave the cloak of flesh, and wrappings with which we meet the storm of this world. At the close of an earthly reception, under the brush and broom of the porter the coat or hat may be handed to us better than when we resigned it, and the cloak of humanity will finally be returned to us improved, and brightened, and purified, and glorified.

You and I do not want our bodies returned as they are now. We want to get rid of all their weakness, and all their susceptibilities to fatigue, and all their slowness of locomotion. They will be put through a chemistry of soil, and heat, and cold, and changing seasons out of which God will reconstruct them as much better than they are now as the body of the rosiest and healthiest child that bounds over the lawn at Prospect Park is better than the sick patient at Bellevue hospital. But as to our soul, we will cross right over, not waiting for obsequies, independent of obituary, into a state in every way better, with wider room and velocities beyond computation; the dullest of us into companionship with the very best spirits in their very best mood, in the very parlor of the universe, the four walls burnished, and paneled, and pictured, and glorified with all the splendors that the infinite God in all the ages has been able to intent. Victory!

This view of course makes it of but little importance whether we are cremated or sepultured. If the latter is dust to dust, the former is ashes to ashes. If any prefer incineration, let them have it without caricature. The world may become so crowded that cremation may become universally adopted by law as well as by general consent. Many of the mightiest and best spirits have gone through this process. Thousands and tens of thousands of God's children have been cremated—P. P. Bliss and wife, the evangelistic singers, cremated by accident at Ashtabula bridge; John Rogers, cremated by persecution; Latimer and Ridley, cremated at Oxford; Pothinus and Blandina, a slave, and Alexander, a physician, and their comrades cremated at the order of Marcus Aurelius; at least a hundred thousand of Christ's disciples were cremated, and there can be no doubt about the resurrection of their bodies. If the world lasts as much longer as it has been built, there perhaps will be no room for for the large acreage set apart for the resting places, but that time has not come. Plenty of room yet, and the race need not pass that bridge of fire until it comes to it. The most of us prefer the old way. But whether out of the natural disintegration or cremation we shall get that luminous, buoyant, gladsome, transcendent, magnificent, inexplicable structure called the resurrection body, you will have it, I will have it. I say to you today, as Paul said to Agrippa: "Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?" The far-up cloud, higher than the hawk flies, higher than the eagle flies, what is it made of? Drops of water from the Hudson, other drops from the East River, other drops from a stagnant pool out on Newark flats—up yonder there, embodied in a cloud, and the sun kindles it. If God can make such a lustrous cloud out of water drops, many of them soiled and impure and fetched from miles away, can he not transport the fragments of a human body from the earth and out of them build a radiant body? Can not God, who owns all the material out of which bones and muscle and flesh are made, set them up again if they have fallen? If a manufacturer of telescopes drops a telescope on the floor and it breaks, can he mend it again so you can see through it? And if God drops the human eye into the dust, the eye which he originally fashioned, can he not restore it? Aye, if the manufacturer of the telescope by a change of the glass and a change of the focus can make a better glass than that which he originally constructed, and actually improve it, do you not think the fashioner of the human eye may improve its sight and multiply the natural eye by the thousandfold additional forces of the resurrection eye?

"Why should it be thought with you an incredible thing that God should raise the dead?" Things all around us suggest it. Out of what grew all these flowers? Out of the mold and the earth. Resurrected! Resurrected! The radiant butterfly, where did it come from? The loathsome caterpillar. That albatross that smites the tempest with it wing, where did it come from? A senseless shell. Near Bergerac, France, in a Celtic tomb under a block were found flower seed that had been buried two thousand years. The explorer took the flower seed and planted it, and it came up: it bloomed in bluebell and heliotrope. Two thousand years ago buried, yet resurrected. A traveler says he found in a mummy-pit in Egypt garden peas that had been buried three thousand years ago. He brought them out and on the 4th of June, 1844, he planted them, and in 30 days they sprang up. Buried three thousand years, yet resurrected. "Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?"

Where did all this silk come from—the silk that adorns your persons and your homes? In the hollow of a staff a Greek missionary brought from China to Europe the progenitors of those worms that now supply the markets of many nations. The pageantry of bannered host and the luxurious articles of commercial emporium blazing out from the silk worms. And who shall be surprised if out of this insignificant earthly life, our bodies unfold into something worthy of the coming eternities? Put silver into diluted nitre and it dissolves. Is the silver gone forever? No. Put in some pieces of copper and the silver reappears. If one force dissolves, another force organizes.

"Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?" The insects flew and the worms crawled last autumn feebler and feebler, and then stopped. They have taken no food, they want none. They lay dormant and insensible, but soon the south wind will blow the resurrection trumpet, and the air and the earth will be full of them. Do you not think that God can do as much for our bodies as he does for the wasps and the spiders and the snails? This morning at half past 5 there was a resurrection. Out of the night the day. In a few weeks there will be a resurrection in all our gardens. Why not some day a resurrection amid all the graves?

Ever and anon there are instances of men and women entranced.

A trance is death followed by resurrection after a few days; total suspension of mental power and voluntary action. Rev. William Tennent, a great evangelist of the last generation, of whom Dr. Archibald Alexander, a man far from being sentimental, wrote in most eulogistic terms—Rev. William Tennent seemed to die. His spirit departed. People came in day after day and said: "He is dead, he is dead." But William Tennent lived to write out the experiences of what he had seen while his soul was gone. It may be found some time that what is called suspended animation or comatose state is brief death, giving the soul an excursion into the next world from which it comes back, a furlough of a few hours granted from the conflict of life to which it must return. Does not this waking up of men from trance, and this waking up of insects from winter lifelessness, and this waking up of grains buried three thousand years years ago, make it easier for you to believe that your body and mine after the vacation of the grave shall rouse and rally, though there be three thousand years between our last breath and the sounding of the archangelic reveille? Physiologists tell us that while the most of our bodies are built with such wonderful economy that we can spare nothing, and the loss of a finger is a hinderment, and the injury of a toe joint makes us lame, still that we have two or three useless physical apparati, and no anatomist or physiologist has ever been able to tell what they are good for. They are no doubt the foundation of the resurrection body, worth nothing to us in this this state, to be indispensably valuable in the next state. The Jewish rabbins had only a hint of this suggestion when they said that in the human frame there was a small bone which they said was to be the basis of the resurrection body. Perhaps that may have been a delusion. But this thing is certain, the Christian scientists of our day have found out that there are two or three superfluities of body that are something gloriously suggestive of another state.

I called at my friend's house one summer day. I found the yard all piled up with the rubbish of carpenter and mason's work. The door was off. The plumbers had torn up the floor. The roof was being lifted in cupola. All the pictures were gone, and the paper-hangers were doing their work. All the modern improvements were being introduced into the dwelling. There was not a room in the house fit to live in at that time, although a month before when I visited that house everything was so beautiful I could not have suggested an improvement. My friend had gone with his family to the Holy Land, expecting to come back at the end of six months, when the building was to be done. And O, what was his joy when, at the end of six months, he returned and the old house was enlarged and improved and glorified! That is your body. It looks well now—all the rooms filled with health, and we could hardly make a suggestion. But after a while your soul will go to the Holy Land, and while you are gone to the old house of your tabernacle will be entirely reconstructed from cellar to attic, and every nerve, muscle, and bone, and tissue, and artery must be hauled over, and the old structure will be burnished, and adorned, and raised, and cupolaed, and enlarged, and all the improvements of heaven introduced, and you will move into it on resurrection day. "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Oh, what a day when body and soul meet again! They are very fond of each other. Did your body ever have pain and your soul not pity it? Or your body have a joy and your soul not re-echo it? Or, changing the question, did your soul ever have any trouble and your body not sympathize with it? growing wan and weak under the depressing influence. Or did your soul ever have a gladness but your body celebrated it with kindled eye and cheek and elastic step? Surely God never intended two such good friends to be very long separated. So when the world's last Easter morning shall come the soul will descend, crying, "Where is my body?" and the body will ascend, saying "Were is my soul?" and the Lord of the resurrection will bring them together, and it will be a perfect soul in a perfect body, introduced by a perfect Christ in a perfect heaven. Victory! Do you wonder that today we swath this house with garlands? Do you wonder we celebrate it with the most consecrated voice of song that we can invite, and with the deftest fingers on organ and cornet, and with doxologies that beat these arches with the billows of sound as the sea smites the basalt at Giant's Causeway? Only the bad disapprove of the resurrection.

A cruel heathen warrior heard Mr. Moffat, the missionary, preach about the resurrection, and he said to the missionary: "Will my father rise in the last day?" "Yes," said the missionary. "Will all the dead in battle rise?" said the cruel chieftain. "Yes," said the missionary. "Then," said the warrior, "let me hear no more about the resurrection day. There can be no resurrection—there shall be no resurrection. I have slain thousands in battle. Will they rise?" Ah, there will be more to rise on that day than those want to see whose crimes have never been repented. But for all others who allowed Christ to be their pardon and their life and their resurrection it will be a day of victory.

The thunders of the last day will be the salvo that greets you into harbor. The lightnings will be only the torches of triumphal procession marching down to escort you home. The burning worlds flashing through immensity will be the rockets celebrating your coronation on thrones where you will reign forever and forever and forever. Where is death? What have we to do with death? As your reunited body and soul swing off from this planet on that last day you will see deep gashes all up and down the hills, deep gashes all through the valleys, and they will be the emptied graves, they will be the abandoned sepulchers, with rough ground tossed on either side of them, and slabs will lie uneven on the rent hillocks, and thers will be fallen monuments and cenotaphs, and then for the first time you will appreciate the full exhilaration of the text, "He will swallow up death in victory."

> "Hail the Lord of earth and heaven!
> Praise to thee by both be given;
> Thee we greet triumphant now,
> Hail the resurrection thou!"

Mail Pouch Rifled.

Louisville, Ky., April 15.—It was discovered this morning that the New Albany closed pouch which left the Louisville postoffice at 6:40 p. m. last evening, was robbed at the Jeffersonville, Madison & Indianapolis depot. The pouch was found upon the platform cut open and rifled of its contents. The extent of the loss is not known.

News of the Week.

SENATOR ALLISON

Touches Two Important Topics of Great Interest to the Financial and Commercial World and Speculates Upon Presidential Possibilities, Etc.

New York, April 15.—A Washington special to the *Herald* says that in an interview yesterday with Sen. Allison, of Iowa, touching several topics of especial interest to the commercial and financial world he spoke with his accustomed frankness. Your correspondent opened the talk by saying:

"I notice the sub-committee on the subject of undervaluations is in session this week. How long will it probably continue in session and what progress have you made thus far?"

Sen. Allison replied:

"Yes; the committee has been in session every day this week and will sit here for the remainder of the week. The committee has made very satisfactory progress considering the magnitude of the subject and the difficulties in the way of reaching correct conclusions."

"What is likely to be the situation respecting the surplus, owing to a failure to reduce taxation at the last session?"

"There will probably be no considerable accumulation of the surplus during the remainder of this fiscal year. The debt was reduced $12,000,000 during the last month and the money in the treasury increased about $2,000,000, so that at this rate, or any reasonable approach to it, the redemption all the 3 per cents will take place between now and July 1.

"After that time there will be a constant accumulation of money in the treasury over and above current payments to the extent of from $8,000,000 to $10,000,000 a month until Congress either reduces taxes or makes new and additional appropriations. If Congress does not convene until December, no tax reduction is probable before a year from next July—the result of which would be an accumulation of a surplus, in addition to that now in the treasury, of from $90,000,000 to $100,000,000."

"It has been suggested that the secretary of the treasury might utilize the national bank depositories for the deposit of the accumulating surplus and that they in turn could loan it and thus keep the money ready for taxes in the hands of the people."

"I have heard this proposition discussed here and there, but it does not seem to me feasible. It might be done to some extent, but it would not be wise to place large sums in this way with the banks. They could not loan it for business purposes without an understanding that it was not to be called for by the treasury. Such an understanding would lead to favoritism and speculation. The national depositories are established only to facilitate government collections and payments, and not as favorites to loan public money.

"With rare exceptions the money held by these depositories has always been subject to draft at any time, and the deposits have been made only upon the security of government bonds, so that this scheme or plan is not practicable to any considerable extent in providing a method to keep in circulation money drawn into the treasury by taxation. The true method is to appropriate reasonable sums for the purposes of government and then reduce taxes so that there will be no great surplus.

"I know of but one way of reducing this amount—that is, to go into the open market and buy unmatured fours and four and a halfs, and pay the current premium for them. The sinking fund will require for the fiscal year 1888 about $46,000,000. If this requirement is met, that amount of fours and fours and a halfs must be purchased, and to that extent the surplus will be reduced. This the secretary will do undoubtedly—first, because the law requires it, and, second, because it will be necessary in order to avoid the great stringency in the money market."

"Are you rightly reported as believing that the President should call an extra session before December so as to give Congress an opportunity of reducing taxes?"

"I think the president ought to convene Congress as early as October, for the purpose of considering the question. This would probably, by three months, hasten a change in our tax laws. These changes must originate in the House. If Congress convenes in October it would continue in session until December. The Speaker could appoint the Committee of Ways and Means early in October and by the first of January, in that event, a measure could be matured and brought into the House, where it could be considered and sent to the Senate as early as March and a bill could thus pass both houses by May of next year.

"If all action is postponed until the regular session in December, it is not probable that any measure could pass before August. Besides at the regular session appropriation bills would intervene and the excitement and disturbance of a Presidential campaign would come in, so that there would not then be a careful deliberation that would be had if Congress should begin the work as early as October of this year."

"What are the prospects for 1888, as respects the success of the Republicans or Democrats?"

"It is too soon to judge with any degree of accuracy at this time. The indications are favorable to Republican success, but some new elements are now appearing in the elections which make any prophecy now of little value. I think the Republicans ought to succeed, because they can administer the government more in accord with the spirit of the times than our opponents; but there is a strong element not in accord with either party that as they go in 1888 may affect the result. If there are only two tickets in the field I would have no doubt of our success. If there should be three or four the result might be changed. But I have faith in our success because I believe we ought to succeed and also because most if not all present indications are in that direction."

DROUTH IN ILLINOIS

Bad for the Farmers—Planting Corn Three Weeks Ahead of Time—Trouble in Indiana.

Bloomington, Ill., April 14.—The drouth throughout central Illinois, together with the great continuous heat, is unprecedented. Nothing like it has been known for a great many years. It has not rained for six weeks, and then but a little fell, not enough to fairly break an unusual winter drouth. The thermometer registers nearly 90° in the shade daily.

Many farmers are obliged to haul water for their stock, and pastures furnish little nourishment. Some farmers are still feeding. Except that the trees are leafless the country presents the aspect of August. The fields are so dry that it is next to impossible to harrow, owing to the clouds of dust.

The oats crop is very backward, some fields not growing. The tile drains are stopping their flow of water. The farmers are beginning to plant corn nearly three weeks ahead of time. So far the crops have not been injured, except the grass, and if a heavy rain should fall this week the prospects would be excellent.

WHEAT IN INDIANA.

Wabash, Ind., April 14.—There is much alarm in this section of the state over the probable failure of the wheat crop, caused by the unprecedented dry weather at this season of the year, which has prevailed for over a month. Up to March 10 the outlook was favorable, but a succession of thaws and freezes caused the roots of the plants to be exposed and winter-killed. The warm weather which followed prevented stooling out, and many fields which were very promising when the snow went off, are now barren. With reasonably good weather from this time, the Wabash county crop will be little short of an average.

RATHER TRANSPARENT.

A Smart Portland Man Who Was Caught at His Own Game Pleads the Baby Act.

Fall River, Mass., April 13.—Hiram Evans, of Portland, Me., deposited $300 in the Metacomet bank of this city on last Saturday, payable at the Park bank of New York. He then went to New York and called upon Henry Leonard, at No. 391 East Tenth street, where he ordered $7,000 in counterfeit money. The bills were packed in a small valise, which was put inside of a large one.

Evans could not obtain the money at the Park bank, and came to this city yesterday with the money-seller, who called himself Robert Simpson, to draw the deposit from the Metacomet bank. The valises were checked through to Portland. On the boat, Monday night, Evans examined them and found that they contained only coal and newspapers. He asked Simpson to go with him to the city marshal's office on his arrival here, where he told his story, but Simpson having committed no offense in this city he could not be held. The Maine man drew his money from the bank and left for home. He asserts that he intended to show up the sawdust game.

Will Show His Presents.

Berlin, April 13.—The Emperor has decided to exhibit to the public the various addresses received on the 90th anniversary of his birth. Many of them are masterpieces of fine art and workmanship. He has sent a cordial letter of thanks to the officials in the postal and telegraph service who subscribed for and presented three life-boats to the German rescue society as a birthday tribute to the Emperor.

It is stated the issue of a new Russian loan for 100,000,000 roubles is imminent.

MORMON HOME RULE.

They Consider Themselves Used Worse than the Irish or the Russians and They Hate the United States Government as the Evil One is said to Hate Holy Water.

St. Louis, Mo., April 16.—Joseph Long, a bishop of the Mormon church, whose home is at Bear Lake, I. T., was sojourning at a hotel in this city to-day. Mr. Long, in addition to being a laborer in the Lord's vineyard, is somewhat of a statesman. He has served several terms in the Idaho legislature, has been sheriff of his county, assessor of taxes and school superintendent. He is a native of England, but has been in this country 25 years.

Bishop Long is not an admirer of the United States government. He says there is more liberty in Russia than in Utah, and that the Jews were never persecuted in any country to the extent that the Mormons are persecuted now by the United States government. In the course of a very lengthy interview the Bishop gave very free vent to his hatred of the authorities at Washington.

He was asked:—"Do you think the people of Utah have a right to practice polygamy when it is a criminal offence everywhere else in the United States?"

"I do. I believe in home rule. I believe the people of Utah have a right to make their own laws, and have a right to practice all the tenets of their church. We have a revealed religion, and under certain circumstances polygamy is an obligation. But it is not polygamy so much that the government is driving at. It wants to plunder us."

Continuing, he said: "The Mormons are not politically ambitious; they only want to regulate their own affairs. If we wanted a state we could have it. What is to prevent us from capturing Nevada? There are not more than 16,000 voters in the sovereign state of Nevada now, of which nearly 5,000 are Mormons. What is to prevent the Mormons from dumping 8,000 citizens into Nevada and taking possession of the government of the state in a year? Nothing! And, by the way, this thing is just now seriously considered. If we had three electoral votes on the political market we might have friends, and plenty of them, in Washington. With two United states Senators to fight our battles, and a full fledged Congressman in addition to our Utah delegate, we might get a more respectful hearing. Then, too, we might have influence enough to get Utah admitted, and later, Idaho. There is nothing to prevent the Mormons, if they take it in their heads to engage in practical politics, from controlling Nevada and Utah, and holding the balance of power in Idaho and Arizona."

"Well, why don't you do that?"

"Perhaps we will."

"Where are John Taylor and George I. Cannon now?"

"They are where the sleuthhounds of the government cannot find them. That is a pretty specimen of justice for you. There is Pres. Taylor and George I. Cannon, two as good men as ever breathed the air of this country. Yet they are driven from their homes—they are refugees. They are hunted around like a pair of wild animals because they are faithful to their people, faithful to their church, and won't submit to the rules laid down for them by a few fanatics who can neither understand nor appreciate them. And let me tell you, sir, that two-thirds of the people of Utah know where Pres. Taylor and Apostle Cannon are hiding, and, notwithstanding that a price has been set on them by the government, there is no man, woman or child in Utah base enough to reveal their hiding place. If the government had any sense they would know that the more they persecute us, the closer we will stick together. Pres. Taylor is dearer to us than the Pope is to Catholics; and there is no cardinal in the Roman church as well beloved as Apostle Cannon is by the Mormons. The government might just as well call off their dogs. They will never get Taylor nor Cannon as long as they intend to humiliate them with imprisonment."

"Who is the head of the Church in Taylor's absence?"

"Taylor is the head and he is not absent. He is in Utah and doesn't have to leave his own people to be protected."

"Is there no disposition to submit to the law?"

"Not a bit. The Mormons have rights under the constitution and they will continue to assert those rights, no matter how many Edmundses may spring up in Congress."

PRAIRIE FIRES

Destroying Life and Property—The Latest Reports from the Burned Districts.

Lincoln, Neb., April 13.—Along the branch line of the Burlington & Missouri railroad a large number of settlers have lost their all by the prairie fires. Railroad men say for miles every foot of ground is burned over. In Sheridan and Gove counties fires have raged almost as fiercely, and in one settlement four lives were lost. A report reached the telegraph station through a man who traveled 30 miles, and he said that in the fire tract not one house in three remained unscathed.

Across the line in Nebraska the Beaver bottom has been on fire for two days. A large force of railroad graders on a line being built in southern Furnas county were surrounded in camp by the fire and escape was made only through the greatest efforts, the men leaving their tents, clothes, and everything behind at the mercy of the flames. One man was so seriously burned that he can not recover.

A private telegram to this city from an official of the road in that vicinity estimates that at least a dozen lives have been lost in the two days fires. Railroad officials here are very reticent as to the damage incurred, but among the homesteaders and settlers in Northwestern Kansas they must be very great. A part of the town of Norcatler, that was burned in a high wind, was reported to have been burned by the inroads of a prairie fire, but later advices say the fire originated in the village.

LIGHT DEMAND ALL AROUND.

The Manchester Guardian on the Condition of the English Markets.

Manchester, England, April 13.—The *Guardian*, in its commercial article says that the market is idle. The demand is light all round. The weak point is the continued slackness of the eastern, especially Indian demand. This is attributed to the recent fall in the exchange, but is better described as the result of the oversupply of goods. The continuing weakness has made even sellers indifferent to the further hardening in the speculative department of the common market. Spinners are well supplied with raw materials, and in view of the fact that spinners' and manufacturers' margins show no profit, the opinion is growing that the cotton market will now be left in the hands of speculative operators.

There are some continental inquiries for yarns, but, owing to the firmness of prices, the business is small. Cloth is inactive. The Eastern demand is extremely slow. Producers of plain India fabrics are occasionally anxious for orders for May delivery. They have a large supply for June. There are few inquiries for China goods. There is a moderate demand for favorite makes of printing cloth for South America and other minor foreign outlets. Cloths and heavy fabrics are dull.

STEEL AND IRON TRADE.

Effect on the Industry of the Laxity of New York Customs Officials.

Philadelphia, April 14.—The Bulletin of the American Iron and Steel association, in its issue to-day, calls attention to the continued heavy importations of iron and steel, and adds: "This is a serious business, and in more respects than one. These heavy importations mean a decreased demand for home productions, and we think at not a very late day. They mean also an unfavorable influence on all home prices, which has already been felt and is bound to continue.

"But the feature of these importations which calls most loudly for attention, and instant action, is the transparent fact that gross undervaluations of imported iron and steel are winked at by some of the custom house officials at leading ports of entry, thus nullifying the plain intention of Congress to protect domestic products from foreign competition.

"New York custom house officials are chiefly responsible for these undervaluations. If steel blooms, billets and wire rods were honestly invoiced, or if fraudulent invoices were advanced by conscientious officials such heavy importations of these products as we have recently had could not have taken place."

IT MUST COME.

Michigan Wants to Pulverize the Rum Power, and is Taking Steps to Do it.

Lansing, April 14.—Fifty Republican members of the Senate and House met in caucus last night, to take counsel on the liquor legislation. The sense of the caucus was that the committee on liquor traffic should prepare a bill for a higher license, and local option wherever any county would so vote.

A proposition to have the new laws enforced by state constabulary met with favor by a majority of the members present. The limit of license was fixed as follows: For cities with 10,000 inhabitants and over, $700; for cities under 10,000, $500; for incorporated villages, $400; for townships, $300. The committee will report a bill embodying these features to a second caucus next Tuesday night.

In returning thanks to you for my miraculous cure of eczema or salt rheum, I deem it advisable to give you a detailed account of my case, and as there is and always will be a prejudice against advertised remedies, you have my consent to publish this testimonial, and all inquiries, by letter or in person, I will cheerfully answer. I do this that people who go year after year paying out large sums of money to incompetent physicians and receive no cure, or even relief, or end in filling a premature grave, as was nearly my case, may be induced to make trial of the wonderful Cuticura Remedies.

At the age of three months a rash made its appearance on my face. A physician was called—he said teething was the cause, he prescribed some cooling medicine, but the sores spread to my ears and head. Another M. D. was called. He professed to know all about the case, called it "King's Evil," and prescribed gunpowder, brimstone and lard mixed into a salve, but the disease continued. They could not do anything with it. Another prescribed borax, water and flour; another linseed poultices. None of them did me any good at all, but made me worse. The disease continued unabated; it spread to my arms and legs till I was laid up entirely, and from continual sitting on the floor on a pillow my limbs contracted so that I lost all control of them, and was utterly helpless. My mother would have to lift me out and into bed. I could get around the house on my hands and feet, but I could not get my clothes on at all, and had to wear a sort of dressing gown. My hair had all matted down or fallen off, and my head, face and ears were one scab, and I had to have a towel on my head all the time in the summer, to keep the flies off. My parents consulted a prominent physician and surgeon here in Chicago (the other physicians before mentioned were of Dundas and Hamilton, Canada), he said he could do nothing for me, that the chances were that I would grow out of it, or that it would strike inwardly and kill me in time. He wanted to cut the sinews of my legs so that I could walk, but I would not let him, for if I did get better I would have no control of them.

The disease continued in this manner until I was seventeen years old, and one day in January, 1879, in the Chicago *Tribune*, I read an account of your medicines. They described my case so exactly that I thought, as a last resort, to give them a trial.

When I first applied the Cuticura I was all raw and bleeding from scratching myself, but when I applied it I went asleep almost immediately, something I had not done for years, the effect was so soothing.

The first morning after using it my flesh (I had no skin only on the end of my nose), was a pink color. Next day it was kind of white, and I could place my hands on the sores without it being painful. In about two weeks I could stand straight, but not walk, I was so weak, but my sores were nearly well. Then I commenced the use of the Cuticura Resolvent, and in three days I was worse than ever. I was one mass of pimples from the top of my head to the soles of my feet. To say they were painful would not do justice to the case. In from two to four days they burst and left a small scale, which dropped off, and left the spot pure and the skin white, and as near as I can judge I was cured in about six to eight weeks, and up to this date (i. e., from January, 1879, to January, 1887), I have not been sick in any way, or have had the least signs of the disease reappearing on me. I have an excellent appetite, have the very best of health. My limbs are straight, supple and strong. I have been exposed to all sorts of weather without the least signs of the disease yet. The only difference I find in myself is that my skin is finer, softer, and not so liable to get chapped as is other persons.

No doubt many persons will not believe this almost improbable story, many will think it grossly exaggerated. I don't blame them a bit if they do, but to satisfy themselves they can call or write to me and find out if what I have written above is true or not. There are many persons who can testify to the wonderful cure I have received by your Cuticura Remedies.

Gentlemen, let me again thank you for my cure. 3732 Dearborn street.

W. J. McDONALD.

Chicago, Ill., January 30, 1887.

Nothing is known to science at all comparable to the Cuticura Remedies in their marvellous properties of cleansing, purifying and beautifying the skin, and in curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.

Cuticura, the great skin Cure, and Cuticura Soap, an exquisite skin beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and Cuticura Resolvent, the new blood purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50c; Soap, 25c; Resolvent, $1. Prepared by the Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston, Mass.

☞Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

PLEURO-PNEUMONIA.

An Effort to Stamp It Out in the Infected Districts of Illinois.

Chicago, April 16.—Prof. James Law is in the city. He is professor of veterinary science at Cornell university, and is also connected with the national bureau of animal industry. His mission here is to engage in a crusade against pleuro-pneumonia, and to take active steps toward stamping out that disease in Illinois and adjoining states.

It is estimated that there are 8,000 or 9,000 head of cattle being kept in the so-called infected districts, and he says action in the matter is absolutely demanded; that the cattle barns in the north and northwest sections of this city must be thoroughly disinfected, and that although all exposed animals need not be killed, a large per cent of them should be. For some time the appraisers chosen by the state authorities have been at work fixing the value of condemned cattle.

Prof. Law says he will investigate all those places over which rests a suspicion; that all animals that should be killed will be so treated, and the barns and stables disinfected. This is the only way to eradicate the contagion and he says the authorities must act before the disease fixes itself on this country.

The proper treatment will stamp out the trouble in a few months. He says the government is working harmoniously with the state authorities.

Yesterday Prof. Law, in company with State veterinarians, visited the Empire and Shufeldt distilleries.

At the latter place they found 900 animals being fattened for the market, and at the Empire 500 cattle. During the past week at the Empire an assistant veterinarian killed 25 cattle and found fourteen affected. Most of them were chronic cases. At the Shufeldt the cattle have been exposed for only a short time. The sheds will be thoroughly disinfected to-day at both places.

THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

Takes a Hand, and Makes a New Set of Important Rules.

Washington, April 16.—The commissioner of agriculture has issued a new set of rules governing the operations of the department in the suppression and extirpation of pleuro-pneumonia and other infectious diseases.

The chief of the bureau of Animal Industry is required to send inspectors to points where he has reason to believe any contagious disease of cattle exists. The inspector is required, in case he finds the disease actually exists, to impose temporary quarantine, notifying the owners and warning them not to remove the quarantined animals under the penalties imposed by Congress.

The chief of the bureau of animal industry is required to report to the commissioner whenever he is satisfied that contagious disease exists in a locality and that there is danger of its spreading to other states and territories, whereupon the commissioner will quarantine that locality, cause the diseased animals to be slaughtered and the infected premises to be disinfected. Should any animal be permitted to go into such premises before the disinfection is officially declared complete, a second disinfection will be ordered at the expense of the owner. All quarantined animals will be regarded as affected with contagious disease and any person moving them from the infected district will be prosecuted.

The chief of the Bureau may cause exposed animals to be slaughtered whenever it is deemed necessary to prevent the spread of the disorder from one state or territory to another. Provision is made for the appraisement of and payment for slaughtered animals. Whenever it is deemed necessary by the chief of the bureau to supervise and inspect any lines of transportation doing business in more than one state, and the boats, cars and stock yards in connection therewith, he is required to designate suitable inspectors and make necessary regulations for the quarantine and disinfection of such boats, cars and stock yards as are suspected of being affected with disease.

Whenever any inspector is prevented or obstructed or interfered with in the performance of his duties he is required to call upon the police authorities for aid and protection, and, if this is denied, he is then to call on the United States marshal for force and to file information with the district attorney. Should it be found impossible to enforce these rules in any state, the commissioner, if he thinks the exigency requires it, will declare the state in quarantine and, any person removing animals therefrom, except upon a certificate of an inspector of the bureau, will be prosecuted.

All previous rules and regulations are revoked.

The circular bearing this code of rules contains also a copy of the acts of Congress upon which they are based.

The table of clearing house gross exchanges for the week ending Saturday shows an increase as compared with the corresponding week of last year of about 28 per cent. in fifteen of the largest cities, and a much greater percentage of increase in the smaller cities. Norfolk, Va., and Galveston were the only cases of decrease. The total exchanges in 38 cities were $1,124,466,255.

CONDENSED TELEGRAMS.

All saloons were closed on Sunday in Washington, D. C.

Hon. E. G. Ayer, founder of the town of Harvard, Ill., died at that place last night, aged 75 years.

The Pennsylvania Senate has finally passed a joint resolution proposing a woman suffrage constitutional amendment.

The business portion of the village of Trempealeau, Wis., was burned early this morning. The loss is variously estimated at from $25,000 to $40,000.

Mrs. B. R. Sonnedecker, the four weeks bride of a wealthy farmer living near Wooster, O., hanged herself in a smokehouse at Cleveland because of homesickness.

The officials of the department of the Interior say that no information has been received by them tending to confirm the rumors of Indian troubles along the northwest frontier.

Gov. Hill, of New York, has sent to the assembly a message vetoing the recently passed high license bill, and on motion of Mr. Crosby, the promoter of the measure, it was laid on the table.

Samoiloff, a celebrated Russian comedian of the reigns of Nicholas and Alexander II, is dead. The death is also announced of Kramskoi, who was considered the finest portrait painter in Russia.

At a meeting of the board of directors of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad to-day, a dividend of 4 per cent. on the main stem, and of 5 per cent. on the Washington branch, for the past six months, was declared.

A serious epidemic is raging among the students at the Normal college, Valparaiso, Ind. Thirteen of the students at the college are down with cerebro-spinal meningitis and the closing of the school seems inevitable.

H. C. Griser, a farmer of Bossier parish, near Shreveport, La., was shot from ambush yesterday while plowing in a field. His 10-year-old son was the only witness of the crime, the perpetrator of which made his escape.

Mrs. Hanes, living near Lima, O., locked herself in her house this afternoon and set fire to it. Crowd forced doors open, when the woman attacked them with a pitchfork. She was finally overpowered and the house saved.

Archbishop Croke, of Cashel, and all the priests of his diocese, have signed a memorial protesting against the passage of the new coercion bill, which the document alleges is a measure calculated to lead to greater crimes.

The Pope has been informed by Prussia that she is considering his recently expressed wish that on the conclusion of the expected mutual understanding the Prussian representation at the vatican will be raised to the rank of an embassy.

Clapp & Davies, wholesale jewelers, at 83 and 85 Washington street, Chicago, have assigned to the amount of about $62,000. The sheriff said he estimated the value of the assets to be about $85,000. The firm hopes to pay dollar for dollar.

The Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker, pastor of the City Temple, London, states that he is almost certain he will accept the proffered honor of delivering the eulogy on the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. Dr. Parker will sail early in June for New York.

At the Albany election yesterday the entire Democratic ticket was elected by majorities averaging 1,400. The Democrats gained two supervisors in the city and carried the board by a majority of one.

State Senator J. G. McGinnis, of St. Louis, has filed a suit for libel in the Buchanan Circuit court against the Gazette Publishing company. Damages claimed, $25,000. A letter to J. D. Starts, of St. Louis, furnished the ground for the suit.

A dispatch from Dieppe says the packet steamer Victoria is ashore on the rocks near there. She stranded during a fog. Some passengers attached life buoys to themselves and jumped overboard and were carried out to sea. The others were safely landed.

A vigilance committee from Brown county, Nebraska, overtook two young horse-thieves near Sargent last night, and shot and killed one of them, Joseph Arnold, and captured the other, James Bohan. One of the vigilants was dangerously shot.

The Indianapolis board of trade has adopted resolutions asking the Inter-State Commerce commissioners for an immediate interpretation of the second, third and fourth sections of the act for the reason that the present uncertainty is disastrous to business.

The twenty-second anniversary of the death of Pres. Lincoln was commemorated in the hall of Representatives at Springfield, Monday, the services being under the direction of Lincoln Guard of Honor. Exercises continued over two hours and were largely attended.

Secretary Whitney has awarded to the Bethlehem iron works of Pennsylvania, contracts for furnishing 1,400 tons of steel gun forgings and 4,500 tons of steel armor plates at a total cost of $4,512,938. Its bid though not the lowest for gun steel was the lowest in the aggregate for the two contracts.

Tuesday night a mob from Middlebrook, Va., organized to lynch two colored incendiaries who were brought to Staunton on Monday. The authorities having learned of the movements of the mob, sent the prisoners to Harrisonburg. The mob came to within a few miles of town, and learning of the removal of the prisoners, dispersed.

Three more ballots were taken last night in the joint Democratic caucus of the legislature at Tallahassee, Fla., resulting as follows: First ballot—Bloxham, 34; Perry, 28; scattering, 23. Second ballot—Bloxham, 33; Perry, 32; scattering, 20. Third ballot—Bloxham, 37; Perry, 38; scattering, 18. The caucus then adjourned to Monday night.

Mr. Sartain the well known artist, who has arrived in London, paid a visit yesterday to the American exhibition buildings, and expressed surprise at their magnitude and beauty. The arrangements of the art galleries, he said, were admirably adapted for the display of pictures, the diffusion of light being perfect. Rapid strides are being made toward the completion of the buildings. The exhibition will be opened May 9.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

Nebraska is suffering from prairie fires.

Indiana wheat crop is threatened with entire loss.

Sen. Allison is in favor of an early session of Congress.

Michigan legislators are agitating a high license law.

Washington and New York saloons all closed on Sunday.

Chicago is cursed with a group of avenging anarchists.

Illinois farmers are planting corn three weeks ahead of time.

Iowa had a thunder and hail storm while the sun was shining.

The jury in the Haddock case disagreed and was discharged.

Southern Ohio appeals for aid for her cyclone-stricken people.

Rains are falling copiously in Texas, breaking the long drouth.

General snow storm all over the north on Sunday and Monday.

New York importers tried to corner the tea market and failed.

Crop reports are generally favorable in spite of the bad weather.

The first of the Panhandle robbers was bound over Monday.

An American will train elephants in India for the wealthy Rajahs.

Henry Labouchere advises the Irish to meet English war with war.

The Kissane confesssion will soon be brought to light, so it is claimed.

The Dominion Parliament will have trouble over the fisheries question.

The Connecticut Senate, with the House, has adopted protection resolutions.

The cure of consumption by gas has been successfully tried in New Orleans.

Philadelphia is threatened with a lockout that will paralyze the entire building trade.

A negro ravisher was hanged, in Tennessee, in the court room just after his examination.

Northwestern millers are discouraged over the unfavorable appearance of the flour market.

The wires bring reports of anti-coercion meetings in numerous cities in the United States.

Thirty thousand workingmen, representing the building trades of Chicago, have organized.

At a sale of the late Pres. Arthur's bric-a-brac, an oil portrait of Roscoe Conkling brought $4.

The Senate Finance sub-committee is investigating alleged import undervaluations in New York.

According to the official returns beer drinking is increasing to a frightful extent in this country.

A strong anti-coercion resolution was adopted at a mass meeting of citizens and residents of Washington.

Richmond & Danville railway has been suffering from train robbers, of whom three have been jailed.

The mystery surrounding the resting place of the remains of Pres. Lincoln is to be cleared up immediately.

Survivors of Pickett's division will erect a monument on the scene of their famous charge at Gettysburg.

A witness in the Haddock murder case swore on the body of his dead child that Arensdorf killed Haddock.

Mr. Blaine's physician says that he has passed the crisis, and that there is now no cause for alarm.

An effort is being made to discover the authors of the forged Virginia state bonds sold in the eastern markets.

A New York pensioner died suddenly from excessive joy at the news of a back pension claim having been allowed him.

All the boot and shoe cutters of New England, numbering some 6,000, have organized for protection and are against strikes.

The New York *Herald* thinks the opposition to Mr. Randall is not as strong as some Democrats would like to have believed.

Savannah, Ga., citizens in mass meeting protested against the Irish coercion bill, and sent a cablegram to Gladstone and Parnell.

Judge Cooley, chairman of the inter-state commission, says that if the decision in favor of the Southern roads is found to be unjust it will be rescinded.

PULVERIZE THE RUM POWER.

Some Official Figures that will Furnish Food for Thought—The Enormous Increase in the Consumption of Beer.

WASHINGTON, April 15.—Twenty or more pages of the quarterly report of the chief of the bureau of statistics, just out, are devoted to the consumption of distilled and malt liquors and wines, and estimates made by recognized authorities are given upon the various features of this subject.

In round numbers, the consumption of distilled spirits, domestic and imported, in this country is shown to have increased from 43,000,000 gallons in 1840 to 72,000,000 in 1886; of wines from 4,800,000 gallons to 22,000,000, and of malt liquors from 23,000,000 to 642,000,000.

Consumption per capita during the same period decreased as regards distilled spirits from about 2½ gallons to about 1¼ gallons, and increased as regards wines from 29-100 to 38-100 gallons, and malt liquors from less than 1½ to more than 11 gallons.

An elaborate statement made by F. N. Barrett, editor of the New York *Grocer*, by request of the chief of the bureau, is given, which sets forth among other things that the present average expenditure in this country per annum for malt and spirituous liquors and beer, at retail, is $700,000,000.

The drinking population is estimated to be (in 1886) 14,925,417, making an average expenditure per capita of $45.90.

Mr. Barrett shows by tables covering five years, from 1882 to 1886 inclusive, that the consumption of spirits is decreasing, while that of beer is increasing, and that there is a reduced use of wine as a beverage.

During this period, he says, the consumption of coffee has risen from 8 2-10 pounds per capita to 9 11-100 pounds. Do not these facts show that the milder stimulants are driving out their fiery competitors, and is it not due to the growing agitation of the temperance question?

Mr. Barrett says the wholesale cost of liquors, for which the retailers receive $700,000,000 is not more than $300,000,000. He makes a brief calculation of the cost of liquors as compared with that of food, clothing and shelter, reaching the conclusion that the American people expend from $12 to $17 for the necessaries named to every $1 paid out for liquor.

THE TIMES ON PRES. CLEVELAND.

It says He is the Choice of the Democratic Party for 1888.

NEW YORK, April 19.—Under the head of "The President and the New York Democrats," the *Times*, this morning, says:

We observe that some of our exchanges are discussing, as though it were a doubtful matter, the attitude of the Democrats of New York toward Pres. Cleveland, and this discussion has reference particularly to the question of Mr. Cleveland's re-nomination and election. We are not without means of information upon this point, and we have taken some pains to ascertain the truth about it.

We find that these Democrats who know what the party feeling is, and are willing to state it without prejudice or concealment, agree in the opinion that the Democracy of the state of New York is so well disposed toward Pres. Cleveland that if a state convention were to be held to-morrow it would send to the national convention a delegation substantially or entirely unanimous in favor of his re-nomination; that so far as the eye of political prophesy can penetrate the future there is no cause of change visible or to be apprehended which might turn the tide of party sentiment against the President; that the party organizations in the state and its subdivisions, though not free from differences as to Mr. Cleveland's policy, and as to the advisability of his renomination, are yet most decidedly to be set down as favorable to him, and as likely to shape their future action with a view to placing him in the field and supporting him loyally in 1888.

As this statement may surprise some persons who, without knowing much about it, have imagined a different state of things, we will add that a large number of Democratic politicians who not long ago were unable to conceal their distaste for an administration conducted on reform principles have wisely concluded that the Presidential nomination of the party in 1888, if not given to Mr. Cleveland, would be worth very little to any one else. The prevalence of much untruthful and malicious gossip about the President and his party makes this statement of facts timely and necessary.

JUST LIKE A MUGWUMP.

Democrats are Down on Chief Curtis.

WASHINGTON, April 19.—Friends of the administration here are highly indignant over the recent outgivings of Chief Mugwump Curtis as to the prospects of the President, should he be renominated next year by the Democrats.

Many of them say that Curtis has in effect deserted the president and the cause of civil service reform, and some of them strongly intimate that he has been "seen" by the friends of some other possible candidate. Curtis has been repudiated entirely by the President's followers here, and it is predicted that hereafter he will have no more influence with the administration than any other plain citizen, if he has as much.

Arthur's Bric-a-Brac Sold.

NEW YORK, April 13.—The late Pres. Arthur's bric-a-brac and paintings were sold at auction yesterday. The Swiss inkstand, once owned by Gen. Winfield Scott, brought $9. A painting of Gen Sheridan's horse, Rienzi, $1,250; portrait of Roscoe Conkling, $4, and an antique leather Bible, $25. These oil paintings were sold: The Student, $1,950; Aqueduct bridge, $20; Ecce Homo, $10; Somnambula, $25; Coast [illegible]ne, $15; Nut gatherers, $17; Madonna, [illegible] and model of U. S. steamer U. S. [illegible] $6.

BURIED INDIAN TREASURE

Being Unearthed in Large Quantities in Texas—Great Excitement Prevailing.

FORT WORTH, Tex., April 16.—Sunday morning two men drove up to the residence of William Tubbs, sr., living four miles north of Crawford and said they wished to see the man of the house, to whom they made the following disclosure:

In 1865 an Indian woman, fearing that she would be plundered by Yankee raiders, buried an iron vessel containing $1,000 in gold under a corner of the house now occupied by Mr. Tubbs. Upon moving away she concluded it was safest to leave it where it was. Upon her death bed, a short time ago, she revealed the secret to the two men just spoken of, and in return for kindness shown her by these parties she bequeathed them the buried treasure.

Requesting Mr. Tubbs' permission to dig under the house, they all proceeded to the house and commenced to dig at the spot indicated by the Indian woman.

The iron pot was unearthed. In the vessel was found a canvas containing a large amount of gold coin, exactly how much Mr. Tubbs is unable to state—possibly $1,000 or $1,500. After the above facts had become generally known Capt. Bewley, who lives near Mr. Tubbs's said that on last Monday afternoon while plowing in a field near his house, he perceived sticking in the earth a shining substance. Upon investigation it proved to be a $20 gold piece. He thought nothing strange of this, but as he plowed on he found more gold pieces, and he was so aroused upon the subject that he called his hired help, Ed. Carpenter, from another part of the field. By nightfall they had succeeded altogether in picking up 282 $20 gold pieces, which amounts to $5,640.

This startling discovery has set that country afire, and every person who owns as much as ten acres of ground has gone to digging for gold. Slack Henson, who was in town Monday, says he found $35 in confederate money in an old Bois d' Arc stump on his place. The next day he was offered $100 an acre for his place, but he refused to sell.

In 1849, the Tonkawa Indians sold to the Texas government a part of their reservation for $40,000 in gold. As the tribe were encamped for nine months about where Capt. Bewley's farm is, it is probable that they hid a part, or all of this money where they then were. Bewley thinks there is more gold hidden in his field, so he has posted his entire farm, and warns any and all persons upon pain of death not to come on his place with a pick.

EXTERMINATE THEM.

America Has No Use for the Chicago Anarchists—Regularly Organized Groups Whose Purpose is Vengeance.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., April 15.—A reporter learned last night, from Mr. Bailey, the United Labor member from East St. Louis, who was shot at some time ago, that the detective who has the case in hand will, in all probability, make some arrests in connection with the shooting within two or three days, and possibly sooner. Besides the money which Mr. Bailey has put up, the legislature has voted $2,000, which the detective considered sufficient inducement to take hold of the case.

He has followed certain clues, insignificant in themselves, and has located and identified a gang, or secret oath-bound lodge or band in Chicago, one of whose members did the shooting. It appears that some valuable information was furnished through Representative Karlowski, the Polish Cook county member. Some of his statements, which he did not himself consider of importance have, it is said, led to the uncovering of a group of nine Nihilists whose headquarters have for the past six months been located in the northwest part of Chicago, on or adjacent to Milwaukee avenue.

Beyond these general hints nothing definite could be learned, but the drift of the disclosures, though as yet unauthenticated, point to a Chicago organization of 54 members, or six groups of nine members each, formed for the purpose of wreaking vengeance in case all hope of saving the condemned anarchists is lost, and that one of their number, acting upon the orders of the group to which he belongs, made the attempt upon the life of Bailey, as his action regarding the Neebe funeral was considered an injury to the case now before the Supreme court. Bailey says the investigation has gone far enough to settle the question that the would-be assassin was from Chicago.

DRAW POKER AT CHAUTAUQUA.

The Game Introduced by Two Lively Schoolma'ams from Ohio.

JAMESTOWN, April 18.—Mixed up with the furniture and carried out during the recent fire at Chautauqua was a faro layout, seven packs of cards and three diceboxes. The iniquitous auxiliaries of a worldly life found their way within the sacred precincts of Chatauqua in the trunks of two very interesting women who arrived last season with a party of Ohio schoolma'ams who were attending the teacher's retreat.

They engaged the second floor of a modest cottage on Simpson avenue, attended the teachers' meetings, sipped waters from the sacred springs, chewed gum along the sandy shores of Galilee, and came to be looked upon as bright lights in the Chautauqua idea. The teachers departed, but the Simpson avenue cottage held its tenants. Soon it became noticed that this was a favorite resort for gentlemen, but as the girls continued to sing the hymns at morning services and clawed around among the mummies and antique vases of the museum for poetic inspiration, and as the young men who visited there had the regulation degree of solemnity and white neckties, the matter was allowed to pass.

Time passed, and George White came to Chautauqua. He registered from Cincinnati. George was handsome, had money and a fondness for girls. He met the fair schoolma'ams, and was entertained by them at their rooms. Soon afterward the superintendent of the grounds learned from George that he was $500 short on a quiet little game of draw, and that evening as the last boat drew up at the wharf you might have seen two frisky schoolma'ams hustled on board by the superintendent, followed a moment later by two large trunks, and that was the last heard of them until the fire developed the goods and the story leaked out.

PRES. LINCOLN'S REMAINS

And the Mystery Surrounding Their Resting Place—The Attempt to Steal Them—The Whole Affair to be Cleared Up at Once.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., April 14.—The remains of Pres. Lincoln will be moved to-day from the place in which they have rested so long in such profound secrecy to their former resting place.

The general public has not been aware that the martyred President's dust was not enclosed in the marble tomb in the north hall of the monument. Where the remains have been these many years is something that only a few have known.

There is a local association here known as the Memorial Society. Its supposed purpose has been to hold appropriate services on the 15th of April in memory of Illinois' greatest man. The true object of this society has been to keep secure the remains of the late Pres. Lincoln. They have carefully guarded their charge. Friday the association will hold appropriate exercises in the hall of the House of Representatives. The society has prepared a statement of the facts in the case, which will be read at the services.

This paper will reveal all the secret and mystery that surrounds the circumstance. The preparations for this move have been in progress for a number of days, and arrangements are about completed, so that the remains of Mr. Lincoln can be placed by the side of his wife. The only reason they were taken away was to prevent them from being stolen. An effort to steal them was made a number of years ago.

The members of the society want the public informed as to the facts and the entire matter cleared up. Owing to their sworn secrecy it is difficult to obtain any definite information, the foregoing facts having leaked out only last night.

BOYS PLAYING POKER.

How the Rapid Youths of Indianapolis Run Their Race to Ruin.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., April 19.—Something of a sensation has been caused by the discovery of a pocker-room arranged for and patronized by boys between the ages of 12 and 20 years. Within the last few days two boys engaged as collectors have disappeared, having failed to account for money paid by customers, and in tracing up the cause for their flight, the existence and location of the place were revealed.

It was hidden in a cellar under a business block in the center of town and was unknown to the police. The entrance to it was through a saloon. Back of the bar is a room, at the end of which is what appears to be a large ice chest, but which is in reality an entrance to a circular stairway leading down into the cellar.

When the place was raided yesterday there were 40 boys playing poker, 25 and 50 cents limit, nearly all of them of highly respectable families. They were smoking and there were evidences that some of them had been drinking. The place was underground, lighted by gas, and without a particle of ventilation, and an electric alarm bell connected it with the floor above and gave notice of any threatened approach.

CLEVER INSANITY,

And Just a Bit Profitable, Too—A Mysterious Burglar, Who Appears at Bedsides in the Dead of Night, and Plays All Sorts of Pranks With His Victims Before Disappearing With Their Valuables.

NEW YORK, April 13.—Complaints have been lodged with the Yonkers police against an unknown burglar, who has been masquerading around at night attired in a white jumper and overhalls.

The first case reported was on April 5, when the residence of Noble Walsh, on Parkhill avenue was entered. Walsh's 15-year-old son had been ill, and to keep hot cloths on him his mother slept with him. Young Walsh observed the light being turned down, but thinking that it was done by his father, said nothing.

The intruder soon lay down on the bed above the clothes. He had on white clothing, and Mrs. Walsh, thinking that it was her husband and that he was undressed, told him that he would catch cold and to come in under the bed spread. The baby cried about this time, and the stranger jumped out of bed and ran down stairs.

Mrs. Walsh still thought that it was her husband, and immediately got up and followed him down stairs. He had got outside the door and held it closed by the handle. Mrs. Walsh then raised an alarm, and the stranger disappeared in the darkness. It was then discovered that he had stolen a ten-dollar bill out of a pocket of Mr. Walsh's vest.

Shortly after, on the same night, the house of Peter Sullivan, at No. 153 School street, was entered and a gold watch and locket and $4 were stolen. These reports were at first discredited by the police, but on Sunday Charles Thompson, of No. 181 Lake avenue, reported to the police that at 4 o'clock on that morning his 15-year-old daughter and a girl companion were aroused from their sleep and saw a man in their room. He was dressed in white. The girls said "who is that?"

The men replied, "Its me," and ran down stairs. Nothing was stolen from that house.

On Sunday night last the house of Mrs. Brady, at No. 127 Orchard street, was entered at 12 o'clock by a man who was seen by the occupants, and whose description tallies with the unknown burglar. Little of value was taken. Complaints rapidly came in from eight other residents of Yonkers whose houses had been entered, and the police began to look for the rascal in earnest.

Yesterday morning at 4 o'clock Nicholas Strobs' residence at No. 26 Summit street, was broken into and a silver watch and gold chain attached were stolen. It is believed that the white-clad stranger was the thief, and was the man who entered the residence of John Whalen, of No. 45 Garden street, early yesterday morning. The light was turned out soon after he entered and the robber went to the bed, and reaching over, woke up Mrs. Whalen and took her by the hand and tried to get the ring off her finger.

Mrs. Whalen thought that it was a brother who slept in the next room. Soon finding that it was not she caught hold of the stranger by the shoulder and screamed loudly. The man dragged her out of bed and broke away escaping out of the window. Mrs. Whalen's brother soon appeared and followed in pursuit of the ghostly figure. They attempted to pass out of the door, but hurt themselves by falling over some chairs which the intruder had put there for that purpose. Nothing was stolen from Mr. Whalen's house. The police have no clue. They think that the man is insane.

THE EVENING POST,

Of New York, Has a Word to Say About Pres. Cleveland and His Methods.

NEW YORK, April 19.—In a prominent place on the editorial page of the *Evening Post*, is to-day printed a long editorial under the caption of "The Importance of the Finish." The following is an extract from it:

We who believe firmly in the great superiority of Pres. Cleveland to any of his predecessors, in his manner of using the patronage of the government, cannot conceal from ourselves, nevertheless, that it is in the highest degree dangerous to enter on the last year of his administration without greatly checking the political activity of some of his subordinates; and not only this but without giving the public a good many conspicuous examples between now and June, 1888, of the kind of administration he had in mind when he wrote his celebrated letter to Mr. George William Curtis and others. A good many gentlemen are in fact now preparing for his renomination in ways which will make it extremely difficult for civil service reformers to go to the polls for him with the alacrity they displayed in 1884."

Numerous dismissals have been made or being made, which are just as bad from every point of view, moral, political and administrative, as any that occurred under Grant or Garfield, or would have occurred under Blaine.

This downward course must be arrested if we are to have 1884 over again. There is still time, but it will soon be too late to make an effective change.

No man who has ever sat in the Presidential chair since Jackson's day can less well afford to go before the American people for re-election with such a record as Pres. Cleveland is now allowing his official followers to make up for him.

Nobody could afford it who had accomplished even half as much good as he has done. We cannot recall any other administration than his since the war to which such an appeal as this could be effectively made.

He has given many illustrations during the past three years of the utility of calling his attention to departures made by his followers from his own programme.

What we wish now to emphasize is that the time during which such corrections and emendations can be made to produce their proper effect on public opinion, is very brief and must be improved.

CURED OF CONSUMPTION.

A New Orleans Druggist Successfully Uses the Beergon Plan, Recently Tried in the Philadelphia College.

NEW ORLEANS, April 13.—The medical fraternity of this city is considerably excited over the case of Mrs. E. W. Albers, whose death within a few days from galloping consumption was declared as certain by several leading physicians a month ago, but who is now apparently on the road to complete recovery. She is the wife of A. W. Albers, a prominent druggist of this city.

When all the doctors had given his wife up, Mr. Albers determined to try carbonic acid gas and sulphuretted hydrogen gas as first administered by Prof. Beergon, of Lyons, France, and recently experimented with at the hospital in Philadelphia.

Two-thirds of Mrs. Albers's left lung was destroyed when the treatment was begun with an improvised apparatus on March 26.

Result of first week—a gain of one pound clear. At the end of the second week—a gain in weight of 2½ pounds, making a clear gain of 3½ pounds for two weeks. One of the features was that the temperature, which upon the administration of the gas showed a fever of 102 degrees declined in half an hour to 98 degrees. A sudden drop of four degrees was followed by a craving for food which seemed to agree perfectly with the patient, and in turn followed half an hour by a drowsy sensation, prompting the patient to sleep, wakening from which she had a perfectly restful feeling. The gas reaches the lungs within ten minutes after administration, and is clearly discernible on the breath by the characteristic odor of the sulphuretted hydrogen which is used.

The apparatus used by Mr. Albers was improvised by himself and is simple, consisting of two rather large-sized bottles, one containing the ingredients for making carbonic acid gas, and the other charged to generate sulphuretted hydrogen gas. The bottles are connected by means of small rubber tubes and the gas is collected or stored in a large bag, similar to the "laughing gas bags" used by dentists. The gas finds exit through a rubber tube ending in a syrringe.

THE PRAIRIE FIRES

Did More Damage than was at First Supposed—Heavy Rains Afterward.

FARGO, Dak., April 19.—As the details are more fully gathered of the late prairie fires, they prove to be more widespread and destructive to property than earlier reports indicated. In the region visited there has not been such loss from this cause since the fall of 1879.

The fires extended over wide districts in a dozen or more counties from and in Central Dakota to Lincoln in the extreme south, which are among the older and more thickly settled parts of the territory.

The local papers have many columns of losses, comprising dwellings, barns, grainaries, hay stacks, and in several instances towns and villages were only saved by the active efforts of the citizens. No estimate can be given of the aggregate losses. In only two instances were persons fatally injured. The regions that suffered from drought or fires last year have escaped this spring, as there was little to feed flames. A heavy rain followed the fires.

High License for Michigan.

DETROIT, April 19.—Prohibition having been defeated at the polls by a small majority, the legislature is now giving attention to the enactment of a higher license law. It is proposed to fix the saloon license for towns of 10,000 and upwards at $700, and the bond at $10,000, the license and bond decreasing in amount as the size of the town decreases. The minimum license, however, is fixed at $300. There is thought to be little doubt of the measure passing the legislature.

THE CRIMES BILL.

A Second Reading Agreed to Without a Division—The Parnell Letter—Card from Eagan.

LONDON, April 19.—Sir Bernhard Samuelson's amendment to the crimes bill to the effect that the bill, if passed, would increase disorder in Ireland, endanger the union and the empire, and therefore should be rejected, was defeated in the House of Commons last night by a vote of 370 to 269, and a second reading of the crimes bill was agreed to without a division.

Three Liberal-Unionists voted against the second reading of the Irish crimes act amendment bill in the House of Commons last night. Six Conservatives, six Gladstoneites, ten Liberal-Unionists, and three Irish Nationalists were absent.

PRIMROSE DAY.

Primrose day, the anniversary of the death of Lord Beaconsfield, was generally observed by the Conservatives, and the statue of Lord Beaconsfield was handsomely decorated.

EAGAN DENIES THE LETTER.

LINCOLN, Neb., April 19.—In relation to the letter which appeared in the London *Times* of Saturday, purporting to have been addressed by Mr. Parnell to Patrick Eagan in 1882, apologizing for having denounced the Phoenix Park murders, Mr. Eagan has addressed the following cable letter to Hon. Henry Labouchere, a prominent member of the Gladstone party in the House of Commons:

"Sanderson's statement in reference to me are unmitigated and wilful slanders. Parnell never wrote me any such letter as that quoted in the London *Times*. The whole thing is a base fabrication."

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "Mr. Parnell is an Irishman; therefore the *Times* is allowed to insult and libel him with impunity. We earnestly appeal to the House of Commons on both sides to do Mr. Parnell justice and commit the editor of the *Times* to the clock tower for a breach of privilege."

TO INVESTIGATE THE CHARGES.

LONDON, April 19.—In the House of Commons to-day Mr. Caldwell (Liberal Unionist) gave notice that he would move for the appointment of a select committee to investigate the charges by the *Times* against Mr. Parnell and other Irish leaders, in connection with crime in Ireland.

FEWER BUSINESS FAILURES.

Dun's Weekly Report Makes a Very Gratifying Showing—But Little Change in Prices.

NEW YORK, April 16.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says: Considering the embarrassment from the uncertainty as to freights, the accounts of trade are surprisingly satisfactory. It is the almost universal testimony that the retail trade is very large. No embarrassment appears in collections except where real estate or mining speculation locks up all available means, or in some localities where bad roads still block business. But in most cases improvement is reported.

The remarkable activity is clearly connected with the exceedingly plentiful supply of money which is more abundant where some need was previously reported, while at some points as at Memphis, money was never so plentiful before. The increase in the actual circulation of money from July 1 to April 1 has been $79,836,155, or 6¼ per cent. The stimulating effect of such addition is everywhere felt.

From Washington the news comes that the treasury, realizing the risks of excessive issues, will now draw in the silver certificates of larger denominations.

Prices did not change greatly during the week, though wheat is lower and corn a little higher, with oats, pork, hogs and sugar unchanged. Coffee has risen 1-8 and cotton 1-16. Lard is a shade stronger and beef stiffens a little on account of freight rates, but the enormous production and embarrassment in shipping products account for a decline of 37c in iron.

In dry goods the situation is not changed. The uncertainty of it is affecting distant trade, but cottons are strong and wool has become more steady; many holders refusing to sell the better grades at current prices. Territory wools are pressed for sale and weak. An improving trade is noted in hides and leather, and boots and shoes.

Business failures during the last seven days number: For United States, 146; Canada, 29; total, 175, against 223 last week and 182 corresponding week last year.

Business casualties are on the decline in every section of the country.

WILL WEAKEN THE K. OF L.

The Boot and Shoe Cutters of New England Effect a Thorough Organization—Its Objects.

BOSTON, April 18.—A new labor movement has been started in New England, which will, to some extent, weaken the Knights of Labor organization. A large number of the boot and shoe cutters of New England have formed an independent union. It is intended by the projectors of the movement to give the union a scope similar to that of the Lasters' Protective Union, but more effort will be made to adjust all difficulties by arbitration rather than by strikes.

Several meetings have been held at which delegates were elected and instructed to meet on April 16 and perfect the organization, and also to devise some mode of extending the union and to issue suitable resolutions to boot and shoe cutters that they might be induced to join.

The Executive board, acting in accordance with their instructions, held a meeting Saturday at the American house. After the transaction of routine business, resolutions were adopted which set forth the intent and purpose of the organization. The resolutions state that the objects of this union is more effectually to protect the interests of all boot and shoe cutters in the New England states, and to secure a uniform rate of wages according to the amount and quality of work.

They also state that strikes and lockouts are wrong in the principle and tend to work harm, and are not for the interests of either employer or employe, and that they should not be resorted to until all other measures fail.

A committee is soon to be appointed thoroughly to organize every town and city in New England, and from present appearances it is thought by members of the executive board that nearly every cutter will have joined before the end of the year. Over 6,000 boot and shoe cutters of New England were represented at the meeting.

ON THE BODY OF HIS DEAD CHILD

Bismarck Swears that Arensdorf Murdered Dr. Haddock.

SIOUX CITY, Ia., April 13.—A dramatic incident in connection with the Haddock trial, which occurred Monday night, has just been divulged. Since the return of Bismarck's wife and family from California, a little daughter about three years old was taken sick with membranous croup. Monday night at 10:30 the little one died.

Bismarck, who had been allowed in the company of a deputy sheriff to be present at the house, was there when the child died, and then, with tears in his eyes and with trembling voice, he placed his hand upon the dead body and swore on his dead child's memory that he had told the truth and that Arensdorf was the man who murdered Dr. Haddock. This is vouched for by those who were present at the time, and as Bismarck is not a man of much intelligence, it would seem that this was not done for effect.

BIG CORNER IN WHEAT.

The Bank of Nevada and John W. Mackay Back of It—An Appeal.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 16.—It is becoming more evident daily that wheat on this market is being cornered. Those who are not in the ring positively assert so, and call attention to the fact that the present ruling prices here are higher than those at any other wheat market in the world.

William Dresbach, presieent of the Produce exchange, has bought enormous quantities within the last three months, and is still taking all he can get. Those who have reason to know say he is buying not only on his own account but also for the Nevada bank and John W. Mackay, and the intention is to run prices up.

They have absolutely cornered the entire surplus wheat crop in California. Several others of the Produce Exchange have filed complaints against the alleged corner, and have petitioned the directors to set a figure for marginal purposes, beyond which no member of the board can go. This matter will be considered to-day.

STEADY WORK AT BETTER WAGES

One Instance Where the Inter-State Commerce Law Had a Good Effect.

READING, Pa., April 14.—For several years 50 furnaces in the Schuylkill Valley have been using immense quantities of foreign ore brought from other states, causing almost an entire cessation of iron ore operations in this section.

The inter-state commerce bill, however, with its high freight charges, has caused many furnaces to use the ore mined in Eastern Pennsylvania. There is not a mine between here and Allentown that is not being worked to its fullest capacity. Over 2,000 men have steady work, and where they formerly received 75 cents they now get $1.10 and $1.25 per day.

THE HADDOCK CASE ENDED.

Eleven Jurors for Acquittal and One for Conviction—The Jury Discharged.

SIOUX CITY, Ia., April 18.—The Arensdorf case, for the murder of Rev. Dr. Haddock, went to the jury Saturday afternoon. Judge Lewis, in the course of his instructions to the jury, said, "In regard to the defense of alibi, the court instructed that it was one easily manufactured, and that it must be supported by a preponderance of evidence, and evidence in support of it is to be considered with caution."

A sensational feature of the instructions was that in which the court alluded to one member of the jury who, Judge Lewis said, from the first of the trial had showed a stubborn disposition and determination not to consider or study the evidence.

The court said he had never before seen in the jury box so flagrant a violation of the duty of a juryman, and he added that the juryman to whom he referred was not Adair, in regard to whose conduct outside of the court-room criticism has been made in the public prints. The court expressed the hope that the juryman whom he had rebuked would dispose himself to a better course when the jury retired to its room.

Sunday morning the jury announced that it could not agree and were finally discharged by the court.

The jury stood eleven for acquittal and one for conviction. Dennis O'Connell was the juryman who stood out for conviction and when the jury was before the court he said that his judgment was final. The court thereupon discharged the jury from further service.

There were but few persons in the court room when the judge asked the Haddock jury to report. Foreman T. P. Webster said that eleven of the jurors were agreed, but that one stood somewhat stubbornly against the large majority. John O'Connell, who is a farmer living in Liberty township, arose and replied to this. The trial consumed 27 days.

A DRAMATIC SCENE.

Negra Ravisher Hanged in Court in the Presence of His Victim and a Large Number of Spectators.

UNION CITY, Tenn., April 14.—Last Sunday evening, John Thomas, a young married negro, committed a brutal assault on a little white girl and then fled. He was captured at Humboldt Tuesday and brought back.

At the preliminary trial yesterday the negro failed to secure a lawyer, but introduced several witnesses in the vain attempt to prove an alibi. The child, with her grief-stricken father and mother, appeared, and the little victim gave her testimony, which was clear and convincing.

At the close of the testimony and before the court could render a verdict, a yell was heard, and in an instant the officers were overpowered. The negro was seized, a rope was placed around his neck and over a beam in the court-room, and a hundred hands drew him to death.

Not more than two minutes were consumed in the act. It was done by determined men, and created comparatively little excitement.

The body hung for one hour, and was then cut down and a coroner's jury returned a verdict to the effect that "deceased came to his death by hanging, at the hands of parties unknown." It was impossible to find witnesses to testify as to who they were.

TOO MUCH GOOD FORTUNE.

An Old Soldier Dies from Excess of Joy at the News of His Increase of Pension.

NEW YORK, April 14.—Thomas Shanley, or Blind Tom, as he was commonly called, a government pensioner, whose only home was Peter Malaniff's saloon, at No. 307 Mott street, was officially informed on Saturday that his application for an increased pension under one of the new pension laws had been granted, and that $72 a month, in place of $24, and between $6,000 and $7,000 of back pay would be paid to him.

Blind Tom lost his sight through the explosion of a shell by accident while fighting on the frontier against Indians, under Gen. Terry. He was an Irishman, and as a British soldier served in the Crimea. He came to this country after the civil war and entered the federal service.

He was an orderly sergeant when he was blinded and obliged to quit soldiering. He was too old to acquire any of the trades that are open to the blind so that he was obliged to live on the $24 a month, which was his original pension. He was to receive a check for his back pay yesterday. So on Tuesday night he got clean linen and borrowed a needle to mend a tear in his trowsers in order to look presentable when he went to the pension office.

But yesterday morning he was found dead. The glorious intelligence had caused his heart to leap until a blood vessel burst and he died on the very threshold of happiness.

THE NEW MAYOR OF CHICAGO

Makes Some Sensible Remarks in Assuming the Duties of His Office.

CHICAGO, April 19.—Mayor John A. Roche, after qualifying before the city council last night, read a brief inaugural in which he said: "Every brick and stone and timber in the buildings which line our 650 miles of streets is a contribution to the grandest monument of labor erected by willing hands and earnest hearts in in modern times. The demand of the workingmen for just treatment and fair wages is right, and should be respected. Arbitration is a better method of settling controversies between employe and employer than strikes or boycotts or brute force.

"Might is not the synonym of right, and should not take its place in a land of liberty and law and a free ballot and the mistaken men, who, while enjoying the benefits of free government, are seeking to undermine and overthrow it, under the guise of socialism or anarchy, must learn that this is not the soil for the growth of their un-American doctrine. The first duty of government is the protection of its citizens in their right to life, liberty and property."

The mayor formally assumed the duties of his office this morning.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

A Wealthy Californian Finds His Long Lost Daughter in Rochester, N. Y.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., April 16.—A middle-aged gentleman and a young lady left the Industrial school in this city last evening and took berths in a sleeper on the through western train at 9:40 o'clock, bound for San Francisco.

The gentleman was well and handsome. His companion was his daughter Mabel, a comely girl of sixteen summers, who for twelve years had been separated from her father, during which time he has searched the world over for her.

In the early part of last February, Mr. Willio, the father, saw an item in a dramatic journal in New York, which led him to believe that a variety actress, Mlle. Lola, knew the whereabouts of his children. He found Mlle. Lola in San Francisco. She refused to give him any information, and he accordingly caused her arrest, and under compulsion she admitted that she had taken the little girls from their home.

She intended to make a variety actress of Mabel, but found the child unable to become one on account of physical troubles and she left her in Rochester eight years ago where she has been since. Her sister can not be found. Mr. Willio is now a wealthy Californian and lives in San Francisco.

WHISKY WAR PROBABLE.

One, Too, That Will Disrupt the Entire Pool.

PEORIA, ILL., April 16.—There is believed to be good prospect of a whisky war among the distillers here and all over the country, which may result in the disruption of the pools. The negotiations with Edward Spellman, the owner of the new 4,000-bushel distillery, have failed, and he will run independent of the pool. He claimes that the pool is unwilling to rate his house at its capacity.

The Kruse distillery across the river, which is also an anti-pool house, will probably be enlarged. With two distilleries outside the pool and one of them running at full capacity, as Spellman will run his, the harmony of the combination is seriously threatened. Some of the distillers do not believe the pool will last longer than up to the time cattle now being fed are shipped, at any rate.

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

A Monument to be Erected by the Survivors of Pickett's Division.

RICHMOND, Va., April 14.—On July 3, the 24th anniversary of the battle of Gettysburg, the survivors of Pickett's Virginia division, which took such a conspicuous part in that conflict, will erect a monument to mark the point where they made the most gallant charge of any Confederate command during the war.

This monument is to be of Virginia granite and similar in shape, but much larger than the base upon which the statue of Stonewall Jackson in the capitol square here rests. It is to be erected near Zeigler's grove, cemetery ridge, near Taneytown road, and is intended to indicate the point where this division pierced the federal line. The base of the monument will bear the following inscription:

"They did all that men could do.—Gen Lee."

EXPORTATION OF COAL OIL.

Enormous Quantities Sent Abroad Every Year—Some Interesting Figures.

WASHINGTON, April 18.—A statement just issued by the Bureau of Statistics gives the exportation of coal oil during the past ten months. They amount to 342,000,000 gallons. A good deel of light, isn't it? It seems almost incredible to think of more than a million gallons of our oil every day in the year going abroad. During the past six years the quantity of oil exported has amounted to nearly three billions of gallons, or two gallons apiece for every human being on the globe.

Every year we send abroad enough to furnish a gallon or more to every family in the world, supposing an average family to consist of four persons, a very low figure. Forty millions a year it brings us in cash money and we have the satisfaction of knowing that we furnish light to Great Britain and Ireland, France, Germany and other European countries, Mexico, Central America, West Indies, South American countries, Australia, China, East Indies, Africa and Oceanica.

There is a steady growth of exportations to Europe, and they really form the bulk of these exports, while there has been, for some reason, a remarkable falling off in the exportation of oil to China. There were exported in the nine months of last year to China 10,000,000 gallons, while in the corresponding period of this year the quantity has been only 4,000,000. Taking all the exports of coal oil, however, they foot up more this year than in the corresponding months of last year, though the values are not quite so great as they were a year ago.

FOR $10,000 A SIDE.

Mr. Cassatt Wants to Run His Bard Against Mr. Baldwin's Volante.

NEW YORK, April 14.—In connection with the report that Volante and The Bard have been matched to run at Monmouth Park for $10,000 a side, Mr. Cassatt writes the *Turf, Field and Farm*, saying:

"If Mr. Baldwin really wants to run his horse against The Bard he should reply to my telegram and a day should be agreed upon, or if that cannot now be done, I will agree to run at Coney Island or at Monmouth Park during the first half of July, on a day to be selected by the *Turf, Field and Farm*, after the programmes are published, that will not interfere with the engagements of the horses. But I cannot leave the matter in its present shape any longer, as it would now seem that Mr. Baldwin is in a position to take or leave it, as may suit him. It should be definitely settled now, the course selected and the time approximately fixed."

As Mr. Cassatt contemplates a trip to Europe about the latter part of July he would prefer to run the race before the 15th of the month.

CONDENSED TELEGRAMS.

The sentiment in favor of re-electing Diaz president is rapidly growing in Mexico.

Julie Mamberg, a talented actress of the Berlin Deutsche theater, has died suddenly.

At Limerick, yesterday, 60,000 persons joined in a demonstration against the coercion bill.

The Indianapolis Democratic city convention has nominated G. L. Edenhorter for mayor and M. T. Shields for clerk.

Brig. Gen. Orlando B. Wilcox was to-day placed on the retired list, on account of having reached the age of 64 years.

Jockey Charlit Taylor, crushed under horse Asfaltus at the Jockey Club grounds, Wednesday, Louisville, Ky., died last night.

At the Indiana state prison, at Jeffersonville, Macy Warner, convict, cut and mortally wounded Frank Harris, another convict.

A dispatch from Rome says a papal brief in favor of the recognition of the Knights of Labor will be published before Cardinal Gibbons' departure.

Thirteen houses and the skating rink at Kennebunkport, Me., were burned this morning. The Biddeford fire department responded to a call for aid.

Hon. A. J. Weaver, ex-Congressman, died at his home in Falls City, Neb., Monday evening. Pneumonia and inflammation of the brain were the causes.

Capt. T. O. Selfridge, formerly commander of the United States war ship Omaha, passed through Chicago yesterday, from San Francisco to Washington.

Henry Mielziner, aged 24, of New York, Friday, stole $2,000 worth of diamonds from his aunt and disappeared. It is believed he has gone to Europe.

The flouring mills in California are largely curtailing or entirely ceasing operations. The reason is that the rise in wheat will not permit them to mill at a profit.

Yonkers, N. Y., police are searching for a mysterious burglar who appears in the dead of night, all dressed in white at the bedside of the victims he afterwards robs.

Large numbers of dead fish, including whales, sharks and turtles, are being washed ashore near San Auofre, Cal. It is believed a submarine eruption has occurred.

The Virginia state officials have discovered that spurious Virginia state bonds, known as Riddleberger threes, have been put upon the market in Eastern cities.

While viewing the wreck of a freight train on the Chicago & Northwestern railroad, near Palatine, Illinois, six persons were killed by the bursting of a large water-tank.

Vice General Quinn died in Paris yesterday. His death was the result of general debility rather than any specific disease. His body will be brought to New York for burial.

Fire this morning in one of the two old mills of the Ludlow Manufacturing company, at Ludlow, Mass, consumed both the mills and their contents. Loss and insurance not yet known.

At a meeting of Elks, mostly from Ohio, held at Columbus yesterday, it was decided to hold a general reunion, under the auspices of the Ohio and Michigan lodges, at Detroit, June 24 and 25.

A Russian war ship engaged in practice firing off Varna yesterday, and caused great alarm among the people of the town. The Bulgarian authorities have protested against a repetition of such firing.

The Prince of Wales has consented to act as honorary president of the International Exhibition to be held at Melbourne next year, to celebrate the centennial anniversary of the colonization of Australia.

The trial of 24 socialists who were charged with being members of illegal secret societies has just been concluded at Posen. Nine of them were convicted and sentenced to various short terms of imprisonment.

Frederick T. Ledergerber, a leading lawyer of St. Louis, and Republican candidate for Congress last fall in the Tenth district, embracing part of St. Louis, was arrested Monday for complicity in pension frauds.

A general assignment of the Clark manufacturing company, Buffalo, N. Y., dealers in builders' hardware, to James E. Ford, was filed in the County clerk's office, yesterday, with preference of $30,000. Assets and liabilities not stated.

The stove molders' strike, which started in St. Louis, has reached the Pittsburg district, and all the molders in Pittsburg and surrounding towns are idle. In Pittsburg work has been suspended. A long and bitter struggle is predicted.

About 3,000 carpenters returned to work at Chicago Monday morning on the basis of eight hours and 35 cents an hour. All the employers appear to be willing to engage men on these terms, provided the men applying are skilled workmen.

Maj. John E. Blaine, paymaster in the United States army, and brother to James G. Blaine, is lying at the point of death at the United States Army and Navy hospital at Hot Springs, Ark. His condition is so precarious that there is no hope of his recovery.

The steamer ashore off Bonifacio is the Tasmania, not the Lanania, as at first reported. All the women and children among the passengers have been landed. She carried 180 passengers, of whom 74 landed. Two French steamers are assisting in the work of rescue.

The strike at the Union Steel works, in Bridgeport, Ill., has been settled, the 200 furnace men resumed work by order of the executive committee of the district assembly. The men claimed to have gained their point, and that the Knights who had been discharged were taken back to work.

It was developed at an inquest held on the body of Henry Sengbusch, the boy who died in school at Milwaukee while being chastised by his teacher, George Werner, that the boy's neck had been broken. The coroner's jury returned a verdict holding Werner responsible for his death.

The authorities at Bournemouth have passed a resolution welcoming Mr. Daniel Manning to that village, and assuring him of their best wishes for his speedy recovery. Mr. Manning is stronger and his pulse is generally improved. He enjoys walks and drives daily. The weather at Bournemouth is balmy.

Chief Justice David K. Carter, of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, died at his home in Washington, Saturday night, in the 75th year of his age. His body will be buried at Cleveland. It was his changing from Chase to Lincoln in 1860 that nominated Lincoln. His death was from cancer in the stomach.

A special from Erie, Pa. says that Assistant Paymaster Joseph Frick, U. S. S. Michigan, was mortally wounded yesterday while out gunning. He used the butt of his gun to start up a balky horse. In the operation the horse kicked, discharging the weapon, shooting Frick's right arm off. He lies dying in St. Vincent's hospital.

James Craik, a miller at La Crosse, disappeared Monday night, April 11. An empty pocketbook was found in an alley the day after he disappeared, with marks of blood upon it. Craik is first cousin to Mrs. Manning, wife of the ex-secretary of the treasury. Foul play is suspected.

The Bridge & Beach Manufacturing Co., of St. Louis, whose stove patterns have kicked up such a commotion in various places of late, started up their foundry again yesterday with 25 men, and it is expected as many more will report for work to-morrow. The men are said to be union molders and part of those who struck last month for higher wages.

The Parnellites all declare the *Times* letter a concoction and deliberate invention to slander Parnell. Mr. Parnell, the agent of the Associated Press is authorized to state, will categorically deny that he wrote the letter. Mr. Parnell will make his denial in the House of Commons. The editor of the *Times* will be summoned to the bar of the House to explain the authorsip of the letter.

THE SHERMAN LETTERS.

The Senator Says the General has Written Nothing for which the Shermans are Ashamed.

WASHINGTON, April 18.—Sen. John Sherman's attention was called yesterday to a Washington dispatch published in the Philadelphia *Times*, stating that Gen. Logan had in his possession letters from Gen. Sherman "of a compromising character, when read in connection with Sherman's written and spoken utterances, and that it was only for political reasons that Logan consented to refrain from publishing these letters when Sherman's letters were issued from the press." The charge was also made that the Shermans were making a big effort to get these compromising letters out of Logan's posthumous book, which is soon to be published. Sen. Sherman pronounced the story false, and said:

"All of Gen. Sherman's letters that I have any knowledge in this connection have been published, and there is nothing in them that Gen. Sherman need be ashamed of. The Shermans are not afraid to have all of Gen. Sherman's letters published. Most of them make interesting reading. My brother may be a little too free, or careless, occasionly, in expressing opinions of men and things, but every one understands that what he says is without malice. His relations with Gen. Logan were always friendly. The only differance they ever had was when my brother thought best, at a critical time, to appoint another man in preference to Logan to an important position. Gen. Sherman always has maintained that he was right," continued the senator. "I have heard him discuss the matter with Gen. Logan, and always in a friendly spirit. Gen. Sherman thought it was best to appoint a regular trained army officer to this command. He had no ill feeling for Gen. Logan. We knew that he was a brave, true and noble man. The only thing was, he thought, he might be too brave. The Shermans have nothing to conceal. They do not say anything they are ashamed of, and when they make a mistake they are willing to acknowledge the corn."

HEAVY IMMIGRATION.

More People Awaiting Transportation than Queenstown Hotels Can Accomodate.

QUEENSTOWN, April 13.—The arrivals here of emigrants on their way to the United States are at present enormous. The railways are running special trains to accomodate this class of travel.

The number of emigrants now awaiting steamers is already greater than can be housed in the hotels and lodging houses, and many are camping in the streets. About 1,500 embarked yesterday.

Three thousand more are expected to arrive Saturday next to take steamers here.

A TEXAS BOOM.

One Council Board That Looks to the Interest of Its City—Important Concessions.

LAREDO, Texas, April 16.—The city council last evening granted the Guadaloape Mining company of Mexico, ten acres of land and five years exemption from taxation, the condition being the immediate erection here of a 40-ton smelting works for silver, lead and copper.

The works are to cost about $1,000,000, and will be the first smelter contiguous to the great silver deposits in Nuevo Leon and Coahuila. The council also granted land for the erection of the principal machine shops of the Mexican railway.

Market Column.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS

Financial.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE, Wednesday, April 20, 1887.

The following is the statement of the New York banks for the week ending Saturday.

Reserve—Increase	$ 373,075
Loans—Decrease	2,355,200
Specie—Decrease	1,720,100
Legal tenders—Increase	1,927,800
Deposits—Decrease	661,500
Circulation—Increase	49,500

The banks now hold $4,488,650 in excess of the 25 per cent. rule.

NEW YORK, April 19.—Noon.—The stock market continued active after 11 o'clock, but a weak tone quickly developed and the entire list receded from the prices attained in the first hour. Pacific Mail was the specially prominent stock and it quickly dropped 1¼ per cent though a portion of this loss was afterward recovered. The remainder of the list sustained losses of from 1-6 to ⅝ per cent, the latter in Fort Worth and Denver. Toward noon the market became quiet and a fractional rally took place. At 12 o'clock the market is quiet and steady.

Closing prices of stocks to-day on Wall street: St. P., 92; L. S., 95; Pac. Mail, 56¾; N. Y. C., 113; D., L. & W. 137⅞; J. C., 81¾; Erie, 34⅜; Erie 2d ex. c, 101⅜; W. St. L. & P. 21; Erie pref. —; N. P., 29½; N. P. pf'd, 61⅝; D. & R. G. —; Louis. & Nash., 68½; Texas Pacific, 28⅝; Union Pacific, 61⅜; Missouri Pacific, 108¼; C. S., 61⅝; Western Union, 76⅝; Kansas & Texas, 32⅝; C., B. & Q., —; Rock Island, —; Mil. L. & W, —, L. S. W. pfd, —; Cen. Pac., 41; Oregon Trans., 34½; Omaha, 52⅜; Omaha pfd., —; Manitoba, —; Michigan Central, —; Phila. & Read., 45½; Del. & Hud., —; N. W., 119⅛; St. P. & M., —; Hocking Valley, 31½; New York & New England, 62¼; P., D. & E., —; Consolidated Gas, 85¼; Wabash, —; St. P. & D., Richmond T., 40⅝; C. C. C. I., —; Oil closed at 63⅜c offered.

The following shows the changes in government bonds during the past week:

	April 19.	April 12.
4½'s coupons	110⅛	110⅛
4's coupons	129⅛	129⅛
3's registered	100	100
Pacific 6's of '95	125¾	126⅛

TRADE.

Within the week just closed, the general trade of the country has been larger in volume than during the preceding week. The outlook is for an increase the present week. Trade is being done on a safe basis.

THE MARKETS.

Trade of Ordinary Proportions—But Little Change in Prices.

At various points to day trade was of only ordinary proportions. Prices were fairly steady, with but little change to note. The exports were light. Cables were weak. The reports from the winter wheat section show that the wheat is looking well in most places, although there are spots that will produce but a small amount. As spring advances the wheat is making growth in places that were thought to be badly winter-killed.

Toledo Grain Market.

TEN O'CLOCK A. M. CALL.—Wheat—May, 82c bid, 82½c asked; June, 82¾c bid, 83¼c asked; August, 82½c bid, 83¼c asked. Corn—Cash, 39½c bid, 40c asked. Oats—Cash, 30c bid. Clover Seed—April, $4 15, sales.

At the regular session of the Toledo Produce Exchange to-day, trade in cash wheat was considerably larger than yesterday. Prices were steady; No. 2 Red Wabash, 82@82¼c; No 2 Soft Red Lake Shore, 83¼c; Rejected Lake Shore, 77c.

For future delivery there was only a fair business done. Prices were steady.

	May	June	July.	Aug.
Sales to-day	80000	49000	......	......
" yesterday	160000	57000	......	......

Seller May, 82c, and to close 82¼c, no change; seller January, 83¼c, same as before; seller August, 82¾c, and finally 82½c, ⅜c decline.

Cash Corn—But one sale, that of No. 3, at 39½c. Oats neglected. Clover Seed dull but steady. Mammoth, $4.25; Prime, April, $4.15. Timothy Seed—Prime, $1.90.

AFTERNOON CLOSE—Wheat—May, 82½c bid, 82¾c ask8d; June, 83c bid, 83½c asked; August, 82¾c bid, 82¾c asked. Corn—Cash, 39½c bid, May, 39½c bid. Oats—Cash, 30c bid. Clover Seed—April, $4.10 bid, $4 20 asked.

Toledo Produce Market.

The market for produce this morning did not have a very active appearance. The supply was only fair, and the attendance an ordinary one. As grass butter has not yet made its appearance, that article holds well up. Eggs are in fair demand at steady prices. Vegetables of home production are scarce. Prices of most things are unchanged. Butter—Best quality, 25c; next grades, 18@22c. Eggs, 11c. Salt, in barrels, 75c; car lots, 65c. Poultry—Chickens, 10c; turkeys, 11c. Vegetables—Cabbages, 30@40c per doz; lettuce, 15c per pound; spinach, per bushel, 60c; onions, $1.00 per bushel; potatoes, per bushel, 35c; sweet potatoes, $3.25@3.50 per bbl; pie plant, per doz, 60c. Fresh meats—Beef, 6@6½c per lb for sides; mutton, 7c; lambs, 7½c; calves, per lb, 7¾@8c. Dressed hogs, $6.00. Salt meats—Mess pork, $18.50; short mess, $19.00; long clear, $19.25; short clear, $19.50; rumps, $16.00; butts, $16.00; clear neck and bean, $15.00. Hams, 18 lbs. and over, 12c; 15 lbs. average, 12c; 12½ lbs. average, 13c; shoulders, 8c. Breakfast bacon, 9½@10c; clear sides and backs, 9@9½c. Lard—Kettle, tierces, barrels, half barrels and cans, 8c, 8¼c and 8½c; fine lard, 7½@8c in cases and cans. Fruits—Apples, per bu., 65@75c; cranberries, per box, $3.50@4.50; oranges, per box, $3 00 for Messinas, and @6.50 per case for Valencias; lemons, 20c per dozen $3 50 per box. Hides dull; green hides, 6c; heavy steers, 6½c; cured hides, 7½c. Wool, 30c.

General Produce.

KANSAS CITY, April 19.—Wheat entirely nominal; No. 2 Red cash, 77½c bid, May, 80½c asked. Corn quiet; No. 2 cash, 33¼c bid; May, 32½c bid, 33¼ casked; June, 33½c bid, 34c asked. Oats—No quotations.

MILWAUKEE, April 19.—Wheat, inactive. Cash, 77½c; May 78c; June, 80½c. Corn, higher; No. 3, 37½c. Oats strong; No. 2, white, 32c. Rye scarce and firm; No. 1, 62c. Barley stronger; No. 2, 56@60c.

DETROIT, April 19.—Wheat—Cash, white, 82¾c; cash Michigan red, 84¼c; No. 2 red, 84¼c cash and April; 83⅞c, May, 84c bid June; 83½c bid August. Corn—41c. Oats—No. 2, 30c nominal; No. 2 white, 32c bid. Clover Seed—Cash, $4 02½.

BALTIMORE, April 19.—Wheat—Western firmer and dull; No. 2 winter red spot, 92c asked; May, 91⅜@91½c; June, 91⅜@91⅝; July, 90¾@91c. Corn—Western firmer and dull; mixed spot, 46¾@46⅞c; May, 47@47⅛c; June, 47½c bid; steamer, 45½c bid. Oats steady and firm; western white, 36@38c; do mixed, 34@35c.

CINCINNATI, April 10.—Flour quiet; family, $3 35@3 60; fancy, $3 70@4 00. Wheat dull and lower at 82½c. Corn quiet at 41½c. Oats firm at 31½c. Rye steady at 63@65c. Provisions quiet and unchanged. Whisky firm; sales 638 bbls. finished goods on a basis of $1 13.

CHICAGO, April 19.—1 p. m. close—Wheat steay; cash, 81½c; May, 83c; June, 81¼c; July, 81½c. Corn weak; cash, 37⅝c; May, 38 7-16; June, 39¾c; July, —c. Oats weak; cash, 27¼c; May, 28⅜c; June, 29½c. Rye, 56c. Barley, 59½c. Flax seed, $1 07. Prime timothy seed, $1 67. Whisky, $1 18. Pork steady; cash, $20 65; May and June, $20 75. Lard weak; cash, $7 14; May, $7 20; June, $7 27½. Butter weak; creamery, 15@23c; dairy, 13@19c. Eggs, 12c.

NEW YORK, April 19.—Wheat—Market a trifle better but less active; receipts, 20,212 bu.; sales, 472,000 bu No. 2 red May, 92½@92 7-16c; 496,000 bu do June, 91⅞@92 3-16c; 96,000 bu do July, 91⅜@91⅝c; — bu do August, —c; — bu do September, —c; 424,000 bu do December, 94⅛@94⅜c; 150,000 bu do May (1888), 99c. Corn—Market ⅛@¼c lower and heavy; receipts, 23,500 bu; sales, 176,000 bu mixed western spot, 49@50¼c; futures, 48¾@50⅛c. Oats steady but quiet; receipts, 24,160 bu; sales 30,000 bu; western, 35@42c. Beef dull; new extra mess, $8 50. Pork firm; new mess, $16 50@17 00, old do, $15 00@15 25. Lard heavy and lower; steam rendered, $7 57½. Butter dull and weak; western, 12@25c. Eggs, Western fresh, 13c. Sugar quiet; crushed, 6⅛@6 3-16c; powdered, 5⅞@6c; granulated, 5 69-100@5¾c. Molasses dull; 50 deg. test, 19½c. Coffee weak; fair Rio, 15⅝c; good do, 15⅞c; prime do 16½c. Turpentine firm at 41½c.

Live Stock Markets.

CINCINNATI, April 18.—Hogs—Market firm; common and light $4 45@5 20; packing and butchers $5 20@5 75; receipts, 3,900 head; shipments, 1,740 head.

ST. LOUIS, April 19.—Cattle—Receipts, 1,200 head; market strong; natives, $4 75@5 25; butchers' steers, $3 65@4 95; Texans, $2 00@4 00. Hogs—Receipts, 3,000 head; market active and steady; choice heavy butchers', $5 60@5 75; packers, $5 50@5 55; Yorkers, $5 20@5 35; pigs, $4 60@5 10. Sheep—Receipts, 1,200 head; market firm.

CHICAGO, April 19.—Hogs—Receipts, 15,000 head; market active and 5@10c lower; pigs, $4 25@4 70; light, $4 80@5 40; rough packing, $—; mixed and heavy packing and shipping, $5 40@5 85. Cattle—Receipts, 4,500 head; market strong; beeves, $3 90@5 05; cows, $2 00@3 85; stockers and feeders, $2 75@4 50. Sheep—Receipts, 6,000 head; market weak and 10c lower; natives, $3 00@4 85; western, $3 75@4 60.

EAST LIBERTY, April 18.—Cattle—Receipts, 1,007 head; shipments, 418 head; market 10@20 lower than last week. Hogs—Receipts, 6,800 head; shipments, 5,700 head; market fairly active; Philadel-phias, $5 85@6 00; Yorkers, $5 40@5 60; common and light, $5 00@5 25; pigs, $4 75@5 00. Sheep—Receipts, 1,400 head; shipments, 6,800 head; market slow and 25@50c lower than last week.

KANSAS CITY, April 19.—The *Live Stock Indicator* reports: Cattle—Receipts, 700 head; shipments, — head. The market was firm and active owing to light supply. Sales of good to choice shipping at $4 50@4 65; common to medium, $3 80@4 40; stockers, $2 60@3 30; feeding steers, $3 35@3 80; cows, $2 25@3 90. Hogs—Receipts, 5,400 head; shipments, 1,000 head. Market opened about steady and closed 10c lower and weak. Sales of good to choice, $5 40@5 55; common to medium, $4 90@5 40; skips and pigs, $3 49@3 80. Sheep—Receipts, 200 head; shipments, — head. Market steady. Sales of good to choice, $2 75@3 35; common to medium, $2 00@2 60.

BUFFALO, April 18.—Cattle—Receipts, 900 head; common to fair, $4 15@4 50; good to choice shipping, $4 75@4 90; extra steers, $5 00@5 25; stockers and feeders lower at $3 25; veals, $4 00@5 00. Sheep—Receipts, 5,800 head; market inactive and lower; common to choice, $4 75@5 35; clipped, $4 00@4 40; common to prime lambs, $5 75@6 15; clipped, 4 35@5 00. Hogs—Receipts, 10,645 head; market declined 5@10c light pigs, $5 00@5 35; mixed pigs and light Yorkers, $5 40@6 60; selected Yorkers, $5 65@5 70; selected medium weights, $5 75@5 85; extra, $5 90, good to choice heavy, $5 90@6 00; selected heavy ends, $5 25@5 50.

Boston Wool Market.

Dealers are less desirous of selling at the current prices and have not tried to force sales. Ohio and Pennsylvania, 31@33c.

Foreign Markets.

LONDON, April 19.—The *Mark Lane Express* weekly review of the British grain trade says: Deliveries of native wheat have been restricted. Remainder of crop in hand now is supposed to be small. Values are hardening. Sales of English wheat during the week were 36,967 quarters at 32s 8d, against 49,514 at 30s 10d during corresponding week last year. Foreign wheat is firmer, although inquiry is inactive. In Liverpool market prices are 1d higher. Quotations of wheat cargoes on passage are nominal. To-day wheat is quiet and steady. Prices were rather against buyers. Flour steady. Corn firm. Oats were 3s 6d dearer.

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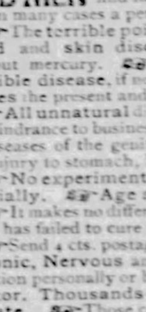
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